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THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

JANUARY 1948.

THE BORDERLANDS OF THE MIDDLE EAST.

WE must face the fact that at least for the present a cold diplomatic and propaganda war of ideas is on between Russia and the West. Two years ago, when the world war ended, it was possible to hope for better relations between the Eastern Slav and the Anglo-Saxon world and for the co-operation of both in the reconstruction of Europe. Men like Litvinov and Maisky, Soviet diplomats of great experience of Europe, still held office in Moscow (not very high office, it is true), but at least one could assume that they had not been put finally on the shelf. No action had been taken by Russia at that time which indicated that her foreign policy was conditioned by one thing only, namely, the prospects—or lack of them—of the economic and political collapse of Western Europe and America. All developments since then have shown that the doctrinaires in the Kremlin have triumphed. Men unknown to the outer world, little known even in Russia except to the ruthless oligarchy of the Central Committee of the Russian Communist Party, have become the Autocrats of All the Russias. It is the rule of Nicolas I and of Alexander III once more, with the modern equivalent of the convoys of exiles to the Siberian mines and of the Cossacks marching into Hungary, as in 1848, to put down the ideas of the French Revolution. But in spite of all this we must not forget that the reign of Nicolas I was followed by that of his son, Alexander II, and by the era of reforms when, for a time at least, the “gendarme of Europe” took a back seat and Russia breathed more freely. He would be a rash person to say that the present mood of Russia’s rulers will last for ever, for it never has in the past. They have even shown themselves capable of running two foreign policies side by side, one through the mouthpiece of Stalin and the other through someone like Molotov, while they wait to see which is most effective. If the collapse of Europe is averted through the Marshall plan and through our ability to get British production going on a large scale, we shall probably witness a change.

Meanwhile it is well to remember that on the many thousand miles’ frontier from the Baltic to the Pacific, Russia has the opportunity of turning off pressure here and putting it on there. It was a common practice of Tsarist diplomacy to create political situations in Central Asia, on the Afghan frontier and in Manchuria, in order to get what it wanted in Turkey, or, if baulked in the Balkans, to try to get what it wanted in the Far East. We may quite well witness exactly this development if Russia fails to get the Communists into power in France and Italy; if British coal production rises and our “battle of the gap” makes good progress. That makes it all the more important to turn our attention to the Middle East. For here we have a borderland lying between two worlds, liable to be influenced by the Russian ideological and political system on the one hand and the Western world on the other.

Abutting on the Southern Slav world in the Balkans and holding the

southern shores of the Black Sea with its vital waterway, the Dardanelles, and its productive tableland of Anatolia, lies the Republic of Turkey. Further east, running from the open steppes of the South-East Caucasus along the southern shores of the Caspian Sea, and marching with Russia on the Turcoman deserts and oases, is the ancient kingdom of Persia. Further south in the climatically diverse territories that lie between the Red Sea, the Persian Gulf and the Eastern Mediterranean, are lands now affiliated to the Arab League. Here is good ground for Russia, should the European adventure fail to find ready converts for the secular religion of Marxism. For these countries are passing from the archaic civilisation of the Middle Ages into the modern world and undergoing all the growing pains that are inseparable from the process. Russia has turned on the heat here before, and may well do so again and find it profitable; for here lie warm-water ports, which since Peter the Great's days she has coveted; here is the narrow passage between the Black Sea and the outer world which she has, with some reason, desired to have a share in controlling, for it is an artery of her commerce with the West. There are oil resources in Persia, too, and vast possibilities of establishing a diplomatic, and even military *pied-à-terre* in the Arab world, especially now since the Americans have opened the door to her in Palestine.

How are these countries of the borderland developing? Do they show signs of inclining towards the Soviet way of life or to that of the West? What are the yardsticks by which one measures this trend? I think there are certain definite standards by which one can see which way these countries are moving—whether towards a system of political democracy and civic liberties as practised in the West, or towards the system of mass economic liberties and restricted personal rights as conceived in the Eastern Slav world. How, for instance, does one treat persons arrested and on trial for offences, either political or criminal; is comment on such cases precluded while they are still *sub judice*? Has the Press reasonable freedom to discuss public affairs and criticise the Government? What powers have the police to arrest people and hold them without trial? In general, can the citizen join political parties or religious societies without fear of the consequences to his career or danger to his liberty? Are the politics of the country run by several parties in competition, or only by one party which has a legal monopoly of power? The question thus which confronts us is, how are these countries in the Middle East moving; is it towards Russian totalitarianism or to the free system of the West? For it is true to say to-day that these questions affecting civic liberties are more important over a large part of the world than are the questions of whether the State or private enterprise shall own and control industry. The slogan "*Capitalism versus Socialism*" is not so controversial as it was, for most countries have some measure of socialism to-day. But civic rights and personal liberties, which we thought had been won for all time in Europe, are now very much at stake. It appears that only in the English-speaking world have these rights and liberties ever really found a firm basis. Russia and Eastern Europe never knew them, Central Europe only spasmodically, while the Middle East has been a zone of contention between the ideas of the French Revolution and the principle of theocratic rule, as handed down from the Byzantine Empire long ago.

Let us in a survey of the Middle Eastern borderlands take the Turkish Republic first. Here we must recognise that liberal opinion in

Britain, at least, during the latter part of the nineteenth century was, in general, hostile to the old Ottoman Empire. There was often a difference of opinion on party lines, as was instanced in the Russo-Turkish War of 1877-8, when Gladstone thundered about Bulgarian atrocities, and Disraeli sent the British fleet to the Sea of Marmora to stop the Russians entering Constantinople. During these years Turkey was sunk in a morass of Oriental despotism and racial discrimination ; but it had not always been so. In the reign of Abdul Aziz in 1863, the Grand Vizier, Midhat Pasha, put forward with the Sultan's agreement important constitutional reforms. The *coup d'état* of Abdul Hamid led to the collapse of the movement and to autocratic rule which had lasted for nearly fifty years. The Young Turk Revolution early in the twentieth century set the course again towards reform, and in part succeeded. Parliamentary government and civic liberties made a hesitating *début* once more. About the tragedy of Turkey entering the war on the side of Germany much could be written. It can be said, however, here that the defeat of the Central Powers in the first world war and the attempt of the victorious nations to impose on Turkey the humiliating Treaty of Sèvres only hastened the national revolution led by Mustafa Kemal. That revolution showed every sign of taking on the Russian totalitarian pattern, and for years Turkey has been ruled by a dictatorship of bureaucrats and army officers. Their policy was one of national economic reconstruction, racial and sex equality, secular education, virtual suppression of the Islamic Church, and practical State socialism in industry. The revolution in these respects has been a stupendous event, and having seen the effects of both this and of the Russian Revolution over a period of the last thirty years, I can say without hesitation that Turkey, because of her greater original backwardness, has made, relatively speaking, even greater strides forward than has Russia since her revolution. The comparison is best made perhaps between Turkey and the regions of Asiatic Russia, where women were until the October Revolution in subjection and the people were almost completely illiterate. Turkey under Mustafa Kemal had many other features in common with Russia under Lenin. Both countries were governed by an oligarchy based on a single party, and no others were allowed. The régime was milder in Turkey, firstly because the Turks have not got that fanatical urge for complete uniformity which is characteristic of the Russian mind ; and secondly because Turkey has always been open to the West on account of her long seaboard. She has never been, like Russia, isolated for centuries behind remote steppes.

In the past the influences of the French Revolution and of various movements in favour of popular government which grew in Western Europe during the nineteenth century crept into Turkey through her great western ports like Constantinople and Smyrna. So in recent years while in Russia the dictatorship of the Communist Party has deepened and become more ruthless, and Lenin's transitional dictatorship of the proletariat has galvanised into a permanent one, in Turkey it has steadily become more moderate till, finally, in 1946, the door was flung open for opposition parties other than Communist to take part in the public life of the country. The Democratic Party has been formed, and has won some eighty seats in the last election. It is, if anything, more conservative on social and economic questions than the Government party. It is opposed to too much *étatisme*, and is especially critical of the restrictions on civic liberties which still exist. For the police still have power to arrest and deport to remote regions of Anatolia or Thrace

politically troublesome people. In actual fact the power is only used against Communists, who in any case are not very numerous. But public opinion, not only in the Democratic opposition party, but also within the Government Populist Party itself has recently been demanding restrictions on the right of arrest and detention without trial. The fall of the late Prime Minister, Recep Peker, was in part caused by his refusal to consider this, and it is probable that the new Government drawn from younger and more progressive members of the Populist Party will use police powers very sparingly. Further steps have been taken in regard to the Populist Party itself. Candidates for the Mejliss have up to now been selected by the national executive, and virtually no right of selection has been left to the Provincial Party committees. That has now been changed, and more than half the candidates are to be chosen by the provinces. Then there is a Press and libel law on the Statute Book which gives the public prosecutor power to proceed against newspapers who "lower the prestige of the Government and Parliament." The law has, in fact, never been used, but it is another hangover from the days of dictatorship, and there is growing agitation against its existence on the Statute Book at all. In matters of justice it may be said that nothing like the disgraceful scenes such as are witnessed at political trials in Communist-controlled countries are known in Turkey. Comment is not allowed on cases that are still before the courts. It would be quite unheard of for any organisation to pass a resolution demanding a sentence to be pronounced on some person awaiting trial, or while his case is being considered.

The citizen of the Turkish Republic can join any political party he likes except the Communist Party, which is forbidden because it is considered to be the agent of a foreign Power. There is continuous and lively discussion always going on in the Press, and the Government is frequently and often violently criticised and attacked. Thus it can be said that, while Turkey is a State with a considerable degree of State socialism in its economic structure, there are still important relics of its totalitarian revolution and a growing tendency to move towards the West in matters concerning civic liberties and personal rights. The army officers are having less influence in politics than in the earlier days of the revolution: the type of people that are now more frequently elected to the Mejliss are those from the commercial classes, professional men, former civil servants, and lawyers. There are no landlord interests in Parliament, for there are no large landlords. Turkey is a land of small peasant proprietors, but in some parts of the country there are extensive State farms.

Thus, in general, one can say that Turkey is looking towards the West for guidance in the building up of her new State. She has no longer a racial minority problem as she had in the days of the Ottoman Empire. The Armenians migrated to the Caucasus after the first world war, and the Greeks have gone in the exchange of populations in the 1920's. There remain over a million Khurds. Here the new Turkey refuses to recognise any racial minority rights. The inhabitants of the eastern vilayets have got to accept Turkish citizenship, and no cultural or linguistic autonomy is allowed. Recalcitrant Khurdish chiefs have been exiled to the western vilayets and the Khurdish peasants and shepherd communities incorporated in the general administration of the country. During my journey last autumn in the eastern vilayets of Turkey I found a great change compared with what I had seen there over thirty years before. All the different communities based on racial

differences and religious sects that I remembered then, such as Sunni Osmanlis, Shia Azerbaijanis, the Karapapachas of the Bahia sect, Turcomans and Circassians, who had migrated from Russia after the many wars with Turkey, were still there. But now they were almost indistinguishable from each other. Most of them wore European dress and the common workman's cap, and as for religion, most of them hardly knew what sect they belonged to—or, for that matter, seemed to care very much. The population is now almost homogeneous, and the influence that has brought this about is the national revolution led by Mustafa Kemal, Ataturk. Schools and teachers' training colleges can be found even in remote corners of the Kars and Ardahan regions, giving a stamp of Turkish uniformity on the rising generation. In regard to racial minorities the Turkish policy is the very opposite to that of the Russians in the Caucasus. In the U.S.S.R. racial and cultural autonomy is encouraged, but political uniformity is enforced through the Communist Party. In Eastern Turkey, on the other hand, racial and cultural homogeneity is insisted upon, but freedom for political parties other than Communist is encouraged.

Persia presents a rather different spectacle from Turkey. Indeed, the first thing that any student of the Middle East must realise is that there is as great a difference between the peoples of this region among themselves as there is between the people of Europe. The Persians are much more intellectually active than the Turks, though with a far lesser sense of self-discipline. They have a considerable aptitude for intrigue and for playing off one neighbour against another. Since the last days of the Safavid dynasty they have had weak rulers and often a corrupt régime. Moreover, their tradition of government has always been autocratic, interrupted in recent years by periods in which attempts have been made to establish political democracy. The revolution of 1909 gave Persia a constitution and a Mejliss functioned for a time. But in a country consisting of up to 90 per cent. of illiterate persons, public opinion is largely made by the big landlords and bazaar merchants, and Parliament has been largely controlled by them. Persia has been often in the past saved from chaos and foreign intervention by powerful autocratic Shahs who have imposed their will on the landlords, forced the bazaar merchants to pay their taxes, punished the turbulent mountain tribes, and generally held the country together by tyrannical methods. Such a man was Riza Shah, who founded the Pahlevi dynasty in 1922. He founded industries all over Persia and built railways out of the revenue acquired by very heavy taxes on his people. But he gave Persia a valuable trunk railway across the country without debt to foreign concessionaires. The removal of Shah Riza by ourselves and the Russians as a war measure in 1942 put an end to an efficient tyranny, and the opportunity has now been given for Persia to decide which way she will go—to the totalitarian system of Russia or towards the political democracy of the West.

Persia's traditions all favour the former, but there are some indications that if she is left to herself she will choose the latter. First there is a considerable freedom of opinion and criticism of the Government in the Press, as in Turkey. Even the Communists, under the name of Tudeh, though officially illegal, function and have a newspaper in the large towns. For the Persians are an intellectual people and tolerate even quite Leftist views, if not too openly provocative, or too obviously linked with a foreign Power. Much will depend on how far Persia will be allowed to work out her own salvation. Unlike Turkey, Persia has

fifth column elements in her midst. This makes it all the more creditable that she tolerates their public activities, so long as they observe a degree of moderation. The fear of Russia has prompted a landlord and bazaar merchant government to deal with the problem of social discontent, and beginnings have been made with a Labour Code which lays down minimum conditions for factory workers. These still number barely a quarter of a million, and only the further growth of industry will bring about conditions in which a liberal middle class can grow and exercise a decisive influence on public policy. The tendency is there, but the process may take some time and the question is whether time will be granted.

As far as civic rights in relation to police powers are concerned, this is in a state of flux. The power of the executive through the police to arrest and deport to other parts of the country is absolute, and is more frequently used than in Turkey because it is very frequently needed. Armenians and suspected persons have recently been deported from Azerbaijan. On the other hand it can be said that trials of political offenders are not subject to as much external interference as they are in Soviet Russia. The influence of Great Britain and the United States in South Persia, where through oil concessions and commercial intercourse the Western way of life is known to the Persian people, may prove decisive if violent intervention from the north in the evolution of the modern Persian State can be avoided.

Finally I come to the Arab countries. These are geographically farther away from Russia and less subject to pressure and blackmail than Turkey or Persia. They are directly open to the West, and especially to British political and United States educational influences. Britain has already held mandates over Iraq and Palestine, and a protectorate once over Egypt. The American schools in Beirut and British schools in Egypt and the Sudan have taught the Arab youth the values of civic liberties as the Anglo-Saxons conceive them. British methods of administration have been taught to the Iraqi and the Egyptians, and British engineers have irrigated wide stretches of the Nile, Tigris and Euphrates valleys. The Arab countries, however, are very heterogeneous. The more advanced of them are at the stage Great Britain was at during the eighteenth century, with landlords monopolising political power, and commerce still the poor relation. Except in Egypt, industry hardly exists at all, while Saudi Arabia is like the Highlands of Scotland before 1745. Their economic evolution has a long way to go, for the Arab lands are the most backward of the Middle East. Moreover, the people are politically the most inexperienced, never having had the long training in statecraft which the Turks had under the old Ottoman Empire, or which the Persians have acquired through their ancient traditions and history since the days of Cyrus and Darius. The Arab lands, once great under the Abbasid Caliphate, were overwhelmed by the Mongol invasion of the thirteenth century and never recovered from the disaster, as did Persia under the Irkhan dynasty. So the Arabs have greater leeway to make up. On the other hand, they are further from Russia and such disturbing influences, and have a greater chance to work out their way of life in peace. The greatest danger to their peaceful development is the Palestine crisis. Nothing will unite the Young Arab national movement, comprising both Moslems and Christians in its ranks, more than the introduction of an alien Zionist element to the coasts of the Levant. The present position, if forced by the extreme Zionist element aided and abetted by an American Con-

gress, will mean decades of struggle and disorder in the Middle East, for the Arabs will never accept it. Thus the peaceful evolution of the Arab lands will be hindered. Moreover, if Russian military forces can secure a foothold here to enforce a Zionist solution of the Palestine question, the dreams of Peter the Great may be realised and the whole course of history in the Middle East altered.

M. PHILIPS PRICE.

THE PARTITION OF PALESTINE.

THE decision of the General Assembly of the United Nations to partition Palestine into a Jewish and an Arab State, with the City of Jerusalem as a separate domain under the Trusteeship Council, has finally solved what was long a vexed and intractable problem. It is a decision of historic significance which should at last bring to an end the tragedy of homelessness from which the Jewish people has suffered for nearly two thousand years, even though it satisfies its claim to its ancestral land only in partial measure. The action taken by the United Nations was not of its own volition but in response to the request of Great Britain, who, after having held the Mandate for Palestine for twenty-seven years, had come to regard it as unworkable. The troubles that led the British Government to this conclusion have been the result of their own departure from the Mandate, for they have been ruling the country since 1939 on the basis of the White Paper, which was unanimously rejected by the Mandates Commission of the League of Nations as incompatible with the Mandate and thus possessed no legal validity. The primary purpose of the Mandate, as the Palestine Royal Commission stated in its Report in 1937, was to promote the establishment of a National Home for the Jewish people promised in the Balfour Declaration, and the statesmen immediately concerned with the issue of this document envisaged the ultimate establishment of a Jewish State. Instead of carrying out a scheme of partition, as recommended by the Royal Commission which would have given the Jews a State, the British Government, under the shadow of war, adopted a policy to appease the Arabs that would have condemned the Jews to be a permanent minority in an Arab State. Such an act of injustice, sanctified in the name of expediency, called for revision after the war, but the steps taken by the Government proved inadequate and futile.

The plight of the Jews in Europe was incomparably more catastrophic than before the war owing to the extermination of six million of their number by Hitler. Hundreds of thousands of survivors of Nazi barbarity, whether herded in concentration camps or eking out a wretched existence in their desolated communities, were anxious to flee from the lands that had for them such horrible memories and to go to the only country where they would feel at home—their National Home. Such was the testimony of the Anglo-American Committee of Enquiry, which, after investigating the situation both in Palestine and Europe, unanimously recommended in April 1946 that 100,000 immigration certificates should immediately be issued for the benefit of the "displaced persons" in the camps, and that the land purchase restrictions in Palestine (limiting Jews to only five per cent. of the area) should be abolished. Instead of adopting these recommendations, which the Foreign Secretary, Mr. Bevin, had previously promised

the Committee he would do his utmost to carry out if unanimous, the Government procrastinated and formulated proposals that would eventually have condemned the Jews to the same fate as that contemplated by the White Paper. The Jewish "displaced persons," after their years of agony, could not wait for official permission to enter Palestine. Transport after transport, in all sorts of vessels, sought to break the British blockade, which was enforced from the land, the sea, and the air; and the mounting resentment of the Jewish community found vent in acts of violence, which provoked the Government to a campaign of repression and the conversion of the Mandate into a police régime. Convinced of the bankruptcy of his policy, which had cost much British treasure and Britain's good name, apart from the loss of British and Jewish lives, Mr. Bevin, who had previously staked his reputation on solving the Palestine problem, called upon the United Nations to provide a solution.

The United Nations has come to the same conclusion as the Royal Commission, that the only way in which to establish peace in Palestine is to give the Jews and the Arabs each their own independent State. Its decision was arrived at after the most thorough and searching investigation and after countless speeches and discussions in committees and sub-committees. The Report which the General Assembly debated at Lake Success, New York, for nearly three months was the product of a Special Committee, which did not include any representatives of the big Powers or the Arab States. "Unscop" (as the United Nations Special Committee on Palestine was conveniently called) consisted of the representatives of eleven neutral States, chosen from South America, Europe, Asia, and the British Dominions, so that its judgment was based strictly on the facts and the merits of the situation, uninfluenced by considerations of military strategy and oil supplies. It was unanimous in recommending that the Mandate should be terminated and Palestine made independent as early as possible, but divided in its proposals for the future. The majority were in favour of creating a Jewish and an Arab State, with Jerusalem as a separate entity, while a minority of three proposed a Federal State, in which the Jews and Arabs would have self-government within their allotted districts, but all important affairs, including the vital question of immigration, would be in the hands of the Federal Government, which would obviously have a predominant Arab majority. As two members of the minority were from India and Persia (the third being from Yugoslavia), their partiality for a pro-Arab solution was explicable. The minority report was energetically supported in the General Assembly by the delegates of the six Arab States, but its very extremism—limited immigration for three years only and no provision for immigration thereafter—ensured its doom.

It was the majority report that dominated the deliberations and that was adopted after many amendments had been made to improve the workability of the partition plan. As the Assembly of fifty-seven member States was constituted into an *ad hoc* Committee, the Palestinian Arabs and the Jews were able to state their cases and also to take an active part later in the work of the sub-Committees. The Palestinian Arabs rejected both reports and demanded an Arab State in the whole of Palestine, without special rights for any minority. The Jewish representatives accepted the majority proposals in principle, although they were being given only one-eighth of the territory (all historic Palestine, including Transjordan) originally contemplated for.

the Jewish State. The British Government had a unique opportunity of crowning the long British tradition of sympathy with Jewish aspirations in Palestine, which had begun even before the days of Shaftesbury and Palmerston, by accepting partition and making amends for the bungling of the past two years and a half. But unwise counsels prevailed. Mr. A. Creech Jones, the Colonial Secretary, refrained from expressing any views on the proposals, and confined himself to stating that Britain would not co-operate in applying any settlement that was not acceptable to both Jews and Arabs—as though the question would ever have come before the United Nations if such a settlement were possible. This neutral attitude of the British Government was reiterated even after the Soviet Union surprisingly joined the United States in advocating partition. It stood in flagrant contradiction to the British Labour Party's twenty-eight years' record of pro-Zionist sympathy, which had been publicly reaffirmed by Mr. Attlee and his colleagues only a few months before they came into power.

Britain's policy of non-co-operation also extended to the sub-committees, in which the details of "Unscop's" proposals were minutely examined and amended and where British knowledge and experience would have been invaluable. The original partition scheme was that the Jewish State should include Eastern Galilee, the Esdraelon plain, most of the coastal plain, and the whole of the Beersheba district including the Negev, thus leaving the Arab State to include Western Galilee, the hill country of Samaria and Judea (minus Jerusalem), and the coastal plain from Ashdod to the Egyptian frontier. The most important changes effected in Committee (in which the representatives of the United States, the Soviet Union, Canada and Uruguay played a leading part) were that small tracts of land in Western Galilee, and along the shore of the Dead Sea and of Haifa Bay, besides the Lydda airport, were added to the Jewish State, while the Jewish Agency ceded Jaffa, Beersheba, and half a million acres of the Negev along the Egyptian frontier to the Arab State. For purposes of economic union the two States are to be linked by a joint Economic Board, which will include representatives of the Economic and Social Council of the United Nations. It was also agreed that the city of Jerusalem should be under the Trusteeship Council for ten years, that the Governor (who should not be a citizen of either the Jewish or Arab State) should exercise authority on behalf of the United Nations, assisted by a democratically elected Council, and that the statute for its government could be revised before the ten years were over.

Owing to the repeated declarations of the British representatives that Britain would take no part in enforcing a settlement that was not acceptable to both Arabs and Jews (in contrast to Britain's use of force in applying the White Paper rejected by the Mandates Commission), the crucial question of implementing partition was one of the toughest problems to be solved. Neither the big nor the small Powers volunteered to send any armed forces for the purpose. Finally, it was agreed to appoint a Commission consisting of representatives of Bolivia, Czechoslovakia, Denmark, Panama, and the Philippines, to help in the creation of the two States. Its main functions will be to supervise the selection in each of a Provisional Council of Government, which will recruit armed militia from its residents and prepare for the convening of a constituent assembly; and to act as the administering authority between the withdrawal of the British troops on August 1st, 1948, and the establishment of the two States not later than October

1st, 1948. The Commission will have the backing of the Security Council. The adoption by the General Assembly of partition by a majority of thirty-three to thirteen, with ten abstentions (and one absentee), was impressive and should be epoch-making. All the British Dominions voted in favour, but Britain herself held aloof to the end.

The United Nations decision opens a new chapter in the history of the Holy Land. It is of the most far-reaching importance to the people who made it the Holy Land, not only because it gives them a State that can freely welcome all of their kin who have suffered or may suffer from the enmity of other peoples, and in which they can continue, now untrammelled, the revival of their national life and the development of their national genius, but also because they can aspire to a seat among the United Nations. The hostility and threats of the Palestinian Arabs and the other Arab delegates that marred the deliberations of the General Assembly, followed by the riots in Palestine and the neighbouring lands, are no encouraging augury. Yet the Arabs who already have seven States and will now have an eighth should surely not grudge the Jews one tiny State in a fraction of their ancient homeland. The instrument through which they have organised their opposition is the Arab League, which is bound more closely by its anti-Zionism than by unity on any other question. Its members should therefore be reminded of their obligations under the United Nations Charter. Moreover, since the Arab League is the foster-child of the British Foreign Office, welcomed, even before birth, in two speeches by Mr. Anthony Eden during the war, the British Government should at least seek to curb the capers of that bellicose body. The responsibility for the act of the United Nations must be shared by all its members, and Great Britain, as a leading member, must assume her proper share. Indeed, her responsibility is greater than that of other nations, for it was as the result of her own Mandatory experience that she called upon the General Assembly to relieve her of her stewardship. It is certainly in her power effectively to facilitate the launching of the new régime, to help to set the two States on their feet, and it is her moral duty. She would thus do much to efface the unhappy memories of the last few years and render a substantial service to the United Nations and international peace.

ISRAEL COHEN.

BRITAIN AND POLAND.

TIMES change, and so do we, as the ancient Romans used to say. But would they ever have thought that they could change so quickly? Analysing the relations between Britain and Poland through less than a decade—from 1939 to 1947—one is indeed astonished to see a series of *voltes de face* marking that period of British-Polish relationship. Paradoxically, it was Nazi Germany which brought the countries closer together. No less paradoxical is it that Russia, Britain's ally, now drives a wedge between the two.

Before the summer of 1939, Poland, even more than Czechoslovakia, was to the average Briton "a distant country of which we know so little." True, it was distant and it still is. Now, however, Englishmen know a good deal about the land and the people. Likewise, to the average Pole, Britain, before the war, was a legendary island ruling a still more legendary Empire. When, on September 3rd, Britain declared

war on Germany, Warsaw radio announced that five hundred million inhabitants of the Empire would crush Germany in no time at all. Poland, definitely Western in her outlook and civilisation, had always been linked with the West by strong spiritual ties. Since the days of Napoleon it had been France to whom she looked for a lead, and with France she had a military alliance since the rebirth of her independence in 1918. A political and military accord with Britain—a novel phenomenon both in British and Polish history—was brought about in summer 1939 in the face of German aggression and danger. On the Polish side, the Foreign Minister, Colonel Beck, was responsible for this. Future historians may decide whether he was a villain or a clever politician; there is no doubt that, owing to the British-Polish alliance the two peoples and countries became in some sense tied together for better or for worse. At the beginning it seemed to be for the worst. When Warsaw fell and the Red Army invaded Poland from the east, while nothing moved on the Western Front (though the military experts say that if France and Britain had attacked then, the war might have been shortened by years), a London paper bore on its front page this headline in giant letters: *Exit Poland*. Though it seemed to be the end as far as her contribution to the war was concerned, Mr. Churchill, then First Lord of the Admiralty, said in a broadcast, "Poland is like a rock, she will emerge again."

It was not long before the British people were reminded of the existence of fighting Poland. The paper was right, though in another sense. *Exit Poland*? Yes, but to the west, in order to continue the struggle. Britain—and the world at large—then witnessed an unparalleled example of determination and endurance. Tens of thousands of Poles—later even more—trickled through every kind of illegal channel from their enslaved country, often *via* the most fantastic routes, to France. The Polish army formed there fought well during the hapless campaign of 1940 which brought Hitler to the English Channel. When France fell, it seemed for the second time that the part to be played by Poles in the war had come to an end. Britain stood then completely alone. Completely? As if by a miracle, suddenly there was a Polish fighting force on British soil. The Polish crusaders in France crossed the Channel at the very last minute, and soon a Polish army was training in Scotland. More striking than this resurrection of a twice-buried army was the fact that in Southern England, during the Battle of Britain, people realised the existence of Polish R.A.F. squadrons who shared the labours and victory of their British comrades in that fateful air battle. The squadrons 303 and 304 who took part in the defence of London, air formations composed of war refugees from Poland, should not be easily forgotten if gratitude still has a place in human hearts. That was a period of unquestioned popularity for Poles in this country. There were other exile military formations in Britain—Free French, Norwegian, Belgian, Dutch—but the Polish army was the largest, though composed of young men of that "very distant country," occupied by the Germans and cut off from Britain. When the Narvik episode came, Poles took part in it. When Tobruk became a bastion of freedom, Poles were there. And units of the small, but efficient, Polish sea forces fought side by side with the Royal Navy. Apart from this, the well-organised Polish Government in its London exile began very effectively to build up an underground army in Poland. This underground movement, led from London by the Polish statesmen later so much abused, became a veritable thorn in the German flesh. It was

undoubtedly the largest anti-German organisation on the enslaved Continent.

When Russia entered the war—not, as we all know, to help Britain, then fighting alone, save for Polish help, but because she herself was attacked—a new change took place. First, it seemed, to be for the better. General Sikorski, the Premier, went to Moscow, talked with Stalin and concluded—to the justifiable joy of Downing Street—an agreement with Soviet Russia. Russia, then in trouble, behaved generously: she agreed to renounce the Ribbentrop-Molotov agreement about the partition of Poland, promised to free from camps and prisons all deported Polish people, and, faced by a very serious danger, even allowed the formation of a Polish army on Soviet soil to fight under Russian command. The relations between the Kremlin and Stratton House (the home of the Polish Government offices in London) were cordial. Stalin himself was on friendly terms not only with Sikorski but also with General Anders, who in a short time recruited a sizable army of Poles from Soviet prisons and camps. It was the same General Anders who later, despite his continuous and conspicuous success against the common enemy on many fronts, became a Fascist conspirator in Soviet eyes, and also in the eyes of some misinformed British people.

The "honeymoon" did not last long. When the Germans were held before Moscow and the Russians successful in their first winter offensive in 1941, the Kremlin, growing confident about the ultimate result of the war, began gradually to withdraw from its attitude of Russo-Polish friendship. The British Government eyed with disfavour differences between the two allies of whom one, Poland, had a very good war record and the other, Russia, bid fair to play a considerable part in the defeat of Germany. But Moscow seemed to have chosen her way, and despite British efforts, Polish-Russian relations rapidly deteriorated. First, the Polish soldiers on Russian soil were told that there were no spare arms for them. So they left for Persia, to be equipped there by Britain. Then they journeyed to the Middle East and to Italy, fighting and beating the enemy all the time. They left Russia only because of their will to fight. If Stalin had given them arms they would have fought against the Germans together with the Red Army, and would ultimately have entered Poland from the east. Perhaps the world to-day might look different if that had happened.

Then came one of the darkest episodes of the war. At Katyn, near Smolensk, mass graves of thousands of shot Polish officers were discovered by the Nazis. Goebbels rejoiced that he had found something which would drive a still wider wedge between Russia and Poland, and thus affect Britain. It did. He said that the Russians had killed their Polish prisoners-of-war. The Russians, very indignantly, denied this and blamed the Germans. The London Poles, who during the "honeymoon" were unable to receive any information about thousands of their officers, asked for an investigation by the International Red Cross. For a step of this kind the Kremlin was waiting. Angrily, it severed diplomatic relations with the Polish Government in London. Some months before, it had expelled the Polish Embassy officials under the pretext of espionage.

That was a turning point also in British-Polish relations. Since then they have been deteriorating, though only from the British side. Russia was important as an eastern ally, and the Polish Government in London, although commanding considerable forces which were still growing, became degraded to the status of a poor relation and, in fact, a

liability. Worse was to come. Every Russian offensive against the Germans on the battlefield was the signal for a propagandist offensive against the Poles. Forgotten were the Polish fighters of the Battle of Britain, just as now no one remembers the Polish victors of Monte Cassino. Russia dictated, Britain began to give in to her in matters concerning Poland. Britain and America gave in completely at those fateful Big Three meetings at Teheran and Yalta, when the world was divided into spheres of interest. In none of these spheres was there, apparently, room for an independent Poland. At Yalta the Western allies agreed provisionally to recognise the Russian-sponsored Lublin administration, composed of Communists and crypto-Communists, as a Polish Government, provided it should include Polish statesmen from London and that free and unfettered elections would be held in Poland as soon as possible. Neither condition has been fulfilled. Meanwhile the London Polish Government had been derecognised. There was no way back for Britain. Some gallant efforts were made by the British Government to help the survival of legality. At San Francisco, Mr. Eden strongly protested against the kidnapping of Polish underground leaders, tricked into the open with treacherous promises and then abducted to Moscow for a mockery of a trial. Britain was shaken by the passive Soviet attitude during the Warsaw rising. While the Russians could follow with field-glasses the slaughter of the inhabitants of Warsaw, and did nothing to help them, British and American bombers were making the long journey from this island or from Italy to bring some aid to the fighters. But the Kremlin's incalculable hatred of Poland was so great that the Russian command refused to allow the British planes to refuel at Soviet aerodromes before they began their return to the west. The Poles were drinking deep from the jug of bitterness.

Then came the unhappy Mikolajczyk episode. After the dictate of Yalta, Sikorski's successor as Polish Premier in London went to Warsaw to make a sacrifice and attempt a compromise. The sacrifice was useless: though he was given the posts of Vice-Premier and Minister of Agriculture he was from the first driven into opposition, while his Peasant Party was oppressed and persecuted on the totalitarian pattern. The compromise was in vain: there is no compromise with those to whose mind it is only a means to an end. The attempt to implement the Yalta agreement as Churchill and Roosevelt would have liked failed utterly and miserably. At last Mikolajczyk, this Don Quixote of contemporary Polish politics, threatened with a trial on the Petkov and Maniu pattern, was forced to flee. Some of his nearest friends were lucky enough to reach England with him. Others, after crossing the Czech frontier, were returned to the authorities of the Warsaw régime or the N.K.V.D.—a breach of ancient international habits against which the only protest was a letter from Lord Vansittart to *The Times*. With Mikolajczyk's flight the last trace of Yalta has vanished. Now in partitioned and Communist-dominated Poland an anti-British attitude is officially fostered. The cordial relations of war-time are replaced by invective and recriminations, but the people of Poland, as distinct from their rulers, still look towards Britain with affection, esteem and even hope. On the other hand, the men of the Second Polish Corps (Anders' army) and the Polish soldiers who fought on the Western Front, now in Britain in resettlement camps, are attacked by sections of British politicians and journalists as "Fascists." It is unthinkable that the British people, with their sense of fairness, should not, sooner or later, realise that this state of affairs is incompatible with simplest ethics—

even though it may have been brought about by contingencies which Britain could not control, and though at the present time of this country's economic plight digressions into the world of moral obligations may appear a luxury.

SIMON WOLF.

A FLAG HAULED DOWN.

ON the evening of August 13th, 1947, the Union Jack on the Lucknow Residency was finally hauled down—that flag commemorated in Tennyson's famous line. One is reminded of Wordsworth's lament over the fall of a great city.

“ And what if she had seen those glories fade,
Those titles vanish, and that strength decay ;
Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid——”

It is this “tribute of regret” which is now offered in the form of an account of what the residency meant, and means still, to those who have known it and something of its history.

In 1856 upwards of fifty years of breach of treaty and flagrant misgovernment on the part of successive Kings of Oudh had determined Lord Dalhousie on annexing the country. Unfortunately the new administration adopted a policy of extensive expropriation of landholders, which did not even have the effect of benefiting the peasantry. In March 1857, Sir Henry Lawrence became Commissioner. No better man could have been chosen to undo the harm which his predecessor had done. He understood and loved the people. It was said of him that no one could sit at his table without learning to think better of the Indians. He knew whom to trust and whom not. There was a remarkable instance of this after the Mutiny had broken out, when advantage was taken of his illness to dismiss as untrustworthy a number of sepoys belonging to the 13th Native Infantry, the only regiment which had remained true. Hearing this, he at once rose from his sick bed, reassumed control, and had them recalled. The result fully justified his judgment.

It had been beyond Lawrence's power to arrest the spirit of mutiny and rebellion, which had spread through the agency of disbanded soldiers of mutinous regiments from Bengal in so fair a field for rebellion as Oudh had now become. He had, however, succeeded in winning over some of the large landholders or taluqdars and some of the pensioned soldiers. The mutiny, on May 30th, of all the Indian regiments, except the 13th, was followed by general revolt throughout Oudh. It was necessary to fall back upon the capital, Lucknow, and presently upon the residency, and the buildings immediately surrounding it. It seems to have been originally an ugly building, but ruins are nearly always picturesque, and several generations of European residents and visitors have enjoyed wandering round them—the glorious creepers climbing the battered walls, the bulbul singing in the trees and the Union Jack floating proudly overhead. For those interested in the history of the siege there were notices marking sites famous—at least to them—“Dr. Fayrer's House,” “Sam Laurence's Post,” and the rest. But what usually strikes visitors most is the smallness of the area defended and the evident non-existence of the remains of protective works of any strength. Yet here it was that 927 Europeans and 765.

Indians—including pensioners and Sikh soldiers as well as the men of the loyal 13th—with 134 women and children, underwent a siege, which amounted at times to a continuous bombardment, for eighty-seven days. It was, in many respects, the severest ordeal to which men have ever been subjected when not actually in the hands of their enemies. They were free from the horrors of starvation and cannibalism. But there was little else in the category of human suffering which they had not to face. They were opposed by no mere undisciplined horde, but by a determined multitude estimated at thirty thousand, led by regular soldiers, some of whom had fought bravely in the company's battles at Chilianwala or Gujrat, who had guns and knew how to fire them, who practised with devastating effect the art of mining. "There could not have been less than 8,000 men firing at one time into our position"—so Brigadier Inglis reported—and no place and no part of any building in the whole area was safe even from bullets. It was the rainy season—the most unwholesome in the year. Minor ailments, such as boils, malaria and dysentery, need hardly be mentioned; "heavy visitations," to quote Inglis again, "of cholera and smallpox," were a rather greater addition to the sufferings of the besieged; besides all which there was what Tennyson, with a fine insight into the plagues of the East—particularly where there were unburied corpses of animals lying about—calls the "infinite torment of flies."

On July 1st, the very first day of the siege, a well-aimed shell from an 8-inch howitzer burst in the exposed upper room of the residency building which Lawrence had specially selected for purpose of observation; he refused to leave it and the next day another shell wounded him mortally. But thanks to his arrangements for the defence of the place, the masterly way in which his instructions, which are still upon record, were carried out by Inglis as his successor, as well as to that officer's conduct of the siege, there were still surviving on September 25th 577 Europeans and 402 Indians of the garrison. Those of the latter who belonged to the 13th had been subjected to a severe strain. Separated from the mutineers by only the width of a London street, they had to listen to the jeers, and invitations to come over, of their former comrades; and in fact there were a few desertions, but not many. Sixty-one women and fifty-three children also survived.

On that September 25th Outram and Havelock reached the residency. But they had lost 700 out of their 3,000 men fighting through the narrow streets of the city. They were not strong enough to bring the occupants of the residency away, though they were able to hold a wider circuit, and the siege now turned into a blockade. The final relief was carried out with equal gallantry by Sir Colin Campbell on November 16th, and the sick and the women and children were at last escorted out into safety. But the residency itself had to be abandoned to the rebels for another fifteen months, when it was reoccupied; since which it has remained ours—until 1947.

Order being now restored, the Governor-General, Clemency Canning, as he was sneeringly called by the vindictive party, effected a policy of reconciliation throughout India, and in Oudh in particular. But the inspiration came in the main from Henry Lawrence. In Oudh his policy of warm-hearted sympathy has been an inspiration to generations of such civilians as John Woodburn and Harcourt Butler. But it was in the Punjab, which he had ruled in conjunction with his brother John and a third member of the board set up by Dalhousie at its annexation

in 1849, that his influence was most felt. But for these two brothers the province could not have stood the strain of the Mutiny in the way it did. Here in the districts were a body of mainly soldier-civilians mostly collected by Henry Lawrence and trained by him ; there were men like Edwardes and Nicholson—men fit to form the turbulent land of the five rivers into what was in some sense a new country. Montgomery, Abbot and Jacob actually gave their own names to towns, which became the capitals of flourishing districts. All these men shared with the officials who preceded and followed them a meticulous regard for the religions, customs and institutions of the people whom they served. But they had other characteristics more peculiarly their own. In general they were stern men, living in the spirit of the Spartans or the ancient Romans. But they had other qualities besides austerity, courage and patriotism ; they had virtues grown rarer in these days and not now greatly in demand—a lofty piety, devotion to duty, no mere readiness to accept, but eagerness to assume responsibility, and a love of work. They were not great soldiers. For the most part they were not great administrators. But they were great men. And their work was their life. It has already been told how, when things were not going as he wished, Henry Lawrence at once forgot his illness and rose fit to resume his work ; and similar stories are told of his brother John, and might probably be told of many more. The man who rests in Lucknow, in the place which his counsel and his example did so much to save, is the prototype of them all, and was the idol and the model of many a servant of India since his day, who has stood by his grave and pondered the moving inscription placed there by his own wish : “ Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty.”

A. F. FREMANTLE.

MALTA ON THE EVE OF SELF-GOVERNMENT.

THE Duke of Gloucester opened the First Legislative Assembly of the restored Self-Government Constitution of Malta G.C. on November 10th, 1947—a royal “ send-off ” of the new Maltese ship of state. The elections reflecting Europe’s swing to the left brought the Labour Party into an overwhelming majority over both the newly formed Democratic Action Party and the old Nationalist Party, which together with the Constitutional Party, now dissolved, headed by the late Lord Strickland, were formerly the political columns of the Maltese Constitution. Unlike former political battles, which were fought on the “ language ” question, which meant whether Italian or British interests were to reign supreme, the party cries have been realistic. The population was promised what it urgently requires—the speeding-up of the physical reconstruction of a war-ravaged island, emigration on a very large scale, social security through a measure of taxation, and a national programme for education. Enthusiasm for the elections was both keen and orderly. Over 76 per cent. of the 140,000 eligible registered their votes. Women, voting for the first time, exceeded men voters by 3,000. The success of the Labour Party may be traced to two outstanding factors : firstly the support of the formidable General Workers’ Union with a membership of over 30,000, for in its voting strength lies a great bargaining power, and all parties, present and future, will want to woo it ; secondly, the woman’s

vote. The Church, unlike the position it enjoyed under the former Constitution, will not be able to have ministers of the Church voted Ministers of State, yet its great influence will be felt. Danger to the Catholic Church in the island of Malta, 100 per cent. Roman Catholic ever since Paul the Apostle was shipwrecked on its shores in A.D. 60, may seem to be remote. But the dangers of the importation of ideas from nearby Europe inimical to the Church and religious belief are real enough to justify it in playing for safety and thinking twice before voting for any party.

The victorious Labour Party will be faced with a mass of sins of omission and commission, the stark, unadorned legacy of a bureaucratic one-man rule, the lowest form of Crown government, which has held undisputed rule for the past fourteen years, to which has to be added the destructive element of a harsh war which turned Malta into a front-line British outpost. Far-reaching and weighty legislation which strikes at the roots of private property and industry is being rushed through at unprecedented speed, and this at a time when the restoration of self-government is near. Much of this "enterprise" on the part of the Council of Government, which represents only the Government—elected members having resigned long ago—will have to be superseded by legislation, which at least will be carried into effect by a party having a mandate from the electorate. To meet in an adequate manner the long-unsolved pressing matters of emigration and housing it is uncertain whether a single party can remain in office long enough to eradicate the weeds allowed to grow during Crown rule and to make the garden respond to the labour expended upon it. The task ahead is full of difficulties. How could it be otherwise with Britain passing through a crisis, the dyarchical form of the Maltese Constitution, future happenings in the Mediterranean as unpredictable as the weather? All these will affect prosperity or crisis for the newly appointed Ministers. A Coalition Government during the years of reconstruction, physical and political, should mitigate the arduous labour attendant on a transition period from Crown rule to a self-governing colony of the Empire. When the island's more urgent problems are solved then would be the time for political mud-slinging. Malta's transition to a place of dignity inside the Commonwealth must be made a national and not a party affair.

The physical reconstruction continues at a slow pace. Stone is available in almost limitless quantities from local quarries, but other building materials are scarce. The island is also handicapped by the fact that exporting countries happen to be war-ravaged themselves, and with all the will to export they would like their own houses reconstructed and their homeless provided for. The laws of supply and demand influence the stocks of building materials available to Malta.

A grave danger is that, like the American loan, the free grant by the British Parliament of £30 million will be found insufficient owing to a large increase in prices of materials and labour. What would happen should this come to pass will severely test the ability of Maltese statesmanship. While the Coalition Government of Great Britain, in consideration of the island's vital and heroic part in the war, offered help to the Government of Malta until the entire losses suffered have been made good, the Labour Government would only vote a lump sum in final settlement. It is rash to estimate the cost of materials and labour over fifteen or twenty years.

When the Maltese labouring masses cry out aloud for social security their cry comes from the heart. It is worthy of every help that can be extended to a long-suffering people who know by experience the meaning of want and downright poverty. When discharge from the dockyard falls as a sentence on the condemned man, the humble daily bread will not be forthcoming from anywhere, except perhaps from a charitable institution, to feed the large family, faced with the breadwinner's long term of unemployment. His keen desire to give his sons and daughters an education he could never have himself will only add to a man's sense of absolute insecurity in what is considered every person's birthright.

In an island of a mere 114 square miles live close on 300,000 people—over 2,400 souls huddle per square mile. Industries are few and natural resources are nil. The population is increasing by upwards of 5,000 a year. The Maltese proverb—"Hundred dogs to a bone"—will have to conform to the new conditions where a "thousand men apply for a job" is nearer the truth. What are the future prospects for the Maltese man and woman? The dockyard, the backbone of Maltese economic life, employed over 20,000 people during the later stages of the war. Thousands will have to be discharged till a figure slightly over the pre-war level is left. Such discharges will affect about 8,000. Malta—like the N.A.A.F.I.—has only service to offer to the Service, and this becomes a substantial volume of "invisible exports." When the demand ceases the island can close shop and a crisis sets in. Employment with the Crown has the great drawback of insecurity. Employment with the Services is dependent on factors and influences outside any Maltese Government power. Trouble in the Mediterranean will keep the armed forces at the alert, with the increased intake of Maltese manpower. Paradoxically peace in this much troubled inland sea spells trouble for the Maltese family, for discharge from employment becomes wholesale. The same adverse conditions obtain in any curtailment by the British Parliament of Service expenditure, without the benefit of a hope of what might happen in the foreseeable future.

The ability to answer the question, "What is to be done with all this surplus manpower?" will provide the compass to the future Maltese Government wherewith the vessel of State will be steered through very treacherous and uncharted waters. The large programme of reconstruction will absorb a good proportion of "displaced persons," but not every docker can be turned either by inclination or necessity into a worker of stone. A large-scale switch-over would mean the postponement, not the solution, of the main problem—the permanent employment of the employable.

The solution, without fear of being termed "over-simplification," is a mass exodus of skilled labour, for which there is no market either with the Services or with local industries. Though this mass movement away from overcrowded Malta may ultimately hit the Services in that the necessary number of men will not be found in some crises, the fact has to be faced that, if the service of the Maltese labour is required, permanent and not casual employment has to be offered as an inducement to stay. Over 12,000 have registered for emigration and thousands more will follow. Many are ready to pay any price to escape, and they look to the United States and Australia for salvation. In both these lands large "colonies" of Maltese migrants have made good, and these settlers are sending for their families, friends and

acquaintances. The Maltese emigrant, be he dockyardman or agricultural labourer, is adaptable, sober and hard-working, and will soon take root, for there will be no thought of return. The difficulties besetting emigration have been principally lack of shipping accommodation, and in the case of the United States the all-important "visa." Maltese have to fly to Tunis to be interviewed by the American Consul there, or else wait until such time as the American Consul may turn up for a short stay in the island. Meantime precious opportunities in the form of passenger accommodation on odd ships calling at Malta are lost, and the ship sails with but a fraction of the number which could have been carried had the American Consulate a permanent official in Malta. "Beggars cannot be choosers," and the harsh effect of further frustration adds to the burdens of the Maltese emigrant. Inter-Commonwealth migration could take tangible form were future Maltese Ministers to follow the example of former Ministers and appoint Malta Commissioners in the Dominions and other likely British possessions. There is a Malta Commissioner in Australia. The appointment of similar experienced Maltese civil servants in New Zealand, South Africa, Rhodesia, Kenya, Canada, etc., having direct contact with the Ministries concerned will be found to have been one of the best investments for Malta's future—the large-scale absorption of skilled labour, which in turn would contribute towards increasing "invisible exports" by remittances from abroad.

Hand in hand with any physical reconstruction programme must go a national education programme from kindergarten to university. Compulsory education is happily now a law, and the future programme will have to be framed with the ultimate goal of emigration always in mind. How best to endow the Maltese boy and girl with the educational requirements of the receiving country must have priority over every other consideration. Malta can support in passable comfort only a fraction of its high-density population. The rest will have to go—for their own and for the others' sake. The full development of technical schools, still in the embryo stage, and the Admiralty's co-operation in extensive dockyard apprenticeships, will do much to help.

Tourism, if fully developed, can contribute much to the local exchequer, and the traditional industries of lace and weaving might provide employment for thousands as in past decades. B.O.A.C. and British charter companies are doing the island a splendid service in linking it with the world's main trunk routes. Luqa Aerodrome, Malta's main defence base during the German blitz, where Yorks, Lancasters, Doves, Dakotas and Skymasters can land with ease throughout the year, is fast growing to a position second only to the Grand Harbour, Nature's gift to an island without industries. The development of Marsaxlokk Bay by the construction of a breakwater would turn this prehistoric lake into a man-made safe anchorage for ships of any size and a landing area for flying-boats. B.O.A.C.'s flying boats would then be able to call at Malta instead of Augusta, in Italy, as is now the case. The emergence of the jet-propelled flying-boat fighter may hasten the adoption of the late Lord Strickland's pet idea, a breakwater at Marsaxlokk, where two square miles of sea will be available to mercantile, naval and air needs, and Malta, an advance base guarding the Empire's lifeline, will need adequate facilities for naval air defence.

The future of Malta is closely and indissolubly knit with that of

Britain, especially in its relation to the Mediterranean, in whose geographical centre it lies, with as fine a record as could be written, and peopled by an intensely loyal race, fulfilling the rôle of guardian of the peace in the Mediterranean. The future may see an Anglo-American fleet based at Malta, the British Navy concentrated in the Grand Harbour and the American fleet at Marsaxlokk; and of late the American fleet has sent many of its units on visits to Malta and for exercises off its harbours. The Security Council may perhaps choose it as a police base of the Middle East. The idea of forces of foreign nations settling down in Malta to defend a common ideal finds very close parallel in the Order of the Knights of St. John, who settled in the island in 1530. The flower of Europe's aristocracy, the leading nobles of Spain, Portugal, France, Germany, Italy, Poland, Bavaria, Russia and England lived in their respective "Auberges" or inns, and fought in their allotted sectors on the bastions which girdle the Grand Harbour. History repeats itself. The feats of the Knights in stemming Turkish domination of the world in the middle of the sixteenth century were repeated when Malta was instrumental in defeating the Axis forces in the Mediterranean. It may yet have to defend the Empire lifeline on the sea, and give support to the projected Dakar-Khartoum defence line in Africa; or it may see its harbours and aerodromes full with the armed forces of the peace-loving nations. Whatever the future has in store for this historic rock, the Maltese people will not be found wanting.

GEORGE FABRI.

Malta.

TREITSCHKE IN HIS CORRESPONDENCE.

II

THE death of Frederick VII of Denmark in 1863 opened up far-ranging possibilities, at first only visible to Bismarck's piercing eyes. Treitschke had not yet taken the measure of the new Minister and he continued to groan over the impotence of the Bund. "Only a fool can expect anything except disgrace for Germany. So long as Austria rules over us we shall do our duty and write and speak till we are tired, but at present without hope. One day we shall cast off this drowsy laziness, but perhaps not for a generation." At the opening of 1864 he saw little prospect of improvement. "At a time when only two of the thirty minor States are deserving of honour, I feel as if I am the only sane person in a crowd of lunatics. You know my arch Prussianism, and in Freiburg it grows daily, as I find that in all the denunciation of Bismarck there is nothing but the lowest Prussophobia. It is good that the world sees that the Prussians have the best army in Germany; but, blind as is my love for Prussia, I do not wear rose-coloured spectacles. Would to God that Schleswig-Holstein were to become Prussian, as the Philistines here are bleating. I see little such prospect, and even if it occurs it would be bought by suicidal concessions to Austria, from which heaven preserve us. But perhaps it is good for the easy-going Germans that the importance of might in politics is for once mercilessly displayed. The day is coming.

when the two natural allies, the Prussian State and the German people, will find each other."

With the outbreak of war in the spring of 1864 and the storming of the Danish defences at Düppel, a new chapter in European history dawned. "At last, at last," he wrote to Hirzel, his publisher, "something real and decent in this immense whirling of the winds! I rejoiced like a child. Every foot of earth that has been won for Germany in the last two hundred years has been conquered by Prussia. The history of such a State cannot end in vile nonsense. I shall be happy if I see a Prussian Germany when my hair is grey, but that a happier generation will reach this goal I am convinced." It was an unequal struggle and the fight was soon over. "The two lands (Schleswig and Holstein) are German again," he wrote in high spirits to his father; "that is the greatest success of our foreign policy for fifty years. We have every reason to rejoice; all other questions are secondary." Though Denmark had been defeated by the combined forces of Austria and Prussia, the latter had made the larger contribution to victory. The ultimate fate of the provinces was still obscure, but Treitschke's confidence in Bismarck was growing. Perhaps after all he might not have to wait for a united Germany till his hair was grey.

It was at this moment, in his thirtieth year, that the first volume of his essays appeared. The time was well chosen, for the Prussophil Saxon felt that he was no longer a voice crying in the wilderness. The presentation copy to his father was accompanied by a letter which does honour to both. "Herewith the book, with some trepidation. You are the only person whose opposition really pains me. You know my views and I cannot thank you enough for your unvarying kindness in spite of them. These I could not change, for a man of honour naturally proclaims his opinion. But I realise that a book is different from a letter, and I fear it will hurt you, especially the essays on Wangenheim and the Bundesstaat. I can only beg you to believe that in all human relations you will find in me an obedient son. In matters of conviction other duties apply. Anyhow you will discover that I have reasons, many of them, and carefully considered, for my view. I do not covet the reputation of being called impartial by opponents—that is asking the impossible. A historian in unsettled times is only called impartial after his death. That anæmic objectivity which does not say on which side the narrator stands is the exact opposite of the true historical sense. All great historians have openly revealed their attitude. Thucydides is Athenian, Tacitus an aristocrat. The historian should present his material as completely as possible, but the author, like the reader, is free to pass judgment. That I have done so far as my knowledge allows. German historiography is marked by a high standard of truthfulness, and I thank the gods that something of that spirit has passed into my blood. The French hardly know what it means, and the English are more partisan than we. Macaulay surveys history as a Whig, Hume as a Tory. Real falsification is recently found only in the Austrian camp; when Otto Klopp praises the Walloon Tilly as a German patriot and a friend of religious liberty, that is the limit. Like his *confrères* Hurter and Gfrörer, he quite logically became a Catholic. For myself I intend to remain a German and a Protestant, and I will never praise the un-German Catholic despotism of the House of Austria." Every essay was a confession of faith, a trumpet call, an act. "Love of the Fatherland is not just a fine word but a holy passion, the only thing which enriches and ennobles life. We Germans are a

great people, and we are honestly striving to cast off the errors which the misfortunes of centuries have taught us. It will be long before more pride, more fiery passion, flows in our veins, but our sons will witness the respect of Germany by other nations."

After the Schleswig-Holstein war Treitschke's denunciation of the Bund rose to a scream. "The more I think of it, the more intolerable does the world of *faibles convenues* of the theory and practice of our federal constitution become," he wrote to Mohl in November 1864. "I resolved for once to fight without gloves. Liberal particularism will be the leading party in the immediate future. I regard it as the most dangerous foe of the Fatherland, so I decided to oppose it with all my strength and to come out clearly for the unitary idea. I am not so unwise as to prophesy about these infinitely difficult matters; a federation of monarchies is not absolutely impossible. But I believe that our nation in its striving for unity will obtain nothing till it decides to stake everything. You will not think me foolish enough to believe that these questions can be solved in two years. I am well aware that we shall need to exert our best energies for years to organise the States satisfactorily. My patriotism is perhaps rather warmer than is usual in our climate."

Treitschke never flinched from the grim arbitrament of the sword. "My father sees in Prussia simply the deadly enemy, and millions of South Germans share his view. These things are sad beyond words. Whoever knows the South despairs of a peaceful solution of the German problem. The eagles of Hohenfriedberg and Leuthen must fly again, and I shall thank heaven if I live to see this inescapable civil war. Meanwhile it is a relief to have given vent to my convictions in a book." None of the smaller States aroused such indignation and contempt as his own. "You know from experience," he wrote to Mommsen, "that Saxon air fills everyone who is not a weakling with disgust. Anyone who like myself could observe the sentiments of the Saxon Court at close quarters must become a unionist. You in the North have no notion of the feeling in the South. Even sensible people here talk about Prussia like the Confederates about the Yankee. Only under the discipline of a real State will these excellent stocks become Germans in the full sense of the word." He was doubtful if the history of Germany, unlike Switzerland and America, pointed to federation. "If we ever have a federal constitution, it will not last long." So obsessed was he with the impotence of the structure created in 1815 that he anticipated a certain weakness even from a federation such as Bismarck was soon to create. Power, he was convinced, must be concentrated, not diffused.

He seized the occasion of the Schleswig-Holstein war to elaborate his ideas in the treatise entitled *Bundesstaat und Einheitsstaat* (*Federation or Unitary State*) which fills 160 closely printed pages in the second volume of his *Historical and Political Essays*—the first of the two large-scale expositions of his deepest thoughts. Germany under the Bund, he lamented, was merely a geographical expression, a federation of princes, not of peoples; purely dynastic unions were always weak, and the sovereignty of the princes must go. Tinkering with the constitution was useless; Germany needed a complete break with the past. The novelty of his message was that while many Germans desired to see the federal system tightened up, he had no use for it in any form. He would, of course, prefer a *Bundesstaat* to a *Staatenbund*, but an *Einheitsstaat* would be better still. Federations could not work unless their units were closely bound by common memories, common sym-

pathies, common interests. Between the members of the Bund such cohesion had never existed and could not exist. Austria, an un-German State pursuing an un-German policy, had no conception of German needs and was an irreconcilable enemy. The German princes were little better, for they blocked the road to a healthy national life. Even if Austria were to be eliminated a federation would be unworkable, for the successful functioning of such a system postulated something like equality of size or strength among the members. Moreover federations, through the stress of practical needs, tended to grow into unitary States. There was only one solution—the hegemony of Prussia, “the greatest political achievement of our people.” She alone of German States could maintain and defend herself: authority and responsibility should go with power. Moreover, only a united Germany could deal with such undesirable elements as the Junkers and the Ultramontanes. And just think what Prussia had done for the German race! As Frederick William III had remarked, “What Prussia has obtained is won for Germany.” Written and published before Bismarck had shown his hand, this eloquent manifesto enrols the young historian among the founders of the German Empire.

At the opening of 1865, when the Danish duchies had been divided between Austria and Prussia, Treitschke defined his changing attitude towards Bismarck in a letter to Freytag. “If I have to choose I shall side with Bismarck, since he fights for Prussia’s power, for our rightful position on the North Sea and the Baltic. An admirer I am not and shall not become, though I rate him higher than you seem to do. I feel it a duty to support his foreign policy; it operates partly with discreditable means, but if it fails we are in for a second Olmütz, a triumph for all the foes of the Fatherland. Alas! I cannot share your hope that a liberal Prussian régime can unify Germany in ten years. I have lived six years in the South and reached the melancholy conclusion that, even if a Cabinet of Steins and Humboldts held office in Berlin, the hatred and envy of the southern States would not wane.”

In the same month an article on Schleswig-Holstein in the *Preussische Jahrbücher* raised the Prussian banner aloft. “The most important advance towards German unity in the last two centuries is the growth of Prussia to the status of a Great Power, and she has grafted decrepit States on to her strong body. To increase the power of this State is in my view the first duty of a German patriot.” Writing in the autumn of the same year he explained that his attitude was unchanged. In 1860 he had described himself as a democrat, and in 1862 he spoke of “we liberals.” He was still enough of a liberal to dislike the raising of taxes without the consent of the Prussian Parliament, all the more because he was unaware of the Minister’s plan for a trial of strength with Austria. “A fine letter from Freytag has stirred me deeply. My poor friend, with his noble highly strung temperament, cannot reconcile himself to Bismarck’s vindictive policy. I confess I am of coarser material. I agree with all he says about the dishonesty of Prussian policy. But compared with the intrigues of the Dresden and Munich courts, the unscrupulous demagogues who in the service of the Augustenburg prince destroy a fine people, and the mindless talk of the Nationalverein, his policy seems to be not only rational but ethical. It aims at what we lack and is a step forward towards the lofty goal of German unity; anyone who is a man should help. To misuse the great words Right and Self-determination is an old trick of evildoers. Even if they denounce us as unscrupulous and foolish, the good cause will triumph,

the heirs of Frederick the Great will rule in Schleswig-Holstein, and the nation will soon feel ashamed of its present folly. I need all my self-control not to despair of this people. What a spectacle we present to the world! What disputation, hatred, envy and frothy rhetoric are festering in Germany!" The patriot in him, he confessed, was a thousand times stronger than the professor.

While he was learning to trust Bismarck's foreign policy, little though he guessed his far-reaching aims, the Minister had begun to value approval from the *Preussische Jahrbücher*. The guns of Sadowa were to bring the National Liberal professors trooping into the Government camp; but at this early stage support from the academic world was scanty, and the fact that Treitschke was a Saxon and passed as a Liberal enhanced his significance. The first contact occurred when the Prussian Minister in Baden informed the young publicist that Bismarck was delighted with his Schleswig-Holstein heresies. Among them was the demand that the Augustenburg claimant, whom Bismarck appeared to champion, should be dropped, and that both duchies should be annexed by Prussia. That was precisely the Minister's programme, though the time to proclaim it had not arrived. Moreover, public opinion, to say nothing of the King, had to be trained to the notion of a conflict with Austria, and for this purpose the pen of an independent scholar was a weapon not to be despised.

Treitschke's first letter to the man whom he had described three years earlier as "that shallow Junker" was dated December 10th, 1865. The appeal for facilities in compiling his *German History* combined a personal request with a confession of faith. Roggenbach, he began, had allowed him to use the Baden archives at Karlsruhe, which, in the main, reflected Austrian views. "It is my duty as a historian to hear the other side and to learn about Prussia's policy from the best sources. The archives of the small courts are doubtless closed to me. The only governments of which I have any hopes are Berlin and Florence. Professor Pauli tells me of your ready permission to him to use the English material, and this emboldens me to ask for an even greater privilege. I am Liberal and my book will naturally bear this stamp. But I believe I have given proof of my endeavour to free myself from the prejudices of my party, and the Prussian State and its right of self-preservation is for me above party interest. My request presupposes a high degree of confidence. An applicant whom you do not know has no claim to this. I can only promise that I will tell the truth as I find it, and will not misuse the Berlin documents to Prussia's disadvantage. But this assurance, I hope, is unnecessary; for after the visit of Count von Flemming last spring I must assume that Your Excellency has heard of my writings and does not regard me as an enemy of Prussia. I believe she has less cause to conceal her policy in the Bund than any other German Government; for, whatever the sins of Berlin, all real and lasting results of our national policy in the last fifty years are her work. Almost every Prussian document which I discovered in Karlsruhe has strengthened my conviction that the usual verdicts on the Bund policy of the last two Prussian Kings are false. They were formed in the days of the supremacy of Rotteck and Welcker, when Liberalism and Prussophobia were synonymous. The series* is widely read. So I think it is not without importance if the volumes on the Bund rest on authentic material and thus contribute to dispel a mass of traditional prejudices. Your support of a work which has

* In which the *German History* was to appear.

occupied and will occupy me for years will be most gratefully received."

Bismarck replied in a letter in his own hand dated December 16th, 1865, that Treitschke might use the archives of the Prussian Foreign Office subject to the usual condition that his excerpts must be approved. "But this does not mean that you need fear you will be deprived of the fruit of your labours. For if you find our old linen not so clean as I should like, I do not believe you would have to withdraw the assertion that Prussia of all States has the least reason to conceal her policy in the Bund. In any case I have no faith in the importance of documentary secrets of a period anterior to that of the present rulers, and I am sure that even the failings of our earlier policy as presented by your impartial pen will not appear worse than the average of German officialdom. You are quite right in saying that only acquaintance with the documents enables one to understand how much friction has to be overcome with us before enough power is available for practical use."

Treitschke was delighted. "Bismarck's answer," he reported to his father, "is not only clever and friendly, but also removes my anxiety. I feared the people in Berlin would try to secure me for the ministerial party, and this, since I could not have agreed, would have put me in an awkward position." The exchange was followed by a meeting in Berlin in March 1866, described in a letter to Hirzel. "Personally Bismarck made a very agreeable impression on me; politically all the worse. He talked much of his plans for federal reform, so that I could hardly control myself in astonishment at these fantastic follies. Yet I do not for that reason despair about the Schleswig-Holstein affair, tactician as he is. On the subject of war he spoke very moderately and sensibly; he does not want it, but he believes he can carry it through in case of need and quite realises that after all that has happened annexation is a matter of honour. Berlin pleases me more than ever; at every step one senses a great future. If one could only live a hundred years and see the Prussia of the future!"

That the visitor made a favourable impression was shown by an invitation a few weeks later when the Prussian Minister in Karlsruhe sounded him about moving to Berlin. He can hardly have been surprised and he was ready with his reply. "The great majority of Germans are liberal first and national second. Therefore without a different system in internal affairs the best Prussian plans for the reform of the Bund will lack the necessary backing in the nation. If it comes to war and a German policy in the grand style, these objections of course fade into the background. Then the first duty would be to maintain Prussia's just cause with sword and pen against Austria and the small fry. I should feel happy to take a modest part in this work; but I beg Your Excellency to remember that my independence is my most precious possession and that I cannot sacrifice it."

To Bismarck himself he explained his difficulties at greater length. "Your Excellency did me the honour to ask if I could come to Berlin. I feel I must add a few lines to the hasty answer I gave Count von Flemming, and I beg Your Excellency to pardon a few remarks on the political scene. The formal objections to a visit to Berlin are not irremovable. If I thought that my presence would not be quite useless, I should feel it my duty to resign my post as professor. But there is an objection of substance. The Government's course till now has not led me to hope that I could serve it, and I cannot at present feel sure of the success of federal reform. How I view the situation, and whether my

views can be in some degree reconciled with those of the Government, Your Excellency will see from an article in the *Preussische Jahrbücher*. Its object was to win over some Liberals who are not hopelessly blinded ; so I had to weigh my words about the *Fortschrittspartei* and to hide my utter contempt for these fanatics. I consider the unconditional recognition of the rights of the Deputies in regard to the Budget an absolute necessity : no scheming will ever create a Prussian Diet which surrenders this right. Forgive me for saying that this question of law and liberty can easily become absolutely vital for Prussia. The Berlin Cabinet is aware of the unworthy sentiments of several South German courts. What hinders them from marching with flying colours into the Austrian camp is only the instinctive timidity of minor States and the uncertainty as to the feeling of their own people, who waver between Prussophobia and a vague craving for a Parliament. If we lose the first battle—which I do not expect but cannot exclude—and if at that time the conflict in Prussia is not settled, the malice of the little courts, the radicalism, and the powerful Austrian party in South Germany, would probably outweigh all counter-efforts of well-intentioned patriots and the South would unite with Austria. It is horrible that the greatest Foreign Minister Prussia has had for decades is also the best-hated man in Germany. It is even sadder that the best federal reform ideas which a Prussian Government has ever suggested have been received in the nation with such disgraceful indifference. But this fanatical liberalism exists and cannot be ignored. Even after a victory of our arms, if the internal conflict is not settled, the ineradicable mistrust of the Liberals will cause the greatest difficulty in the plans of federal reform. Your Excellency has been almost miraculously preserved for our land.* May you contrive to restore the internal peace which is essential for the success of your great national plans. So long as I live outside Prussia my task as a publicist is easy. Directly I connect myself with the Prussian Government I should have to assume responsibility for its internal policy, which is impossible till legality is restored. Accept my heartiest wishes at the opening of the coming struggle."

A letter to Freytag added a few details. "I have had some difficult days. Bismarck wanted to have me at his headquarters ; I was to write war manifestos, to work for the German policy of the Government, and so on. A Chair at Berlin, my old ambition, was assured. A proclamation against Austria in favour of a German Parliament I could write with an easy conscience. In short the temptation was very great, all the more because Freiburg has become almost intolerable. Yet I had to decline ; I could not pledge myself to a policy whose goal is known to one man alone and whose sins I have no power to prevent. According to my code of political morality one should sacrifice one's reputation for the Fatherland, but only for the Fatherland, that is, only when one has power and can hope really to help the State by measures which seem harsh to the crowd. The moment I forfeit the reputation of an independent, my pen loses its force."

A second letter to Bismarck dated June 14th declined a less exacting request and frankly reiterated his dislike of constitutional improprieties. "Your plan for federal reform seems to me a masterpiece. It is so moderate that one hopes after two victories for the votes of the German courts, yet it cuts deep into the worst faults of the German system. If carried it opens the road to a better future. Yet it pains me deeply that I cannot write a manifesto in its support. Clearly a Baden official

* After an attempt at assassination.

cannot draft a State document for the Prussian Cabinet. Even if I wished to ignore this scruple there is another impossibility : a manifesto cannot contain personal ideas. Even the first draft must emanate from a man who knows the detailed plans, that is from a member of the Government. It is most desirable that it should be in warm and forceful terms, but its contents are far more important. And if Your Excellency asks me what should be said I can only repeat : the suspicion of the nation against the Prussian Government is unfortunately unlimited, and the only way to diminish it is the restoration of the Diet's constitutional rights. If that is impossible (and I know only too well that the blindness of the *Fortschrittspartei* makes reconciliation extremely difficult) even a fine bold manifesto will arouse no echo. The number of politicians who can rise above party is almost infinitesimal. In such a situation words are useless ; we can only look to victories to convert the nation. For myself there is only one task : personally and through my friends to support in the Press the Prussian reform plans with the warmth and full approval they deserve. As to the result I have no illusions. Pamphlets at such times fall flat, so there is only the Press. The *Weser Zeitung*, the *Preussische Jahrbücher*, some Hessian and Thuringian journals, will do their duty, but those in South Germany are terrorised by the Austrian party and are usually too cowardly to shake off the yoke. I am deeply grieved that for the moment I can do so little for the good cause. But perhaps the time will come when, as an absolutely independent man who has never tied his hands, I can support Prussia's German policy more effectively than I could to-day by direct action."

That moment was closer than he had dared to hope.

(To be continued)

G. P. GOOCH.

BOOKS AND THEATRES IN GERMANY.

THE antithesis of "culture" and "civilisation" has always been a favourite theme of German philosophy, implying that the former was most fully realised in Germany whereas the latter was essentially an attribute of the "West." Without probing into the intricacies of German thought, the two may be briefly defined as follows : Culture, as the Germans conceive it, is concerned chiefly with æsthetic values, their educative influence on the individual and on the development of the personality. Civilisation, on the other hand, applies rather to the social organisation of men, the ethical code of life within the community and the material living standard. This antithesis, originally a purely theoretical one, was transformed, during the two World Wars, into a weapon of ideological warfare. In the same way as "Kultur" has with us become a subject for derision, "Zivilisation" was attacked by the German propagandists as being something peculiar to the Western democracies. Again and again, travelling through Germany during this cloudless summer, I reflected on this. Have they not, I asked myself, at last got what they wanted—in a manner most extreme and palpable ? The framework of civilisation, social integration and the material basis of life have been shattered to an unprecedented degree. All that has remained for them is the cultivation of spiritual values, is Kultur as they understood it. A bitter, and, perhaps, not an altogether sympathetic thought, this. In order to do justice to the Germany of to-day, however, one must consider

both the unspeakable disruption of social and material life and the remarkable flowering of the intellectual capacities.

Whatever one may have heard or read of the destruction of the cities, the lack of even the barest essentials of life, one has to see it in order to grasp the immensity of the catastrophe that has overtaken an entire nation. One has to experience the vast landscapes of ruin, the emaciated features and restless eyes which have come to constitute the German face. What struck me most, during these blazing August days when I wandered through the streets of Frankfurt, Stuttgart and Munich, was their lack of shade. There was, indeed, nothing by which a shadow could be cast. Along these shadeless streets, fringed by quarries of rubble and grotesquely twisted girders, there moves a constant stream of people. They cling to the steps and buffers of the tram-cars, they swarm until late at night around and within the giant skeletons of railway stations, like ants whose hill has been destroyed, hurrying to and fro in apparently aimless activity. After the First World War during which the loss of human life was possibly greater, there remained a material framework on which the young could rebuild their world. Now the importance of this every-day, material framework is most clearly revealed by the disastrous consequences of its annihilation. The appalling environment has undoubtedly deeply impressed itself on the minds of the Germans; they are far from having recovered from the initial shock of their experience. Their newspapers and reviews abound with lurid descriptions of this or that town, their poetry is haunted with visions of destruction and chaos. But these people living in their devastated framework of civilisation are still men and women of the twentieth century, with their memories, their aspirations, their physical and mental needs. Perhaps nothing is more impressive than the eagerness with which they now, in face of the surrounding material waste, strive to realise their intellectual capacities.

Reports from Germany have frequently pointed out that the demand for books is no less urgent than the need for food. But one has to see those bookshops with their empty shelves and the throng of would-be buyers, disputing eagerly with a helpless bookseller, to understand what this entails. In the bookshops of Mainz, of Heidelberg, of Munich, the picture is everywhere the same. The only type of printing matter displayed in the windows and on the counters are literary and political periodicals. Indeed, Germany at present experiences a deluge of periodicals unprecedented in any other country. The weekly and monthly reviews are the only available means to meet the insatiable thirst for reading matter, for information, for instruction. There are numerous literary reviews of the highest intellectual merit, varying from town to town and, of course, from Zone to Zone. Each of the occupying powers strives to impress on the conquered, through the subtle way of cultural information, its history, its ideals, its way of life. There are Franco-German periodicals in Baden-Baden, American-German in Frankfurt and Munich, and so on. The same applies to the few books that lie scattered on the shelves. Here are the four or five items that constituted the entire stock of a bookshop in Mainz: Michelet's *History of France*, Merimée's *Carmen*, school editions of Caesar's *Gallic War* and Cicero's orations and, as the only German book, a few copies of Goethe's autobiography. Apart from periodicals, the publications displayed consist exclusively of topical pamphlets, bearing on their title-pages in endless variations such terms as "Democracy,"

"Freedom," "Politics." But it seems that these well-meant attempts at re-education are not too popular. I have heard many a cynical comment from passers-by to the effect that the scarce paper was going into that type of publication, while no classical standard work could be obtained.

This factual lack of books stands in glaring contrast to the long and varied book-lists issued by innumerable old and new publishing firms. The position, as it was explained to me by several booksellers, is briefly this. The average edition of 2-5,000 copies has to cover approximately 14,000 larger bookshops throughout the country; that is, a large number has to go without, while the remainder receive one or two copies. These hardly ever reach the ordinary customer, since they are more often than not retained by the bookseller himself or bartered by him for some essential of every-day life. The main business is thus carried out on an exchange basis. There are, in a back-room of some of the larger shops, a few shelves with second-hand books, most of them showing the distinct marks of fire or water. When I enquired after one of them I was bluntly asked what book I had brought to exchange. This barter system has recently been organised in several towns: "exchange-rings" have been formed, including watchmakers, tailors, booksellers. By selling an article at one of these shops you are entitled to buy an equivalent one at another. The values attached in this process to various types of books are of interest: the highest prices are fetched by American novelists, such as Hemingway and Thomas Wolfe, and by standard works in the medical and scientific fields.

While the keen demand for printed literature is thus frustrated by the shortage of material, there is no limit to the flourishing of the drama. It must be remembered that in Germany the drama has for a long time held the first place among the various forms of literature. In no other country has the stage been imbued with such a solemn, an almost ritual significance. Ever since the great classics established the theatre as a "moral institution," this predilection for the drama, for the sharp conflict of passions and of characters and the propagation of "ideas," has sunk its roots into the German character. At no other time has this dominating significance of the drama been so evident as it is to-day. In the ruined towns the first buildings to be repaired, or even entirely rebuilt, were the theatres. Since the splendid theatres and opera-houses are almost everywhere destroyed, little make-shift theatres, converted conference rooms, garages, town halls, have sprung up over-night. In these theatres, the great tradition of German stagecraft is maintained on an astonishingly high level. The very scarcity of means acts as an incitement to the imagination and to artistic expression. The repertoire provided must surely arouse the envy of every serious lover of drama. It must be remembered that the fatal division into commercial and repertory theatres which has frustrated the advance of serious drama in this country has never been known in Germany. The cultivation of serious drama, the daring experiment, which in England are carried out with inadequate means by the "Rep." companies, are in Germany the business of the big theatres, and are keenly supported by the majority of theatregoers. The predilection of the German public for drama, even in times of dire stress, has often caused the incredulous surprise of foreign observers. The story is told of a British control officer, in charge of theatrical matters, to whom Pirandello's *Six Characters in Search of an Author* was sub-

mitted for approval. When, after reading it, he withheld his consent, with the well-meant argument that times were hard enough for the Germans without their being troubled with such depressing stuff on the stage, the German producer replied with emphasis that this was just what they wanted to see.

The German theatres are now a focus-point of the best that has been produced in the drama of all nations, both old and new. Here, as one example for many, is the programme announced for the season 1947-48 by the three leading Hamburg theatres: Sophocles, *Oedipus*; Euripides-Werfel, *The Trojan Women*; Aristophanes, *Lysistrata*; Shakespeare, *Othello*, *Hamlet*, *Love's Labour's Lost*, *Much Ado about Nothing*; Molière, *Amphitryon*; Goethe, *Faust* 1st and 2nd parts; Schiller, *Fiesco* and *Maria Stuart*; Byron, *Cain*; Tolstoy, *The Living Corpse*; Rostand, *Cyrano de Bergerac*; a play each by Hebbel, Kleist, Ibsen, Shaw, Giraudoux; O'Neill's *Oh, Wilderness!*; Bridie's *Tobias and the Angel*; two plays by Hauptmann, two by Sartre, and a number by new German authors.

Similar programmes are issued, with so many variations, by leading theatres throughout the country. Here, too, the more or less subtle influence of the occupying power is noticeable. However, the pre-occupation with the dramatic output of foreign countries springs no doubt from a genuine desire to bridge the gulf that has separated Germany from the rest of the world during the past fourteen years. The selection of authors and plays indicates the trend of thought prevailing in Germany to-day. A great number of plays hover on the borderline between this world and the beyond, their main themes being death and the after-life. In this the present post-war period differs conspicuously from that following the first World War. Then contemporary drama abounded with social and political Utopias, or it advocated the escape to some blessed place of unspoilt humanity. Such illusions have been utterly broken by the second war. Man feels himself facing a void; he finds himself turned back upon the lowest level of existence. From this extreme position there are only two ways open to him—a new beginning or total extinction.

This attitude, which is more than a mere intellectual vogue, underlies the great majority of modern plays produced on the German stage of to-day. It is perhaps most clearly expressed in Thornton Wilder's *Skin of our Teeth*, which has caught the imagination of the Germans more than any other work of to-day; it has come to be accepted almost as the play of their present situation. The success of *Our Town* is hardly less striking. To these must be added O'Neill's *Mourning becomes Electra* which, produced in its entirety, held the audiences spellbound for five hours on end. Apart from American works, the chief interest is focused on contemporary French drama. Of Anouilh, for instance, one publisher has brought out no less than nine plays in translation.

A prominent feature of modern French drama, the revival of the themes of Greek tragedy in the light of modern philosophy, finds a full echo in Germany. Undoubtedly it is the brutal experience of moral chaos, the recognition of the powers of evil that can dominate mankind, which have opened a new insight into the great subjects of ancient drama, centring around the problem of guilt and overshadowed by inexorable fate. The new interpretation given to Greek myths by O'Neill, by Sartre, Anouilh and Cocteau, find their parallel in the momentous tetralogy, consisting of *Iphigenia in Aulis*, *Death*

of *Agamemnon*, *Electra*, and *Iphigenia in Delphi*, with which during the war years the octogenarian Gerhart Hauptmann, shortly before his death, crowned his life-work.

Compared to the profuse influx of foreign plays the output of German drama is as yet scanty. The pre-Nazi generation still hold the stage with their works written for the greater part in exile. There is Georg Kaiser's passionate challenge of militarism, *The Soldier Tanaka*, Friedrich Wolf's *Professor Mamlock* (known abroad by its Russian film version); there are Bert Brecht's dramatic parables of Marxian doctrine, *The Guns of Mrs. Carrar* and *Mother Courage and her Children*. The younger playwrights, having grown up in the isolation and the regimentation of the totalitarian State, are still feeling their way. Unlike the early twenties this post-war period has so far failed to produce a new school of dramatists, carrying a new creed and a new message to a broken people. There is nothing to equal the revolutionary expressionism of a Toller, a Von Unruh, a Georg Kaiser. Taking everything into account, the German theatres of to-day present a truly impressive and fascinating picture, the only bright spot perhaps amidst the gloom and desolation of that stricken country.

HUGO F. GARTEN.

THE COMPETITIVE ORDER.

IT has often been pointed out that planning and an ordered economic system are not inevitably connected, and that there is a kind of order which is not brought about by the intervention of any human agency. This, indeed, is recognised in such a phrase as the order of nature. It was in this way, primarily, that the nineteenth-century system of free enterprise was thought to operate. If every man were left to pursue his own interests, without the intervention of the State, he would achieve his own interest, but he would do so in harmony with the interests of others. There would be an automatic adjustment which, in spite of local and temporary disturbances, could be counted upon to produce the greatest good of the greatest number.

The considerable element of truth in this view has become obscured by our understanding that the economic system does not work in a void but, to use a Marxist phrase, in a particular historical situation, within a special legal framework. Owing partly to the inequality of human powers and partly to a long chain of historical causes, there is a wide difference between the income, equipment and knowledge of different people and, therefore, between their powers of protecting their own interests. The individual in liberal theory was conceived of as an adult human being in the full possession of his powers. It very soon became obvious that children required the protection of the State and, more slowly, that the old and sick could claim help from the community. The case of the man who wished to work, was able to work and could not find work, was also overlooked in the earlier theories.

Poverty has always been an obvious fact, and from the first it engaged the attention of social reformers, philosophers and economists. But legal developments permitted and even encouraged a less obvious but equally damaging phenomenon, the growth of monopoly. The substitution of various forms of monopoly for a number of competing individuals or firms destroyed many of the arguments for the capitalist system. Most people now believe that free enterprise itself creates the

monster that destroys it and that, therefore, the only way of achieving the maximum degree of economic welfare is to exchange the system of private enterprise for that of State ownership of all important industries, together with the detailed supervision by the State of all forms of economic activity.

It is true that many people are not repelled but fascinated by the great trusts and cartels, and that governments have not only approved, but have forced agreements to curtail production even on unwilling industries. But all the same, the hostility of the average man is better founded than the affection of governments; he is right in thinking that great monopolies have many of the disadvantages of bureaucracy, that they wield great power, the sources and use of which are hidden from the public, and that their claims to greater efficiency are more than doubtful. In any case the final word on the efficiency argument is surely Allyn Young's: "it is a question less of the relative economy of monopoly or competition than of the kind of economic organisation best calculated to give us the kind of society we want." Trusts and cartels restrict the opportunities of the ordinary man to build an efficient, small business of his own. The associations which, usually successfully, attempt to protect the interests of their members by preventing newcomers from entering the trade, are even worse. In this country, at least, monopoly tends to hereditary succession. Lord Keynes long ago pointed out the defects of third generation men. One of the social effects can be seen in local government in many towns where the substitution of chain stores with salaried managers for the single shop owned and run by a local resident has meant an impoverishment in local government, because managers who may only be in the town for ten years, or less, will not take an effective interest in local affairs.

The fundamental objection to monopoly is that it distorts the price system which regulates the economic order in free enterprise. Under free competition it pays the manufacturer to produce as much as he can, because the only way he can increase his profit is by increasing his sales. His share of the total output is too small to make it possible for him to raise the price by curtailing the quantity produced. The only method by which he can increase his sales is by lowering the price, either by cutting the profit margin on each unit sold, or by lowering the cost of each unit produced. There is a general pressure on all producers in a free system to do one of these two things. If the industry is a monopoly, on the other hand, it can and often does pay the entrepreneur to produce less and to rely on the resulting rise in price to increase his profit. Or in practice, perhaps, an actual decrease in production does not so often happen; it is rather that a natural increase does not take place. The exploitation of the consumer is not the only evil which follows upon monopoly; there is also a general tendency towards maldistribution of resources throughout the whole economy. In a competitive system capital and labour tend to go to those industries where they can earn most or, to put it another way, where they will produce most; but in a monopolistic economy the two things will not coincide, because it is possible to earn most by creating an artificial scarcity. How serious this effect will be depends on how much of the economy is controlled by monopoly; from this point of view, price-fixing agreements, tying agreements and other forms of manipulation are as bad as the more spectacular phenomena of the giant firm.

Nor, although it can be argued that the best way of dealing with those industries which are natural monopolies is by government owner-

ship, does it seem very likely that the mere fact that an industry is nationalised will mean that the policy of the managers will be any different from that pursued when it was in private hands. It is true that the interests of the shareholders no longer drive the management to maximise profits, but workers are now fully alive to the advantages of restricting production; it must be the wish of the government to keep the men quiet and contented; and it is much easier for the management to pay high wages out of a little justifiable exploitation of the consumer than it is for them to go to Parliament to ask for subsidies. As Mr. Shinwell says, we shall never have cheap coal again.

Laments about practices in restraint of trade are common, but suggestions as to improvements are lacking, except general appeals to trades unionists and employers to be better men. But it is surely foolish to blame men for actions which the law allows and, in fact, encourages. There is a very general belief that it is the technical developments of modern industry that have produced monopoly. There are, of course, certain industries where the scale of operations is so large, or the market so small, that one enormous firm or a combination of price-fixing and producing agreements inevitably results. But these industries are not very numerous, and the law is so favourable to combination that in many cases it is impossible to say how far technical considerations and how far legal favouritism have built up the particular combination in question. It is doubtful whether many people realise how favourable the law now is to monopoly, to agreements in restraint of trade and even to intimidation, whether practised by employers or workers. A lawyer says quite definitely that "the courts have generally come to recognise as legitimate, within very wide limits, the power of group organisation to replace the individual in the economic struggle. The recognition, at first halting, in the case of collective labour action, is now extended to all types of labour, trade or professional organisation and all checks imposed by tests of reasonableness (in regard to conspiracy, restrictive covenants and blackmail) would operate only in very exceptional circumstances." There is practically nothing that any combination, trades union or trade association can do in the way of intimidation or boycott of their rivals or those who will not fall in with their views, which is now illegal. It has also been laid down by no less an authority than the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council that the fact that these practices may injure the public is not relevant to their legality. In those conditions it is ridiculous to talk as if the growth of monopoly was any evidence of its greater efficiency or was the result of inevitable technical or economic developments.

What the law has constructed the law can also destroy. Quite small changes in law would result in quite substantial changes in economic organisation. At the moment, action by trade organisation or trade unions which damages anyone's interests is only illegal if the actions are merely malicious in intention, that is to say, if the organisation is not at the same time pursuing its own interests. "If the real purpose of the combination is not to injure another, but to forward or defend the trade or those who enter into it, then no wrong is committed and no action will lie, although damage to another ensues."* If what is or is not legitimate action was defined rather differently, it would make price-fixing rings and the other agreements, which now clutter up the economic system, much more difficult to work. It seems not unreason-

* Lord Cave. *Sorrell v. Smith*. 1925.

able also to suggest that the public have some interest in the activities of these group organisations and that, in considering their legality, judges should have some regard to their effect on the general welfare. These legal changes should deal chiefly with agreements to fix prices or restrict production ; effective action to discourage the formation of large combines would require other measures. The subject has been more carefully studied in the U.S.A., and Henry Simons in *A Positive Programme for Laisser-Faire* made several interesting proposals. One of his suggestions alone, that companies engaged in the manufacture or merchandising of commodities should be forbidden to own the shares of any other such company, would probably do more to undermine the great combine than all the anti-trust legislation of the U.S.A.

Another question that might usefully be investigated is our system of patent law. One of the legal provisions which makes monopoly easier is the fact that the present patent law confers a monopoly on the inventor. The idea behind this is, of course, to encourage invention by adequate rewards to the inventor. But would not the interests of the inventor be equally well served by some system of royalties payable on use and the interests of the general public be better safeguarded ? There is a general impression that firms buy up patents of inventions in order to suppress the invention, if it competes with their own products. It is actually illegal to do this, but a royalty system would remove this misapprehension also. It is certainly unfortunate that people should believe this sort of thing, whether it is true or false. Connected with the law of patents is the whole system of proprietary names and trade marks. This also has a tendency to facilitate restrictive practices as, for example, agreements to sell only goods with proprietary names, when exactly the same commodity can be had at a lower price, under a different name. A reformation here would also have the advantage of, at least to some extent, discouraging the expenditure of enormous sums on advertising for the purpose of persuading people to buy some particular brand rather than another. This kind of advertising is chiefly concentrated on goods with proprietary names. General advertisements, such as "Beer is best," do not consume nearly as much energy and paper as the advertisements for specialised goods.

These suggestions are not spectacular, but it is very doubtful whether our modern preference for catastrophic changes is not merely romantic. Which has really altered the complexion of things most, the Russian Revolution or the law relating to limited liability ? The net result of the Revolution appears to be a state of affairs very similar to that under Peter the Great, while the law of limited liability has completely transformed the economic organisation of Great Britain. Attempts to alter the whole economic and social system defeat themselves by their very vastness. We might at least try these more limited proposals before embarking on an extension of controls. It is becoming more and more obvious that it is impossible to control all other aspects of economic life without also controlling wages and the distribution of workers between different industries. It is absolutely alien to any conception of democracy that the Government should be able to decide what work a man shall do, involving, as it does in the end, also prescribing where he shall live, and what he shall earn. But it is equally obvious that a system, which, with a shortage of labour and a scarcity of necessities, permits and, in fact, encourages workers to engage in such useless occupations as the manipulation of football forms, has no very long expectation of life.

With the evident and increasing failure of this sort of planning, we are faced with the prospect of devising other and more workable alternatives. People are understandably reluctant to return to a system which allowed poverty and monopoly, and they are not all aware that there is another choice. It now seems that all the arguments in favour of the efficiency of free enterprise are valid. People know their own interests best, as the traffic in clothing coupons plainly shows; they are quite capable of deciding whether they prefer 30s., or permission to buy a new suit. That the profit motive is natural is shown, amongst other manifestations, by the spectacle of miners refraining from work in order to claim back their income tax.

It is clear, then, that it is necessary to go back to profit incentives and the price system, but in what environment that system shall work is another and a different matter. It is first of all necessary to be clear as to what kind of economic order we wish to produce. We surely desire the kind of society in which it shall pay a man to do his best, and to do his best in work which is socially useful. This is the profit motive, and it is on the profit motive that any economic system does in fact rely, however we may disguise or deny it. It is only necessary to read Mr. Horner's programme* for increasing the output of coal to realise this. It starts with the abolition of income tax on miners' earnings and goes on to the provision of better food and clothing than that allotted to the rest of the population. It might be nicer—it would certainly be easier—for politicians if men and women responded to exhortations by the great in the same way as they respond to higher earnings but, unfortunately, they do not: and if human beings have a certain trait, however repugnant its recognition may be to our finer feelings, it is better to allow it to operate in the light of day and of conscious thought, rather than in a sort of Freudian underworld, denied in words, but active in deeds. The black market, the universal desire to secure more of all commodities than one is strictly entitled to, employers illegally paying their workers' income tax and, therefore, frustrating the purpose of the tax, are all a result of a failure to face the fact that in this world a donkey can be persuaded to move by a carrot or whip, and that while free enterprise provides the carrot and Communism the whip, our present system merely ensures a governessy nagging to which the animal soon gets used.

It has been argued that the whip of poverty is a necessary incentive in any competitive system: this seems very doubtful if the carrot is sufficiently large and succulent. There is only a slight risk of damaging efficiency, by putting a bottom in the economic system, by providing a level of income below which no one shall fall. Nearly every one wants to work, and the services of those who prefer to be idle are probably not of much value in any case, while if a man wants to loaf, the sum of human happiness is increased by letting him loaf. To adequate provision for the young, the old and the sick there is not even the objection which may exist to a high rate of unemployment benefit. In the competitive order there is no obstacle to the most extensive social services, in fact they are probably essential to its proper working, because in a democratic society it is necessary to consider the social conscience, and the spectacle of dire and helpless poverty is one which the social conscience will no longer tolerate. The only limit to the extension of the social services is our ability to pay for them. It cannot be too often repeated that the process of soaking the rich has now reached its

* *The Times*, May 26th, 1947.

natural end, and the preparation of grandiose plans for which we have not got the resources, not only raises hopes which cannot be fulfilled, but leads directly to the distortion of production and the maldistribution of scarce resources by encouraging inflation.

In spite of all disasters of the twentieth century, the extensive studies of poverty and unemployment have at least showed us possible methods of dealing with them. Everyone is now agreed that the direct cure for the poverty which is a result of unemployment is a correct monetary system, which will control or at least modify the trade cycle. The poverty which is the result of ill health, old age or childhood can best be alleviated by generous social services. But in solving these problems we have raised new troubles, or rather troubles so old that they are best described by the historian of the Roman Empire: "The best efforts of honest men were bound to fail, and the more one produced, the more would be taken by the State. . . . Better to produce enough to support one's family and not make useless efforts to better one's position. Thus the reigning mood was resignation, and resignation never leads to prosperity." Our task is to devise institutions which will allow the virtues of free enterprise full scope, while at the same time they discourage those tendencies which have distorted its proper development.

DIANA SPEARMAN.

THE LAST NOTE OF SUMMER.

EVERYONE knows how scents revive associations, but sound, in its way, is quite as potent. Nothing stirs memory more poignantly than an old tune, and for the naturalist mere bird voices can roll back the years, recalling the scenes and conditions of which they formed a part. One recent summer evening, when walking along a Devonshire macadamed road among surroundings now eminently suburban, I was surprised to hear the humming purr of a nightjar mingling with jazz "music" from a radio set in a modern wayside bungalow. Within my own memory all the adjacent land had been virgin heath, and this reactionary nightjar, churring away on a fragment of its native habitat as yet unclaimed by the builder, suggested Longfellow's "lonely Indian" discoursing upon his lost heritage. Then and there the bird was as misplaced as the corncrakes which could be heard a few years ago on some of the housing estates in Yorkshire. It was almost an anachronism, yet as the whirring strain rose and fell one ceased to notice the discordant sounds of progress, the unsightly modern erections, the smell of tar and petrol. It seemed far more natural to imagine the fragrant dusk of a wild hillside, where the young bracken spread its fresh green fronds and bell-heather still reflected the sunset glow. That is the auditorium designed by Nature for the nightjar's twilight solo, where fox cubs play and rabbits thump, and myriads of insects which the ghostly bird hunts so assiduously "between the lights" are taking wing from the moistening herbage as the sun-baked earth rapidly cools.

The nightjar is a summer bird, late in arrival, early in departure. Indeed, his date is the last upon the countryman's calendar, and very significant, his belated but outstanding contribution completing the wild orchestra. Rather, perhaps, he leads the long vocal performance to its crescendo, and proceeds to play the distinguished singers off the

stage, for by the time the "churn owl" has rolled out his last bars, bird song in general is hushed. Regarded as a fair weather prophet, his note is actually a criterion of existing conditions. Above all a warmth-loving creature, he purrs like a cat when the twilight air is balmy, and the chill of coming precipitation reduces him to silence. On the sort of evening when gnats bite, his spinning wheel is in full motion, but when black slugs creep out, one may listen for the nightjar without much hope. Unlike most nocturnal birds, he does not avoid sunshine. On the contrary, it is dear to his exotic heart. An open place is usually chosen for the nest, if the unprepared spot where the two eggs lie, deserves that name, and I have never yet found a nightjar parked for the day in anything like a thicket. Some little stony hollow which entraps and holds the heat like an old-fashioned bread-oven is much more to his taste, for he is a veritable salamander among birds.

Compared with other British species, the nightjar may be considered unique. Unable to walk, hop, or even to perch in the customary manner, his only means of locomotion is flight at which, in his own peculiar style, he has few equals and no superiors. Although never mounting to a great height, he is master of every aerial accomplishment, effortless floating and circling over the heath being his speciality. No bird is more interesting upon the wing, none easier to study. Like many nocturnal species, he has little fear of man, whom he makes no effort to avoid when once dusk has fallen. He almost seems to follow the rabbit-stalking farmer or gamekeeper, hawking and hovering within easy range of the gun. If a gorse bush is set alight, he remains unalarmed, darting in and out of the smoke to catch any insects disturbed by the conflagration. When resting for the day, he seldom moves unless almost trodden upon, and the brooding female may be examined at comparatively close quarters with little risk of disturbing her.

Peculiar, even a trifle uncanny, and quite unlike anything else, the nightjar has none the less been neglected by modern ornithologists when seeking unusual subjects for study. Gilbert White was particularly interested in him, but since that period the bird has attracted little notice, partly because his habitat is limited to country where the bracken plant abounds, and again, he has never been able to claim the melancholy distinction of positive rarity—a wild animal's shortest cut to appreciation. Also, of all our summer visitors he is, perhaps, the easiest to overlook. Being mainly silent during the day—quieter even than the tawny owl—many nightjars must come and go without as much as being heard by anyone who takes account of wild voices. Few people of the ordinary bird-watcher type frequent remote glades at sundown. They have gone home to dinner, or to hear the evening radio programme, with perhaps a natural history talk or record—possibly of the nightjar himself, although his strains do not come over the air very well, lacking the musical softness which is their primary quality. Under the double summer-time system indeed, one would need to be out among the gorse and fern-brakes until nearly midnight to hear the nightjar working his engine at full capacity. To rustics, again, the churring note conveys nothing as a rule. It is merely one feature in an unclassified auditory background, like the impersonal humming of bees. It is much the same, in that respect, as the drumming of snipe, which few distinguish and an astonishing number have never heard, incredible though it may seem. Not long ago, a village girl who has taken up natural history at school asked me to identify a bird that

"called" at night from a rocky slope near their cottage on the fringe of Dartmoor. It had churred from the same stump on May and June evenings as long as she could remember. To "Mum" and "Dad" it was just "that old noise again," but the classification was too vague to satisfy either the modern student or her science mistress.

It is characteristic that when Phil Robinson compiled his *Poets' Birds*, the work being a survey of bird lore in verse, he found only two references to the nightjar, both of which were singularly unimaginative. One, by Gilbert White of all people, referred to "his chattering song," while Charlotte Smith, with almost comic lack of æsthetic appreciation, could

"scarce discern
The shrieking nightjar's tail on heavy wing."

The chatter, the shrieking and the heavy wing combine to present as misleading an impression of the purr, the call-note and, above all, the wavy, buoyant flitting through the dusk, as could be imagined. They merely serve to show how completely the picturesque appeal of this species has been missed. His life story is a poem, yet I can recall no mention of the bird in rhyme or prose that struck a pleasing chord. Almost every other contributor to the wild sound picture, from the nightingale to the owl, has been called upon for some special turn, yet this most arresting accompaniment to the skylark's evening chorus is either disregarded or conveys no more to the casual listener than "an old noise."

Such being the case, it is scarcely surprising that neither the nightjar's numerical fluctuations nor the probable effect of changing conditions upon the bird's economy has been studied very closely. During the past thirty years it has been obliged to contend with many adverse influences, similar in some respects to those which pushed the nightingale westwards and expelled the corncrake from its favourite haunts. Formerly, the broken and eminently ferny country on the Devon-Dorset boundary was the main nightjar stronghold in western, if not in southern, England, excepting, perhaps, parts of Hampshire and Surrey. Within my own time the bird was so common that one thought no more of flushing it on any rough ground than of "hopping" a rabbit. In the south-west, however, the past decade has shown a notable decline, and speaking for this immediate neighbourhood in mid-Devon, where several pairs usually bred, the summer of 1947 has produced one solitary specimen, which seemed to be an unmated male.

Viewed generally, however, the bird still occupies much of the ancestral ground, but not, apparently, in anything approaching the old abundance. For this, as usual in such matters, there is no obvious reason. It appears to be yet another natural decline for which one can seldom account satisfactorily. Theories advanced are not watertight, and probably it is only another example of making mystery where none exists. The principle of ebb and flow, though often accentuated by man's interference, after all is natural. Human life may be too short, as a rule, to see the process completed, but it remains in operation everywhere. In the case of a wild race periodical revival is usual but not inevitable. Species have become extinct and others may follow. There are animals which were not numerous when civilised man first took note of them, and which continue to decrease. These, like certain types of humanity, might be regarded as racial failures, nor is their ultimate recovery assured, even if granted every facility. In the tests

of time and competition with the conditions in which they live, they have failed to make good, and if we witness their extinction we may deplore but need not marvel at an event by no means unprecedented in the animal kingdom.

The landrail, the wryneck, the chough, the red squirrel and the nightjar might be cited among the many creatures whose fate hangs in the balance. Some of them, indeed, may conceivably be lost within measurable time, as far as England is concerned, or at best become so rare as to be of merely nominal value to the country's fauna. Although it seems useless to reiterate even the obvious in defiance of convention, actually none of the animals mentioned owe their unhappy position to the hostile activities of other wild animals. In the long run, the strongest or fiercest race does not necessarily predominate—rather the contrary in some instances—nor is it a matter of mere fecundity. Examples could be cited to support or refute any theory. Way of life, again, does not perceptibly affect the *comparative* status. In this country the graminivorous rook outnumbers the carnivorous carrion crow, the carnivorous magpie the mainly vegetarian jay, although in each case one species is as prolific as the other. The barn owl is less common than the tawny owl although he rears more young. The chaffinch is more numerous than the frailer goldfinch, the innocuous song thrush than the bold missel thrush, while the blackbird outnumbers any of its congeners; and, returning to the original subject, while the cuckoo holds its own everywhere, the landrail and the nightjar decrease. Control effected by human interference can be ruled out in these instances, since it applies equally to all, when due allowances are made. The argument is forced back to its starting point—the insoluble problem of racial success or failure, or the ability of a species to maintain a position upon the resources provided for it, always taking into account its special qualifications or restrictions.

We miss the nightjar when he fails to return to his old ferny hollow, to his favourite churring log. He is irreplaceable, even though his contribution to the wild concert is so brief. After his "song" is finished he has no "walking on" part; he makes no bow when quitting the stage. The corncrake lingers on the stubble; ring ouzels pack on the mountain ash trees, or even visit the moorland garden, but the nightjar merely fades out, as imperceptibly as he arrives. He soon follows the swifts, but with a secrecy as notable as their shrill ostentation. But, if not spectacular, his departure also lacks the "sadness of farewell," as when swallows "wheel out in a windy sky," or the curlew sounds his last post over the moorland. These other birds realise that the best of summer is over, and do not hesitate to broadcast the unwelcome truth. The nightjar also knows, but he says nothing about it. He just slips quietly away, leaving us our illusions, and for that reason, perhaps, a pleasant impression of himself.

DOUGLAS GORDON.

THE SORBONNE TODAY.

THE Sorbonne and the many other universities throughout the world modelled upon it are so unlike our Oxford or Cambridge that comparison is difficult. But there was a time when the University of Paris had a collegiate system such as our ancient universities have happily preserved. This has broken down throughout

Europe, though Mr. A. L. Rowse has discovered a most interesting survival of it in the Spanish College at Bologna, which he describes with his usual artistic skill and charm in a recent book, *The English Spirit*. The Sorbonne was at one time but one of the many colleges within the University of Paris, though it has now become a synonym for that remarkable institution which, older than Oxford, has a membership exceeding the aggregate membership of Oxford, Harvard and London.

When the old system had decayed and students lived where they could (only the rich lived where they pleased) the poverty and squalor of their condition were in many cases pitiable. It is probably true that it was in some respects a pleasant form of poverty and squalor, but it was hardly less deplorable on that account. The moral dangers to which undergraduates were exposed have been too often depicted by writers such as Murger to need mention; excessive drink was too commonly their chief form of relaxation, while *grisettes* provided the worst kind of companionship with the opposite sex that an undergraduate could have. Certainly it was not an atmosphere to which even the most advanced and courageous parents in our country would have cared to send their sons. The well-to-do Parisian might escape it, but the average foreigner seldom did. Till about a quarter of a century ago thousands of undergraduates in Paris were huddled together in shambles in a Latin quarter which, though it had its sentimental fascination, is in many respects pleasanter in retrospect than ever it was in fact. At last, however, a site was secured near the Porte d'Orléans, on the outskirts of the city, where, after mutual concessions by the State and the City of Paris, it became possible to erect magnificent modern buildings in a large park about a square mile in area, connected with the Sorbonne quarter by a direct underground service. The first of these buildings which now form the *Cité Universitaire* was erected through the liberal benefaction of ten million francs from Deutsch de la Meurthe. Monsieur and Madame Lapôtre followed with five million francs to found the *Collège Belge*, and to-day there are college foundations representing countries all over the world, including Canada, the United States, the Argentine, Spain, Sweden, Greece and Indo-China, as well as the *Collège Franco-Britannique*. These, though not colleges in our sense, are conspicuously well-equipped hostels on a large scale. In some cases an attempt, not always a happy one, has been made to express the architectural tradition of the country represented; the Greek College, for instance, has a classical portico, while the Spanish College sports towers vaguely reminiscent of Saragossa or the Escorial, and pagoda-like structures in another part of the *cité* introduce us to the exotic flavour of the Far East. The system reminds us of the days when the University of Paris was divided into "nations"; but one might wish that the medley of not always convincing architecture had been avoided in favour of an entirely fresh design to express the cosmopolitan character of the place. Some of the colleges, however, not least the Swedish, show considerable originality and vigour in their conception.

In the midst of this great assembly of buildings stands the largest of all, a *maison internationale*, which owes its existence chiefly to the generosity of J. D. Rockefeller, jun. Here the residents of the *cité* eat in vast dining-rooms and meet their friends in the central marble hall. There is a post-office, a bank, and, of course, an enormous *salle de bal*. There are also other rooms for concerts and conferences; but many of

the colleges have accommodation of their own for such activities and for smaller dances. Standing in the grassy *place* in front of the marble steps leading to the *maison*, one can look through the colonnade on to the busy *boulevard* beyond, or, turning to right or left, contemplate the avenue of willows and other trees that lies between the rows of college buildings. From the breakfast-room one looks across the *cité* to the church designed to serve this great community of young people. The exterior of the church, though noble and striking, might have been, I think, more happily conceived; but inside one recognises immediately that here is one of the greatest successes of modern ecclesiastical art, admirably suited to its purpose and expressive of the spirit of the new community. Like its much more ancient sister, the *Église de la Sorbonne*, it is very austere for a French church, and has a dignity and colour that even an insensitive worshipper could hardly fail to appreciate. Its combination of warmth and spaciousness is one that ecclesiologists would do well to examine. No genuine Christian could dislike it, and even agnostics often confess a deep appreciation of the geniality of its glow, so different from the atmosphere of plush and dust which they have too often found in churches.

The cost of both intellectual and physical nourishment in the University of Paris is quite incomparable to that of Oxford or Harvard. In what other lodging in the world could one ascend a flight of marble stairs, pass tiled spray-rooms, walk down a parqueted-floor corridor to a room rented for about 2s. 6d. a day, complete with neat wardrobe, bookshelves and running water? Meals at the *maison internationale*, though at present, like most meals in most countries, leaving something to be desired, are adequate in their way and ridiculously cheap. One may help oneself, for example, to a meal of half a dozen dishes, including a plate of *petits pois* and perhaps a little fish and a couple of peaches, with a carafe of weak beer, all for a shilling or two. In some of the *foyers* near the Sorbonne, in a more old-fashioned atmosphere, the students get a small tumbler of *vin ordinaire* for about threepence with as good a meal at a shilling. But the cheapness of the intellectual sustenance is even more remarkable. An Englishman going to Paris with a university degree and proposing to work for a French State doctorate in letters must first get an *équivalence du licence*, which will be given free, if his degree is good enough for it to be given at all, except for the stamped paper on which he must write his petition, which will cost him fivepence. Then, apart from his maintenance in Paris and the cost of publishing his two theses (though a publisher may be glad to do this for him if his work is of general interest), the entire cost of taking the Sorbonne's most coveted laurels will be about ten shillings. The less rigorous *doctorat de l'Université*, popular among foreigners because it is often sufficient for their needs, would cost him a little more, but only a few pounds. Education in France from the elementary school to the doctorate of the university is, broadly speaking, free of charge; it is a fountain from which all may drink, provided that they have the capacity to do so, for the fees are so low that practically nobody could find any difficulty in meeting them. On the other hand, from the Oxford or Cambridge point of view, it is a question whether it can be called education at all, since the students are in most cases left to fend very much for themselves. Paris has unexcelled riches at the disposal of anyone for a few shillings; but, unless he is extraordinarily gifted and abnormally wise for his age, the undergraduate has to dig hard to get them. There is no one to take him by the hand and nurture him with

the mind's food ; he must shift for himself, and should he eat too little or too much or the wrong kind of food, no one will care. This is, of course, a picture of the average case only. A professor at the Sorbonne may interest himself so much in a student that he gives him more guidance than the most conscientious Oxford tutor would be expected to do ; but that is a private affair. Generally speaking, he must educate himself, having been given ample facilities for this difficult task.

The German occupation of the *Cité Universitaire* is estimated to have cost the latter 150 million francs. Its restoration after being handed over by the Americans in 1945 was completed at lightning speed. It is said that when an official inquirer visited the Franco-British College in 1943, the *Führerin* remarked unsmilingly that when the Englishwomen returned they would find that she had kept their rooms nice. In fact, the *Wehrmacht* had pillaged carpets, curtains, mattresses, sheets and furniture to such an extent that when the Americans took over the college the scene was one of extreme desolation. The Americans who found accommodation in the *Cité Universitaire* during their occupation numbered between six and seven thousand. When they returned the place to the French authorities on October 1st, 1945, the latter had exactly forty-five days in which to get it in order for reopening on November 15th, and this without timber, textiles or paint. Accommodation for some 2,700 students was provided, as a beginning, on condition that they brought their own bed-linen and shared rooms with two beds. Fifteen gardeners were working feverishly to get trees and lawns in order. It was a masterly feat, and since then work has gone on to bring the whole place back to something like its state in 1939.

Though wholly lacking the historical continuity of Oxford, Paris has created, in the *Cité Universitaire*, a new type of Sorbonne life, the possibilities of which, with the University's ancient traditions and unrivalled situation in the capital city of intellect and art, are boundless. Unfortunately, too little advantage has been taken of the unique possibilities for international understanding which the cosmopolitan character of the new community affords. This is due in great measure to the extreme individualism of the French, which exceeds even that of the English in some respects. One of the first disappointments of English undergraduates in Paris is the absence of the clubs and societies so typical of the English university life of both the ancient and other seats of learning. The French atmosphere tends to avoid gregariousness and favour individual companionship, which has its advantages, but makes it more difficult for one to get to know many people quickly. It also tends to keep nationalities from mixing as freely as they would do were they brought together in clubs. But most English students become sooner or later reconciled to this characteristic of French university life, and some even learn that companionship may often be more intellectually profitable than mere gregariousness. Nevertheless, no one deeply interested in the international understanding which can do so much for the peace of the world ever fails to regret the magnificent opportunity that is to so great an extent lost. It is to be hoped that the French, with their genius for *savoir vivre*, will overcome their temperamental difficulty here and make their cosmopolitan community in the *cité* all that it could so easily become, a great breeding-ground of world peace.

A university which cannot hope to assume more than a minimum of responsibility for its undergraduates can give them a maximum of

freedom, and one of the pleasantest features of life at the Sorbonne to-day is the almost complete absence of irksome rules. Not the most rebellious of youthful hearts could complain of a rule that one should be in college by one o'clock in the morning, especially when the rule is not applied with excessive rigour. Men and women are housed in wings of the same college, and may meet and talk in the very comfortable entrance lounge, as well as in the great hall of the *maison internationale*. There is a rule, of course, against wearing headgear within the precincts of the dining-rooms, and if anyone should transgress to the extent of even putting a covered head inside the door, loud laughter and cries of "*chapeau!*" from every corner of the assembly soon correct the situation. Otherwise, sartorial rules practically do not exist, and an undergraduate from one of our ancient universities, accustomed to be fined for having improper neckwear at dinner, naturally enjoys his freedom to dress as he pleases. He also welcomes his liberty to dine within the University or in town as he may happen to find convenient; even a residential Sorbonne insists on freedom. But many English undergraduates would soon tire of the price one must inevitably pay for so much freedom, which includes the absence of any deep sense of corporate life, the delightful intimacy of which is so pleasant and profitable a characteristic of the Oxford and Cambridge colleges, particularly at some of the smaller foundations. From this point of view the Sorbonne of to-day, for all its residential comfort and spaciousness at the *Cité Universitaire*, has no collegiate life at all.

We cannot have it both ways. Oxford, with her long story in stone and the historical splendour of her innumerable nooks and corners, her tradition of pure scholarship acquired under the individual guidance of scholars, her unlimited capacity for encouraging her best men and women and nurturing even the least gifted, must always be more costly to run. The hand-made is always more expensive, and Oxford still believes in the value of the hand-made. But of the other type of university, there is no more conspicuously successful example than the Sorbonne of to-day, which puts at the disposal of those who would drink at her old and bountiful springs of learning, not only the literary brilliance of ever-changing Paris and the discipline of her rigorous academic tradition, but the means by which a large number of her thirty thousand *civies* may drink their fill in conditions of physical well-being which many of the more exclusive college foundations in the world have reason to envy. The transformation that has taken place within a quarter of a century must be unique even in the annals of France; but the speed of the recuperation after the years of war is but what anyone familiar with the buoyancy of the French heart would have expected of it in the circumstances.

GEDDES MACGREGOR.

STERNE'S TRISTRAM SHANDY.

AMONGST the more famous novels of the eighteenth century is *Tristram Shandy*. One reason for its enduring repute is the portraiture in it of three men who form a triumvirate. The use of such a high-sounding title to describe three so humble men as Walter Shandy, Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim may seem out of place or at least ill balanced. Yet they deserve and are entitled to the encomium. They are of the men who formed the background or foundation of our

eighteenth-century England. They have won a place in English literature not to be surpassed. Two of them fought and bled for her, and Mr. Shandy himself represents the solid retired business man now become the country gentleman with a small estate. Whatever charges of indecency and indelicacy can be levelled against Sterne this much must be placed to his eternal credit: he has drawn for us portraits of three as delightful men as can be found anywhere in our literature. The brothers Shandy and Corporal Trim are the creations of a man who at least must have possessed goodness of heart and genuine character. He has composed a picture of human nature at its very best. "My Uncle Toby," says Hazlitt, "is one of the finest compliments ever paid to human nature." The same critic aptly describes the characters of Walter Shandy and his brother Toby as "the one of pure intellect and the other pure good nature." Dissimilar in character and temperament, these two men are closely linked by strong brotherly love.

It is all the more regrettable the creator of such admirable characters should have had so unenviable a reputation amongst his contemporaries. That this was due largely to his fondness for the unpleasant joke or nasty trope is no palliation. A reputation of this kind is bound to stamp a man however much of a genius he may be. Dr. Johnson always referred to him as "that man Sterne." In any case the Doctor did not like him. Goldsmith styled him "a bawdy bawcock." Be it remembered that Sterne was an Anglican priest. Ill-health may have partly caused this weakness. He was a consumptive and is constantly referring to chest trouble in *Tristram Shandy*. His heart perhaps was sound and good enough, but an otherwise unhealthy body may conduce to an unhealthy mind.

Sterne entitled his novel *The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy*. This is a puerile misnomer. The story is built around the birth and early childhood of the eponymous hero who does not make any appearance at all. Although written throughout in the first person, the centre of interest lies in the characters and opinions of the two brothers and the corporal. Sterne copies his favourite authors, more particularly Cervantes and Rabelais. In Uncle Toby and his man there are echoes of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. As Peter Quennell points out in his portrait of Sterne, the parson might have represented the Knight in person. "A lean man dressed all in black, riding a horse as lean as himself, he drew after him every eye as he went jogging through a hamlet, the impression Sterne made was singular and puzzling." The character of Yorick, a parson, is accepted as being autobiographical and the interpolated sermon on "We trust we have a good Conscience", is credited to Sterne himself. About this homily there is an atmosphere more of head than heart very typical of the age. Sterne uses this very phrase in discussing sermons. The best sermons he himself ever preached were the portraits he has drawn of Uncle Toby and of his man Corporal Trim. These are studies of human conduct which have the stamp of true Christianity about them.

Sterne's digressions are frequent as he unfolds the story; sometimes they are tiresome and occasionally irritating. He insists that they are "incontestably the sunshine—they are the life, the soul of reading. Take them out of this book, for instance, you might as well take the book along with them." Elsewhere he speaks of his "master-stroke of digressive skill." Not everyone would agree with him, for some of his digressions are so inserted and drawn out at so unconscionable a length as to spoil the effect. Particularly is this so in the *affaire de cœur* between

Widow Wadman and Uncle Toby, for we are left in doubt as to the ultimate success of the widow. Sterne expects a close co-operation on the part of his readers : the imagination having been stirred, the author leaves the reader to complete any apparent gap. "Writing when properly managed is but a different name for conversation. The truest respect which you can pay to the reader's understanding is to halve this matter amicably and leave him something to imagine." Here a distinction must be noted and a line drawn. Authors such as George Meredith and Henry James demand a much greater reciprocity from their readers.

In *Thraliana* is to be found the following note : "What is however much more extraordinary is that the famous *Tristram Shandy* itself is not absolutely original ; for when I was at Derby in the summer of 1774 I strolled by mere chance into a bookseller's shop, where, however, I could find nothing to tempt curiosity but a strange book about Corporal Bates which I bought and read . . . found it to be the very novel from which Sterne took his first idea : the character of Uncle Toby, the behaviour of Corporal Trim, even the name of Tristram itself seems to be borrowed from this stupid history of Corporal Bates." Now this is a direct accusation of plagiarism against Sterne by Mrs. Thrale which has not been brought by anyone else, though he has been generally classed as a copyist by most of the critics. Whether or no she be correct does not matter a great deal. The main thing is that if he did borrow the foundation of Corporal Bates's story he has transmuted the material as Shakespeare did in his plays.

Reflecting on our triumvirate let us begin with Walter Shandy. Not that he is the best of the bunch. But "my Father" must naturally take his rightful precedence. A retired Turkey merchant of the City of London, he now lives on an inherited estate in the country. He is well-to-do, sensible, practical and good. "He had," says Tristram, "a much more acute and quick sensibility of nature, attended with a little soreness of temper. He was, however, frank and generous in his nature, at all times open to conviction. My father was a gentleman of many virtues." He was well read in the classics and rather fancied himself as a philosopher given to quoting most learned authorities in the debates he loved to promote. "My father had such a skirmishing, cutting kind of a slashing way with him in his disputations, and thrusting and ripping and giving everyone a stroke to remember him by in his turn : in less than half an hour he was sure to have everyone of 'em against him." Tristram is the second and only boy, the eldest son having died suddenly. Mr. Shandy was happily married. He had certain fixed ideas. One of these was the important bearing Christian names had on the future of the child. The irony of this was that owing to a whole chapter of accidents the name of Tristram, one disliked by Mr. Shandy, was given to the hero. It is perhaps pertinent to remark here how fortunate it was that these accidents occurred as they did. For the unlucky child was to have been blessed with the terrible name of TRISMEGISTUS, a fancy of his father.

Mr. Shandy had read of a custom of the ancient Goths and kindred people. This was "a wise custom of debating everything of importance to their state twice ; once drunk and once sober. Drunk, that their councils might not want vigour ; sober, that they might not want discretion." Being a water drinker Mr. Shandy was perplexed as to how he could turn this idea to his own purpose. At last, after a few years, "he hit upon an expedient." When any difficult and momentous

point was to be settled in the family, "he fixed and set apart the first Sunday night in the month and the Saturday night which immediately preceded it, to argue over, in bed, with my mother . . . these my father, humorously enough, called his *Beds of Justice*."

Let us now praise famous men, amongst them Captain Toby Shandy, late of the 34th foot. He served under William III in the Netherlands and was wounded in the groin at the siege of Namur. Having retired from the Army he has "a neat country house of his own in the village where my father's estate of Shandy lay and where he can go when he so desires." To this period, 1689-97, says Sir John Fortescue, belong the best-known English officer and soldier in the world, Captain Tobias Shandy and Corporal James Butler, otherwise Trim. "It is remarkable," continues Sir John, "that the most charming portrait in literature of master and man should be the work of a child of the barrack-yard." There are two sides to the Captain's character and both are admirable: the one his own personal and intimate qualities of modesty and uprightness; the other his delight in military studies. Both show off the man to great advantage. "My Uncle Toby Shandy, Madam, was a gentleman, who, with the virtues which usually constitute the character of a man of honour and rectitude, possessed one in a very eminent degree which is seldom or never put into the catalogue, and that was a most extreme and unparalleled modesty of nature. It arose in him to such a height, as almost to equal, if such a thing could be, even the modesty of a woman." The servants of Shandy Hall had the highest opinion of the Captain. "As kindly hearted a gentleman as ever lived." "Aye, and a brave one too"; "there never was a better officer in the King's Army." "He has a heart as soft as a child for other people."

In telling the story of the soldier Le Fever (described by Hazlitt as perhaps the finest in the English language) occurs the well-known passage attributed to Sterne. "Said Trim, the poor soul will die. He shall not die, by God, cried my Uncle Toby. The accusing spirit which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath blush'd as he gave it in; and the recording Angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever." Uncle Toby's enthusiasm for military studies began during convalescence while his wound healed. Finding life irksome and dull he obtained a map of the town of Namur in order to study its defences and ponder over King William's successful but costly attack. This led him on to more general investigations, one thing leading to another and the spending of a large portion of his small income on war books. His brother Walter could not understand this curious taste and made repeated jests at Toby's hobby. Not that the difference of opinion in any way upset their brotherly affection for one another. Encouraged and assisted by his faithful body-servant Corporal Trim in these campaign reviews, the Corporal under the Captain's superintendence went so far as to build model fortifications on Uncle Toby's bowling-green at the foot of his garden to which they had beat a retreat. Here they followed some of the great Marlborough's battles as they were announced in the newspapers.

Corporal Trim is the last of my trio. Like master like man. "This servant of my Uncle Toby, who went by the name of Trim, had been a corporal in my Uncle's own company—his real name was James Butler. The poor fellow had been disabled for the service by a wound on his left knee by a musket bullet at the battle of Landen. As the fellow was well-beloved in the regiment and a handy fellow into the bargain, my

Uncle Toby took him for his servant—as a valet, groom, barber, cook, sempster, and nurse . . . served him with great fidelity and affection. My Uncle Toby loved the man in return, and what attached him more to him still was the similitude of their knowledge.” Trim had one failing: “he loved to advise or rather to hear himself talk.” However “his carriage was so perfectly respectful, ’twas easy to keep him silent when you had him so.” There is a most pleasing and revealing extract indicating the Corporal’s inner self and much to his credit. “I thought, said the curate, that you gentlemen of the army, Mr. Trim, never said your prayers at all. . . . A soldier, an’ please your reverence, said I, prays as often (of his own accord) as a parson, and when he is fighting for his King and for his own life and for his honour too, he has the most reason to pray to God of any one in the whole world. I believe, an’ please your reverence, that when a soldier gets time to pray, he prays as heartily as a parson, though not with all his fuss and hypocrisy.” The Corporal makes a successful love match with Widow Wadman’s maid, Bridget, but it is left uncertain whether his master has been finally hooked by the widow or has shyly escaped from her net.

The dross of Sterne’s admitted indecency, which must have been the cause in great measure of his popularity when the book was published, has largely worn away down the centuries leaving us the characters in pure gold of the three men discussed here. “The book,” says Peter Quennell, “was a picture of himself; it was the reflection of a temperament and history he could not and would not change. It was the progress of his own mind and the history or legends of his own family he was recording upon paper.” There are, no doubt, many persons to-day who would not attempt to read *Tristram Shandy*. For some reasons they are not to be blamed or censured. In spite, however, of Sterne’s scurrilities, dots, dashes, blank pages, and other irrelevancies, so long as there is a classic English literature the characters of Walter Shandy, Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim will endure as the best types of manhood. They are emanations of the eighteenth century and as such assist us to appreciate what is best proceeding from that age.

W. H. GRAHAM.

BROADCASTING IN PEACE AND WAR.

LORD INMAN, before he resigned the Chairmanship of the B.B.C., is reputed to have said that the greatest need for Britain was to establish more friendly relations with Russia, and there was no more effective way of doing this than by broadcasting. It is a pity that he did not stay longer. He could then have had a better opportunity of encouraging it, with the co-operation of the Government, to get to grips with this terribly important business. The Overseas Services of the B.B.C. are no longer paid out of the ordinary licence fees, but out of a special Treasury grant. The B.B.C. is responsible for the programmes, but the direction must come from the Government.

The B.B.C. broadcasts to Europe were the subject of many complimentary references when they were discussed in the House of Commons, but there was an impression that they did not compare in number with those which played so vital a part in the war. This is far from being the case. The B.B.C. still broadcasts to Europe for 36 hours every day. Even at the peak of the war these broadcasts only totalled

50 hours a day, and a great deal of that time was spent giving instructions to the Forces or to the various resistance movements. These broadcasts are given in 24 languages, the same as in the war, with Russian now substituted for Icelandic. The most popular feature of these broadcasts is "English by Radio." Hundreds of thousands of Europeans are now learning our language by means of excellent broadcast lessons specially adapted to the various countries interested. The other items of the programmes are good solid fare, in which much information about England is pleasantly conveyed. The programmes to Russia are not any more important than those to any other country. They certainly will not do any harm, but with all respect to everyone concerned, these four and twenty transmissions to Europe, with one for Russia, will have as much effect on our relations with the Soviet as the four and twenty blackbirds baked in a pie. Of course it is very difficult. A harmless remark by Mr. Bevin in a Christmas broadcast that Britain does not tie herself to anyone except in regard to her obligations under the Charter, was immediately seized on by *Pravda* as a denunciation of the Anglo-Soviet Treaty. Premier Stalin had to intervene before amity was restored. This sensitivity of Russia is a formidable barrier to mutual understanding, but an attempt must be made to overcome it. If the diplomatic wheels are creaking, the ordinary peoples of Russia and Britain must get to know each other better. This is where broadcasting comes in. Let British working men and women speak to Russian working men and women. Let British and Russian professional men and women speak to each other of their common interests. Let us hear all about Russian music and culture, let them hear about ours. Above all let the peoples of each country, through authentic representatives, tell each other of their hopes and fears, their joys and sorrows. It is as important now that Britain and Russia should walk together amicably as that Britain and the United States should have sympathetically understood each other before Pearl Harbour. President Roosevelt received and deserved to receive the major credit for swinging American opinion round in favour of Britain, but the B.B.C. broadcasts to America also played a very important part, the full significance of which has never been acknowledged. The effort to win Russian friendship must be on at least as great a scale. Can broadcasting help?

Compared with other media of communication, broadcasting has been a veritable Jonah's gourd in the rapidity of its development. There are some who wish (and the late John Burns was one of them) that it had never been invented because of its dreadful potentialities in the hands of evil men. Axis broadcasting played a sinister part in poisoning the international atmosphere and in creating the state of mind that made war inevitable, although the rest of the world outside the Axis was passionately desirous of peace. On the other hand, it made a most substantial contribution to the Allied victory and to the overthrow of Hitler and Mussolini. British and American broadcasters developed uncanny skill in adapting broadcasting to the infinite requirements of the war situation, in addressing particular audiences, in encouraging their own Forces, in directing military operations, in stiffening Allied morale, in breaking the spirit of the enemy, but it was the Nazi and Italian dictators who blazed the trail. Long before the war they realised that broadcasting was the best way of gaining ascendancy over the minds of their dupes. When we listened to Hitler's momentous broadcasts after he assumed power we were inclined to

smile at his bombastic ravings and to predict for him an early end in an asylum. It is a pity that more people did not realise that he knew exactly what he was doing, for he was a master of mob psychology. He was not merely a frustrated, embittered paranoic, screaming aimlessly and hysterically malignant distortions of historical fact into the microphone: he was deliberately fashioning the war-mindedness of his people as thoroughly as he prepared the material resources for his war. It was fortunate during the critical stages of the war that America and Britain had two broadcasters of superlative quality in President Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill. They were masters of the microphone. They knew its possibilities and limitations. They understood the mind of the common people. They were able to express the loftiest thought, the most complicated war situations, in terms that the most illiterate wayfaring man could understand and appreciate. We all have our memories of moments that moved us during the war, tragic, heroic, frightening, humorous moments. My own outstanding recollection is of a working men's club, full of noisy, happy, laughing members of the Forces and civilians, seemingly care-free, but in reality rather weighed down by the terrible pressure of events. Someone rattled on the tinny piano, a few joined raucously in a chorus, some played games, in the background the wireless blared, over-modulated as usual, but contributing to the general hullabaloo. Then came the welcome wireless announcement: "Ladies and gentlemen, the Prime Minister, Mr. Churchill." The transformation was incredible. The instrumentalists, singers, talkers, games-players stiffened to attention. The well-known and well-loved voice rang out, now scornful of Nazi duplicity, now grave as the ugliness of the situation was explained, now strident and challenging as he voiced the implacable purpose and will of our people, finally closing prophetically—

"Westward, look. The land is bright."

As the broadcast closed the tension relaxed. There was much coughing and nose-blowing to hide the deeper emotions which had been stirred, but every face showed the rebirth of courage and hope. Mr. Churchill's broadcasts revealed not only his fortitude and greatness of soul; they were an astonishing demonstration of the power of broadcasting to mould the mind and spirit of the people. Of course, it is not only the Churchills and the Roosevelts, the Hitlers and the Mussolinis, who can make broadcasting a medium with almost infinite possibilities for good or evil. They only broadcast a few times each year. It is the potentialities of broadcasting in itself which are so terrible. The B.B.C. news, which men and women risked their lives to hear, was read by ordinary broadcasting officials doing their ordinary work. It was mainly in the elucidation of the news that men with more distinguished names were employed. Indeed, one could go farther and declare that a fool or a knave without a vestige of education could plunge a nation into despair or chaos if he got in front of a microphone. The British public were a long time in appreciating the life and death power of broadcasting. They were inclined to look upon it as a kind of glorified gramophone from which there issued an enormous volume of oral and musical sound. It was the General Strike which brought about a revolution in our attitude. Then for the first time we realised that its most important functions were not those of entertainment or even of mild enlightenment. We had a dim idea of what it could

mean to a country cut off from other sources of information. But the lessons of the General Strike were forgotten and soon we thought again of broadcasting merely as an instrument of entertainment with a pleasing smattering of information. Then came the war and from the outset we were forced to realise the significance of the new medium. It played an immense part in mobilising the people and the resources of the country: it sustained morale, steadied nerves in times of crisis, gave instant publicity to Government instructions, and in a thousand other ways proved of incalculable benefit to the war effort. When our Forces went overseas, broadcasting followed them. Through the miracle of short-wave transmission there was no place on the earth, in the sea, or in the air where men could live but broadcasting could reach them. No matter how difficult the circumstances, if there were men or women willing to run the risk or to take the necessary trouble, it was always possible to hear the words of the B.B.C. These words, specially read at slow dictation speed, were written down on scraps of paper, or when time and equipment permitted, typed or even duplicated. These news sheets were posted in the jungles or the desert on huts or vehicles—anywhere they could be seen. All who saw them muttered and tried to master the contents and then rushed off to spread the news around. But the news that was the stuff of these sheets all came from the B.B.C. It is to be hoped that when the official history of the war comes to be written the part played by broadcasting will receive full and generous recognition. The peoples of the enemy-occupied countries knew what they owed to broadcasting. M. Jean Guignebert, Director-General of Radiodiffusion Française, at a B.B.C. luncheon paid this tribute: "In the face of our shameful capitulation you might have lost interest in us and turned your attention to other tasks. But you did not. Without hesitation you trusted the people of France and you decided to bring to them in the darkness into which they had been plunged the light of your vigilant friendship. The whole of France lived on the B.B.C. broadcasts. The immense majority found in them the faith, the hope, the certainty of victory. Broadcasting has many exploits to its credit, but that which consisted in saving a people from despair was the greatest of all." Equally notable was the tribute of the Belgian Prime Minister: "The B.B.C. rallied the Forces of the Resistance. It entered every household despite the interference caused by the enemy broadcasts. It renewed our confidence and fired our courage. I pay tribute to the B.B.C., which so valiantly contributed to the forging of victory." There were many thousands of such tributes. Perhaps the highest compliment ever paid to the B.B.C. was when a disgruntled German commentator exclaimed: "The Dutch have more faith in the words of the B.B.C. than they have in their Bibles." This was a tribute to the essential truthfulness of these broadcasts to Europe. It was the truth which sustained the morale of the tortured peoples and in the long run delivered them from their oppressors.

WALTER C. SMITH.

ALBANIANS IN SICILY AND CALABRIA.

WRITING about the modern inhabitants of Magna Graecia, D. H. Lawrence says that since the extinction of the pagan gods these people have gradually been losing their heroic impulse, and that this accounts for the appallingly low level of existence in the remoter villages of Southern Italy and Sicily. He thought their lives were without flame or light. I have often wondered whether this generalisation applies to those parts of Calabria and Sicily which are inhabited by the descendants of the Albanians who from the middle of the fifteenth century to the middle of the eighteenth crossed the Adriatic and Ionian seas to escape the Ottoman invasion. They got away when the struggle against Turkish power had become hopeless, carrying vivid memories of their struggle, particularly of their formidable and beloved Scanderbeg. They also carried in their hearts and minds bright spangles of ancient Thraco-Illyrian lore—spangles which to this day shine in their houses and churches, in their customs and dresses, in their language and literature. Their passionate attachment to liberty and turbulent independent spirit have left their mark on the lugubrious history of the Kingdom of Naples, on the Risorgimento, as well as on Albania's struggle for independence.

George Castrioti—or Scanderbeg, as he has been called by the Turks—spent his youth in the ranks of the Janissaries, the fanatical and well-disciplined Christian troops which proved such a formidable weapon in the hands of the great Sultans. The idea behind the corps was to train trustworthy and efficient soldiers devoted body and soul to the Ottoman cause, completely cut off from their own families and countries. In 1443 Scanderbeg escaped from this soul-destroying camp and made straight for Albania. It was an act of unusual spiritual energy, as he is the only Janissary known to have rebelled successfully. The promise contained in that act of rebellion was amply fulfilled in his subsequent career. All Albanian princes and chieftains rallied to his call, and for nearly a quarter of a century he led a successful struggle against his former masters. Three factors combined to make his astonishing career—undisputed military genius, his detailed knowledge of Turkish military tactics, and the mountains of Albania which lent themselves to prolonged guerilla war. During the five years that followed his escape four Turkish armies were hurled against him and were badly defeated. In 1449 Sultan Murad II, the conqueror of the Balkans, led an army of 10,000 men against him. He failed to capture Kruja, the Albanian leader's stronghold, and had to withdraw. Two years later, Mohammed II ascended the Ottoman throne, the man who was to capture Constantinople and conquer Greece.

Scanderbeg realised that he could not hold out indefinitely against an expansionist wave which threatened not only the Balkans but Italy and Central Europe, but his efforts to secure any substantial help from the West, which had hailed him as the shield of Christendom, were doomed to failure. The dynamic force behind the Crusades had petered out. Venice, which had the power to help him, was more concerned with accommodating her policy to the demands of the rising empire of the East, and thereby saving her widespread commercial interests, than with any plans to stem the flow of the Ottoman tide. The Kingdom of Naples was too much torn asunder by the dynastic struggle between Anjou and Aragon to spare much attention

for the Turkish danger. He had, therefore, to rely chiefly on his own resources.

In 1461 a ten-year peace was signed between Scanderbeg and the Turks, after Mohammed II had formally recognised his conquests. But before two years had elapsed the Albanian leader provoked the ambitious Sultan's fury by attacking his armies, after an appeal by Pope Pius II, who was striving to organise a new Crusade. The Pope's call to Central and Western Europe evoked no response, and in 1466 the conqueror of Constantinople entered Albania at the head of an army of 200,000 men, determined to finish off his proud opponent now that Western Christendom had left him to his fate. Scanderbeg refused to give open battle, but conducted very effective guerilla operations. At the beginning of 1468 the cause of Albanian resistance was struck by a deadly blow—Scanderbeg died suddenly at Alessio, where he had gone to collect new forces. Although the defence of Albania was immediately taken over by Venice (who had rather belatedly decided to make a stand against Ottoman expansion), the Albanians knew that the dykes were open and that nothing could save them from the flood. The end came with the treaty of 1479, which closed the Ottoman-Venetian war.

The first Albanian emigrants after the death of Scanderbeg (they arrived in Italy with only their shirts and rhapsodies, says Norman Douglas in his fascinating book, *Old Calabria*) set up a number of small towns and villages on the slopes of Sila in Calabria: San Demetrio Corone, Macchia, San Cosmo, Vacarizza, etc. Forcible conversion to Islam was mainly responsible for several waves of emigrants between 1481 and 1492. Many leading families of Southern Albania emigrated during this period to Sicily, where they founded the village which came to be known as *Piana dei Greci*, the Plain of the Greeks. It is only a few miles south-west of Palermo, from which it is cut off by a formidable mountain barrier. Its name has led to a certain amount of confusion, many writers inferring that the inhabitants are Greeks and not Albanians. But *Greci* refers, not to the racial origin of the people, but to their attachment to the Greek Orthodox Church.

During the first emigrations the Kingdom of Naples was ruled by Ferrante I, the illegitimate son of that magnificent prince of the Renaissance, Alfonso V of Aragon. The old dynastic wrangle between Anjou and Aragon was revived soon after Alfonso's death, and Ferrante maintained his hold on the rocking throne of Naples by resorting to all the refinements of intrigue and cruelty characteristic of the age. The first batches of Albanian refugees arrived during the height of his despotism, and the circumstances did not favour an enthusiastic welcome, notwithstanding the Pope's interest in their fate. The attitude of the refugees did not make matters any easier. Many of them had spent years fighting against a fierce and ruthless foe; and theirs had been a classical guerilla struggle, it had attracted not only the spotless cavaliers of freedom, the patriots and the Christians, but also ordinary murderers, thieves and bandits. "They indulged (writes Norman Douglas) in robberies and depredations somewhat too freely . . . with the result that ferocious edicts were issued against them, and whole clans were wiped out." But if they carried the virus of anarchy and lawlessness, they also spread the seeds of a healthy anti-feudal spirit. Many seem to have preferred to be dependent on the Church prelates rather than on the barons. They worked for their masters so many days a year and paid tithe on livestock, but refused

to surrender any other agricultural produce. In the early days they refused to build houses, in order to preserve as much as possible their freedom of movement ; when ill-treated they burned down their huts and moved elsewhere.

In 1533 the Government of Naples despatched 200 ships to Corone in Greece to embark as many Albanian and Greek families as were willing to settle in Italy. Charles V took a personal interest in the arrangements, and in a letter to the Viceroy of Naples he gave instructions that they should be settled in Apulia and Calabria. Special privileges were granted to them ; not only were they exempted from all taxation, but they were paid 70 ducats a year and permitted to carry arms. The distinction which was made between these and the earlier emigrants led to the creation of an Albanian aristocracy in Southern Italy. Two more waves of refugees crossed the Adriatic—on in 1680 and the last one in 1744. The religious question proved the main difficulty in adapting the refugees to their new life in Italy. As the great majority belonged to the Eastern Church, a clash between their ritual and religious practices and those of their Latin hosts was unavoidable ; in one form or other, the conflict has continued down to our own time. One of the first steps taken by the Vatican to attract the Easterners to the Catholic fold was the decision of Gregory XIII, the reformer of the calendar, to establish a Greek Church College in Rome towards the end of the sixteenth century. In due course the priests who were educated at this institution took up their posts among the Albanian settlers. In 1733 an Albanian College was founded at San Benedetto Ullano in Calabria ; at the end of the century it was moved to its present site in San Demetrio Corone, where it has played a very important part in the cultural and political life of the Albanian community of Southern Italy.

According to one estimate, about two-thirds of the Albanian population had abandoned the Greek for the Latin ritual by the beginning of the eighteenth century. The acceptance of the supremacy of Rome was not, of course, the outcome of pure persuasion ; it has been accompanied by various degrees of persecution, which has always been inseparable from religious strife. The Albanian settlers of Southern Italy who follow the Greek ritual are now members of the *Uniate* branch of the Roman Catholic Church, which comprises all the Eastern churches that owe allegiance to Rome, while retaining their own particular liturgies and rites. According to the *Enciclopedia Italiana* (published during the Fascist régime) there are about 50,000 Uniate Albanians ; the total number of Albanians in Italy has been officially estimated at about 200,000. Up to quite recently the priests of the Uniate churches married, but celibacy has been spreading gradually, mainly through the influence of the clergy, who have been educated in Roman Catholic institutions.

The long centuries of Ottoman domination succeeded in cutting off the Balkans from the Renaissance and the intellectual and political movements which flow from it. This isolation lies at the root of many present-day political developments in South-eastern Europe which the West finds so incomprehensible. The Albanians of Italy have had the good fortune of escaping the Ottoman blight and of sharing with the Italian people the fruits of the Renaissance and humanism. They have repaid their debt through their contribution to the Liberal movement and the struggle which ended with the triumphs of the ideals of the Risorgimento. The Italo-Albanian College of San Demetrio

Corone was one of the main centres of the anti-Bourbon movement in southern Italy during the nineteenth century : the police authorities of the Government of Naples always referred to it as the "workshop of the devil." Garibaldi awarded 12,000 ducats "in consideration of the signal services rendered to the national cause by the brave and generous Albanians." The Albanian contribution to the success of Garibaldi's Sicilian expedition has been acknowledged by most historians of the Risorgimento. Dr. Trevelyan writes in *Garibaldi and the Thousand* : "Piana dei Greci, an Alpine village in a small fertile plain enclosed by a circle of magnificent mountains, was the hearth of the freedom of Western Sicily. . . . Far away in the interior of the island, near Roccamena, an Albanian band from Piana dei Greci, true to the old Balkan instincts, was wandering about, vainly exhorting the more timid Sicilian rustics to join them, and taking their firearms when they refused." The indefatigable political organiser of the expedition was the Italo-Albanian Francesco Crispi, later Prime Minister of Italy.

No history of modern nationalism would be complete without some account of the crucial part which the Calabrian and Sicilian Albanians have played in kindling the fires of the Albanian nationalist movement. A study of this strange phenomenon would probably throw fresh light on the relationship between language, folklore and historical memories on one hand and the will to achieve political independence on the other. Here you had a people completely cut off from their mother country for centuries, speaking, besides Italian, a dialect which differed in many important respects from the language of their country of origin. Their folklore, literature and national memories clustered around the figure of Scanderbeg and the long struggle against the Turks. It is not, therefore, surprising that the spokesmen and leader of this movement was not a political or a military leader, but a poet and a seer—Girolamo de Rada (1814-1908). He is the Mazzini of Albania's struggle for freedom. In the best of his poetic achievement he struck the true vein of his country's popular poetry, one of the richest in Southern Europe. That great connoisseur of Mediterranean cultures, Norman Douglas, was impressed by de Rada's poems even in an Italian translation : "They are curiously oracular, like the whisperings of those fabled Dodonian oaks of his fatherland. They heave with a darkly virile mysticism. He shares Blake's ruggedness, his torrential and confused utterances, his benevolence, his flashes of luminous inspiration, his moral background. Some of the female characters of his poems retain their dewy freshness, their exquisite originality, even after passing through the translator's crucible."

He was a classical scholar, a philologist, a philosopher, a pamphleteer and a journalist. The consuming passion of his life was the liberation of his country from Turkish rule. He devoted all his abundant energy and gifts to propagating the cause of Albanian independence in Europe, and was in touch with some of the leading intellectual figures of Italy, France and Germany. Shortly before his death an insidious suspicion began to gnaw at the poet's heart : the expulsion of the Turks from the Balkans might not, after all, spell freedom for his own country. He feared that the Greeks and Serbs would replace the Turks as rulers. And the Greek scholar and the passionate hater of the Ottoman Empire suddenly becomes Turcophil and anti-Greek.

Just before the death of Scanderbeg in 1467, a unique refugee left Scutari in northern Albania, trailing across the Adriatic a tenuous

thread which has ever since linked southern Italy and northern Albania in a kind of mystic union. It was the mural image of the *Madonna del Buon Consiglio* now in the church of Genazzano, a small town a few miles east of Rome. There are two accounts of the Madonna's departure from Scutari, one secular and prosaic, the other Catholic and poetic. According to the latter the sacred image flew across the Adriatic on the wings of a fleecy white cloud, followed by two hermits who were able miraculously to cross the water on foot. The secular explanation is that two Albanian refugees brought the image to Genazzano to save it from the infidel. Every Spring, during the *fiesta* of the Madonna, the Catholics of Scutari and its countryside visit the austere and forlorn church of the departed image, situated at the foot of the Veneto-Illyrian fortress of Rozefat, and pray for her return. Thousands of Italian pilgrims go twice a year, in Spring and Autumn, to the church of Genazzano and pray equally fervently at the miraculous shrine that the prayers of Scutari shall not be heard.

ANTON LOGORECI.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

GERMANY AS TEST CASE

WHEN the Council of Foreign Ministers met in London on November 25th, the probability was widely recognised that the ostensible attempt thereby renewed to reach an "Allied" agreement about the motives, methods and substance of a treaty with Germany, and about the future of Germany, would at any rate decide whether co-operation between Russia and the Western Powers could still be maintained as a diplomatic pretence. The Foreign Ministers' deputies had been meeting in London since November 6th and had failed to agree even on the precise agenda of the conference for which it was their business to prepare. The conference itself started off in the manner only too widely expected. Mr. Molotov took an early opportunity to deliver the broadside attack on the Western Powers which was one of the more obvious of the expectations.

An indirect comment made from the outside is perhaps worth recalling. In an address recorded by the B.B.C. and broadcast during the first week of the conference, Sir Norman Angell, who had come here on a visit from the United States, stressed the importance in his view of a clearly achieved and clearly advertised solidarity between the Western Powers as the best preventative of World War III. The remark was only too cruelly relevant to what was taking place at the London Conference. He argued that if Germany had known in advance, both in 1914 and in 1939, that Britain would fight and the United States would sooner or later be drawn in, she would not have risked committing her aggressions. By the like argument, he suggested, if Russia were now convinced that the United States and Britain would fight, she would draw back from her projected bid for world-wide Communist conquest. If the menace were thus headed off, the remaining diplomatic problem, in his opinion, would be that of a *modus vivendi*, an agreed tolerance whereunder the two systems could operate separately in the world. The question whether systems mutually incompatible and even mutually destructive can operate side by side is a matter for widely divergent speculation.

The primarily interesting irony emerging from Sir Norman's address

was its timing with the Foreign Ministers' conference. It is a rather raw experience in diplomatic history that the unspoken issue at a post-war peace conference is how to avoid another war, this time between the allied victors. But, indeed, that issue is already too familiar to deserve much elaboration. Dr. Edward Benesh, an informed, experienced and shrewd observer of world affairs, in his recently published volume of *Memoirs* (published in Prague under the title *Paměti*, or "Memoirs"), writing of the Russian motive in signing the agreement of August 1939 with Germany, records, as an almost self-evident truth, that the motive was to delay Russia's own entry into the war until its later stages, when, both parties being exhausted, the world revolution could be successfully launched. "The Communists," he writes, "apparently considered that this [Russia's entry into the war] would not be possible until the war was nearly over, and it was with this very object in view that the Soviet Union had signed the agreement [with Germany], so as to gain time for itself. They also seemed to think that it would intervene with a mainly or exclusively revolutionary purpose at the moment when both sides were so exhausted that they would not be strong enough to ward off the social revolution. At this moment, too, they imagined that in any case they would succeed in internally revolutionising Germany also." Dr. Benesh makes a comment which seems to show that he understood what was happening more clearly than did the Western statesmen. "I was reluctant to believe," he writes, "that either the Western Powers or Germany would fail to see through these Soviet calculations, and that they would not act accordingly. After all, by that time [1939] they were sufficiently familiar with the Communist theory and in particular with the Lenin-Stalinist views on imperialistic warfare and proletarian revolution, and hence they themselves would devise methods of preventing the realisation of these Communist schemes." (The above translations of passages from Dr. Benesh's book are taken from *The Central European Observer* of November 28th last.)

It was, in fact, one of the oddities of that muddled war of 1939-45 that it was Hitler who unerringly saw through the Russian game and therefore brought Russia into the war early, not late: but he thereby made Russia an "ally" of the Western Powers, who had no time to see through anything but Hitler. In fairness to Hitler's memory it must be recalled that he sent Rudolf Hess by air to Britain to give a warning, which was not heeded.

At Lancaster House, in London, on November 25th, 1947, Mr. Molotov merely took up the threads of an old Russian purpose, relentlessly pursued for a generation: namely the fomenting of Communist revolution, or the imposition of Russian Communist authority, in a maximum number of countries of the world, so that the Communist dictatorship set up in Russia might itself be safeguarded. The Soviet authorities, who at any rate are given to clear thinking in their own point of view, have never concealed their opinion that Communism is impossible unless it be general: that the full Communist programme whereunder money itself is abolished and replaced by a direct governmental payment in kind, such as in food tickets, for servile services rendered to the government, cannot be achieved so long as commercial exchange with other, non-Communist, countries has to be retained. It has therefore been the central object of bolshevik propaganda, whether conducted under the direction of Comintern or Cominform, or by Mr. Molotov and Mr. Vyshinsky in the citadels of the enemy, to

undermine the existing social, economic, financial and religious structure in all other countries in order on the ruins to impose the Communist tyranny. Even Trotsky in his recently published post-humous book on Stalin, though he accuses Stalin of counter-revolution against Lenin, does not suggest that he could ever modify the essential bolshevik strategy abroad.

Germany is an obviously important object in that strategy. She lies between the east of Europe, already subjugated to Russia, and the west, marked down for subjugation. Half of Germany has already been subjugated. The western talk of co-operation between the Anglo-American zones and the Russian zone in Germany has been regularly answered by Moscow's vilification, transmitted through every channel, of Anglo-American methods and purposes in the west of Germany. It is a curious fact that whereas the Western Powers with a dogged refusal to face established fact (unless the subconscious purpose be to give the devil enough rope to hang himself) persist in talking about co-operation with Russia as a diplomatic object, Russia's actions and propaganda have consistently aimed at advertising the impossibility of such co-operation and at accentuating disagreement. Mr. Molotov's famous "No!" is a banner deliberately raised aloft.

Now it was clear that the Foreign Ministers' conference in London had something of probable finality in its importance. The situation in Germany was critical. There could be no more beating about the bush. Can any one be surprised, therefore, at what duly took place? On the eve of the conference the Russian authority in Berlin issued a wild attack on Britain and the United States, supported, intensified and sustained by Press and radio in Moscow. The word presumably went out from Moscow and from Belgrade, Now or Never! The Communists in Italy and in France made their bid for revolution in those countries, the while Mr. Molotov, not secretly nor in disguise, but openly as an honoured guest, crossed into Britain and with the world's Press reporting every word and the American, British and French diplomats sitting at his feet—"with the most becoming air of tolerance and good humour" as *The Times* Diplomatic Correspondent drily described them—launched his attack. He lost no time. Speaking on the second day of the conference, November 26th, when it was his turn to occupy the chair, he accused the Western European Powers of seeking "an imperialist peace," which would divide Europe into "dominant Powers on the one hand and subject and enslaved countries on the other!" It is a commonplace feature of the bolshevik attack to accuse the Western Powers of what she, Russia, has in fact perpetrated and is perpetrating. Molotov carried out that stratagem in the usual manner by claiming Russia's purpose as "democratic" and accusing the Western Powers of being "anti-democratic." He posed as the champion of Germany against the machinations of the West.

The technique was familiar, even trite. Mr. Marshall dismissed it in these few words: "I remain convinced that the Soviet delegate does not really believe his allegations. Let us get down to work for the good of the world instead of casting allegations for propaganda purposes." Mr. Bevin allowed himself to be "drawn." He quoted from the British Paper which he had submitted to the Moscow Conference on March 31st, recalling the passage about ensuring all the basic freedoms in Germany and commented rather lamely and unnecessarily: "That doesn't look very much like being anti-democratic."

Mr. Molotov, of course, is unmoved by such argument, or by any

argument—except apparently one. On December 3rd, after a non-committal bout of talk on the conference procedure and at the moment when the delegates were about to turn their attention to Austria, he suddenly proposed that the delegates should submit their basic proposals for a German peace treaty “within two months.” He thereby startled the other delegates : and was himself, as he proceeded to show, no less startled by the fact that he had startled them. M. Bidault, who was the chairman for the day, and who had just returned from a hurried visit to France, where the attempted Communist revolution on orders from Moscow was in full cry, promptly ruled that Mr. Molotov’s proposal logically aimed at winding up the conference. “If,” he said, “our Governments are to be asked to state their views within two months in accordance with Mr. Molotov’s proposal, it will mean a quick end to this session, since our purpose here is precisely the preparation of a German peace treaty.” Mr. Molotov thereupon hastily withdrew his proposal. The last thing, of course, that he wanted was to cut short his position of vantage in London, whence he could talk to a listening world at the time when the Communists of the world had been instructed—by him and his fellows—to take action against their native lands. In the early hours of that very day, December 3rd, when the incident here referred to took place at Lancaster House, the Moscow-directed gangs of hooligan Communists wrecked a night express from Paris to Lille, killing twenty and seriously wounding fifty to sixty other passengers ; and similar atrocities were being committed in many parts of France. When at Lancaster House M. Bidault interpreted Mr. Molotov’s proposal—intended by Mr. Molotov himself, no doubt, to ensure a maximum prolongation of his propagandist opportunity—as implying an immediate winding up of that opportunity, Mr. Molotov did sit up and listen. It was the only sort of argument that appealed to him ; and he unreservedly withdrew the proposal.

There is scope for a reasonable difference of opinion on the rival theses that on the one hand a rupture of these official talking contacts between the west and the east would remove a valuable weapon from Russia’s hands, and on the other that such a rupture would hasten the formal catastrophe. The unfortunate thing is that fear has again taken control of men’s nerves. The formal catastrophe is not inevitable. The most powerful instrument for averting it is the fearless stand on truth and principle in the minds of those who are menaced. Mere cleverness seldom did any good to anybody. Indeed it is a danger in itself. Giving enough rope to the devil to hang himself may be clever ; it is certainly dangerous. There is something to be said for the honest, straightforward policy of accepting the flat issue with Russia, of refusing to confer with her spokesmen, and of proceeding at once to the work of reconstruction and treaty-making with such countries as are still free from Russian domination. The night is far spent. Mr. Mackenzie King, Prime Minister of Canada, on reaching New York after a visit to Europe (December 2nd) declared : “There can be no doubt that the situation in Europe has become much more serious than most people have begun to realise.” He had visited Britain, France, Belgium, the Netherlands and the United States during a five-weeks’ tour, had discussed the situation with high officials in those countries, and had formed a disquieting opinion of the trend of affairs. He said : “I am, I trust, not an alarmist, but I have seen hidden forces menace the security of nations in the recent past, and I have been more or less behind the scenes ever since. In too many directions parallels between conditions

as they were some years ago and as we know them today are becoming all too apparent."

The official spokesmen of the United States are far more outspoken than those of Britain in standing up to Russian provocation and in exposing Russian designs, not because the one Government recognises the danger more clearly than the other, but because the British Government is in some measure compromised by the exigency of its electoral position. It has to consider the extremists among its own following. In other words the Communist poison has already eaten deeper into the British than into the American way of life, although no one can predict how British Communism will evolve. In conformity with the normal waywardness and muddle of the British mentality, the Communist inroad is not generally recognised for what it is. There are thousands of good misguided people who imagine that Communism is an idealist system whereunder we share each other's burdens, which would be (if it were true) a fine Christian ideal. There are thousands of others, less idealist in temperament, who think that Communism is a glorious form of highway robbery in which the "have-nots" force the "haves" to stand and deliver their cash and valuables. Between those two categories there are many who mix class-warfare with other undefined motives, such as spite and covetousness on the one hand and on the other prestige in the victory of the cause (much as nations fight blindly for the unconditional surrender of the enemy without counting the cost or estimating its implications).

As Communism is an essentially destructive cause the operation of muddle is no handicap to it; indeed, muddle and chaos help it on. Communist propagandists, as Mr. Vyshinsky and Mr. Molotov have often shown, can change the ground of their argument quite shamelessly as expediency dictates. Neither logic nor consistency nor reason are essential to their argument. When the Paris-Lille train smash created a natural wave of indignation throughout France, M. Thorez, the French Communist leader, (*qui s'excuse, s'accuse*) blandly protested that it was not the work of the Communist Party. He thereby himself unwittingly contributed to the general assumption that it precisely was the work of Communists. But such subtleties do not enter into the steamrolling calculations of disruptive saboteurs. The disruption extends to the mental processes of the saboteurs themselves. In France as in Britain the dupes of Moscow who plunge into "unofficial" strikes as part of the day's "work" in the Communist cause do not pause to reflect that if the Communist tyranny were duly set up in their country, the first thing they would lose would be their right to strike at all, officially or unofficially. Under Communism strikers are shot. No human freedoms whatever are allowed.

On December 5th last a message was sent by a certain organisation in Britain to the Communist-dominated French C.G.T., which was trying to paralyse France on orders from Moscow. It ran thus: "The Engineering and Allied Trades Shops Stewards' National Council sends fraternal greetings to the French workers fighting for a decent standard of living. We treat with contempt the campaign of abuse and misrepresentation which fills the millionaire Press and remember the similar campaign against us with regard to our general strike in 1926. Fear of the working class inspired the Blacklegs' Charter of 1927, as similar fear has led to legislation in France, seriously limiting the workers' rights. We have had our vicious 1927 law rescinded, and we are confident you will yours. We express our solidarity with you in

your struggle for a living wage and pledge ourselves to counter the campaign of lies and vilification carried on by the Press lords." The tragedy is that such men ignore the fact that in Russia and in all the countries dominated by Russia neither workers nor anyone else—except the tyrants at the top—have any rights at all, nor can any "laws" be rescinded, for there is no democratic machinery for rescinding anything. The Red Dean of Canterbury would cease to be Dean, red or other, of anything, under Communism. The Bishop of Birmingham would not need to test Christian mysteries in a test-tube, for such mysteries would be dealt with far more effectively by the atheist tyrant.

This England is a country of contradictions and of a superb contempt for facts. The phlegm of our temperament may, as at Dunkirk in 1940, turn defeat into victory by heroic contempt of plain fact. Mr. Molotov may be entertained at Buckingham Palace, in company with the other delegates to the conference at Lancaster House, when his real mission to this country is to help in overthrowing the Constitution, Monarchy and all. *C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre*. No man can foretell the effect on world affairs of this British scaling of the heights to the complete disregard of the dangers involved. Orthodox ideology is a factor unknown to British calculations. Fifty years ago the very hypothesis of a Labour peer would have outraged Philip Snowden, who in due course became one. If Communism ever does take hold of the wayward imagination of our countrymen, who in their hearts despise Marx and Engels, Lenin and Stalin, and Uncle Tom Cobbley and all, to such an extent that they do not trouble to find out what precisely such people have preached, and who, if they are to be Communists, will be British Communists rather than Communist Britons as a matter of course, no one will be more perplexed than Mr. Molotov and Mr. Stalin, or their successors. If the House of Lords survive the dictatorship of Sir Stafford Cripps (the typical British bolshevik) the Communist peers who one day may embellish its deliberations will not be aware of their own irony. Nor will there by then be any irony left in the spectacle.

In the meantime we play with fire, and the world is a tinder-box. The conference that met at Lancaster House in the last week of November, though its agenda was localised to Germany and to Russian reparation claims on Germany and on "German" assets in Austria, was nevertheless a mere incident in the prevailing world-wide unrest. The behaviour of a particular straw in a hurricane may be of curious interest to an academic scientist, but the hurricane's the thing. The Foreign Ministers' conference on Germany is interesting only as a straw in the wind. The fate of Germany is a test-case in the issue between the old Christian civilisation on the one hand and the new atheist tyranny on the other.

THE PERVERSION OF DEMOCRACY

It is by now well enough illustrated that the pursuit of an unscrupulous 'object' by unscrupulous means does violence, amid its other devastations, to the very use and meaning of words. When the Soviet Government annexed the Baltic States the method used was first to liquidate the non-Communists, by death or by exile; next to set up a puppet Government nominated by Moscow, which Government then claimed to be representative of the people (as indeed it was in the sense that only those who supported it escaped being shot or exiled); and

finally, to arrange that the puppet Government should apply "spontaneously" for incorporation in Russia. It was all forsooth done by the people, for the people. The word "democracy" was subjugated and enslaved as ruthlessly as were the human victims. That method was applied to all Russia's annexations. Marshal "Tito" for example, trained in Moscow, was the appointed agent for Russia's conquest of Yugoslavia.

The method has been applied to the Russian zone of Germany, and an attempt was launched during the session of the Foreign Ministers' conference in London to use it for the capture of the British and American zones as well. A "national congress for unity and a just peace" was convened in Berlin during the first week of December. When it ended on December 7th it elected a delegation which the London conference would be asked to receive in order that the views of the "German people" should be heard at the conference. The views thereby to be submitted were duly formulated, and (need it be said?) they were the views of Mr. Molotov: item, a peace based on the principles of Yalta and Potsdam; item, a peace treaty guaranteeing the unity of Germany, giving the German people the right to decide this question by plebiscite; item, the formation of a central German government of representatives of all the democratic parties which would be heard at the peace conference and would sign the peace treaty; and lastly, the election of a national assembly which would ratify the peace treaty.

The congress was duly attended by Russian generals. It was constituted by the Socialist Unity Party, a party of Communists set up by Moscow. It was not attended, of course, by the non-Communist parties of Western Germany, and its members from Eastern Germany were mostly men whose previous records were unknown. Even in the Russian Zone the congress could not claim to be representative, because the Liberal Democrats and the Christian Democratic Union—the only other parties besides the Communist permitted (by Moscow) to operate in the Zone—did not attend as members, but only as party observers or as private individuals. Yet a resolution was passed for presentation in London by "our democratically elected delegation." By such a stratagem it was hoped that Russian-controlled puppets could peg out a claim to speak for Germany, could then establish their position as the very central government for which they and Mr. Molotov clamoured, could dictate, sign and ratify the treaty, and behold! another conquest would be accomplished.

If Germany were indeed enslaved to Russia, a serious blow would have been struck at Europe. But aggressors have a way of defeating themselves by their very exuberance. After all it is not to be expected that men who defy moral principle can in the longer or shorter run avoid committing blunders even from their own materialist point of view. Intelligence is a gift from God. Materialist atheists who start their operations by denying the very existence of God, and who thereby reject the gifts of God, merely ensure their own discomfiture. They stand bereft of all God's blessings, including that of intelligence.

Not that in the long sweep of history they will have made no contribution to the world's progress. It may be that as our modern world with its science, its industrial expansion, its mobilisation of the means of wealth forgot the God from whom all the amenities flow, and plunged into an orgy of competitive greed which involved two world wars and destroyed the amenities themselves—it may be that the corrective

could be most effectively thrust upon us by the menace of a Godless materialism which, if unchecked, would destroy every decent thing for which man strives. As the bacteriologist inoculates the germs of disease to excite the healthy germs into defensive action, so, maybe, these atheist hordes were a necessary means to the stimulation of those spiritual virtues which our world has allowed to stagnate. God does bring good out of evil, and His mercy does control our lives. There is evidence of a spiritual renaissance in the world which transcends the hubbub. The world is being shaken to its depths, which after all are spiritual in kind. The perversion by modern Russia of all the moral principles of our civilisation, including that of democracy, will in the end react, by the force of outraged resistance, to the strengthening and vindication of those principles. It is the urgent duty of all decent men to bestir themselves from the lethargy that has too long afflicted them. We thus in the end may recognise the left-handed service rendered to mankind by Joseph Stalin, and may discover how easy and how logical it is to practise the Christian precept of loving our enemies.

GEORGE GLASGOW.

December 8th, 1947.

Postscript (December 15th).—The London Conference duly broke up in failure on December 15th. Mr. Molotov on December 12th had gone too far in his attack on the Western Powers, accusing them in effect of highway robbery at Germany's expense, and in general displaying a determination at all costs (including of course that of the truth) to excite Eastern opinion against the West. He shattered the conference, and his own platform went down in the wreck. Nothing is lost, except to Russia, who ought long ago to have been debarred from these conferences.—G. G.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.

A QUAKER JOURNAL.*

It is two hundred years ago since the copious journal of the devout Quaker, Thomas Story, was first published. It is to mark the bi-centenary that Mrs. Moore has given us this interesting account of his life, which includes much travelling. Dr. Rufus Jones in his introduction writes: "Thomas Story, who became a Friend the year that George Fox died, was perhaps next to his friend William Penn the leading Friend of his time." Born in or about 1670, the son of a much-respected Cumberland property-owner, he, like other young men of property, renounced an easy life and his legal career to become "A Publisher of Truth," which demanded physical as well as spiritual endurance. There is a very beautiful poem which Story composed at this time when, as he explains, "The Lord broke in upon me." His new life took him not only all over the British Isles, holding meetings and visiting other Friends, but to America and even as far as the West Indies. From his account of the conditions existing at that time in our country and in the American colonies there emerges another authentic picture of the early eighteen century. In 1700 he was appointed by William Penn a Member of the Council of State, and later Recorder of the City of Philadelphia, which posts he accepted on condition that he might still be free to travel. This he did, covering the area from South Carolina to Maine, where the Indians were hostile. But Indians were only one of the many dangers he encountered. He

* *Travelling with Thomas Story.* By Emily E. Moore. Introduction by Rufus M. Jones. Letchworth Printers. 15s.

battled with poor health, rough tracks, mounts that were at-times a trial for the best horseman, and at sea he encountered the most fearful conditions. But all hardships were overcome with amazing spiritual fortitude. When Dr. Johnson made his famous but unflattering remark about women preachers, was he not referring to the Quakeresses? In this book we read how, in spite of "tender constitutions," women travelled in all weathers preaching the truth, and drawing large congregations, for Friends recognised no "diversity of faculties of the human soul" between the sexes. Mrs. Moore is to be congratulated on having brought enthusiasm as well as thoroughness into this comprehensive biography of a remarkable character. A mention also must be made of the many and excellent illustrations.

THEODORA ROSCOE.

NEW GUINEA.*

Books full of strange tales and adventures have periodically come out of New Guinea. To-day quite a literature exists on the south-eastern, Australian-held part of the island. But little is known about Dutch New Guinea, for the simple reason that exploration there was sporadic and administration kept to the coastal regions. But during the war Dutch New Guinea became the last outpost of the Dutch East Indies Empire, held by one man. It is this man's story which Lloyd Rhys tells. Listening to the young Dutchman's tale, Rhys, who has not been in New Guinea himself, re-lives five years of jungle life among the native tribes. It is a fascinating story. At the age of twenty-six Jean Victor de Bruijn, a Doctor of Philosophy and Literature of the University of Leiden, took up his appointment as district officer, or "Controleur," for the Wissel Lake region of Dutch Central New Guinea. "It was a land of great rivers, grand canyons, and lovely villages lying in distant mists beneath the banks of cloud that hung along the ridges. It was terrifying in its grandeur, impressive in its silence, and secure in its isolation." The Wissel Lakes had been discovered accidentally in 1936 by Dutch airmen flying over the central mountains. All the Papuan tribes of the central ranges of Netherlands New Guinea had lived in complete isolation until then. They were, perhaps, the most primitive people on earth. Among these people, who had not even had any contact with the coastal tribes, de Bruijn made his home and built his post. Patiently he set out to win their friendship. So well did he succeed that when war came and Dutch possessions one after the other passed into the hands of the enemy, and when finally the Japanese landed on Dutch New Guinea itself, he chose to stay behind, relying on the help of fifty thousand stone-age savages and sporadic supplies dropped by Government planes. The story tells how he retreated farther and farther into the jungle while Papuans covered his tracks, destroyed the hanging bridges, and gathered news of the whereabouts of the Japanese and their operations on the coast, which he radioed to his Government in Australia.

During his early journeys in the central mountains de Bruijn had collected four four-gallon tins full of anthropological notes, but when he had to leave his post for the jungle, the precious notes were burnt. However, during the ensuing game of hide and seek in unknown mountain fastnesses, he found time to complete a grammar of the Ekari dialect and to compile an Ekari-Dutch, Dutch-Ekari dictionary. When the Americans landed in northern Dutch New Guinea, and the retreating Japanese threatened to cut him off, he was evacuated, together with the Papuan members of his patrol. Perhaps the story would have gained in force if the author had let his hero tell it in the first person. But even so, the way of living, the customs, habits and character sketches of hitherto unknown central New Guinean tribes, as well as the wisdom, patience and cool courage displayed by the young Dutch administrator and explorer, who had placed his life in their hands, stand out in a clear and impressive picture.

ISLE BUNBURY.

* *Jungle Pimpernel*. Lloyd Rhys. Hodder & Stoughton. 15s.

ISABEY*

This charming book on a delightful painter gives a vivid and suggestive account of the artist's life and his friends and patrons, although no attempt is made to define Isabey's place in the history of art, nor is a psychological or sociological approach implied. Since the book is pleasantly written and its subject a gifted—but by no means a great painter—these limitations do not distract from the value of an introduction to the career and life of Isabey, although one may well regret that the first “vita” of the artist to appear in English should have restricted its scope in this manner. One would wish for a second and revised edition, in which the stylistic development of the painter could be dealt with, the number of the reproductions increased, and a bibliography added. Furthermore, a number of misprints and errors with regard to David and Girodet could be eliminated. *In minimis maxima*—the motto of the miniaturist—meant in the case of Isabey a concentration on influential patrons rather than on artistic quality. It is the *beau monde* he reflects and idealises more truly than the rising importance of the townspeople of France. His art was a decaying one, doomed by the advent of the heliograph and the daguerrotype. Miss Ormond suggestively discusses this change and points out how he might have conceded usefulness, but would certainly have denied beauty, the beauty of grace and elegance so characteristic of the miniaturist's style. The stylised realism of a David wedded to the middle classes survived the threat of the photograph, since it was based on a more profound view of life, whilst the art of Rosalba, Carriera and Isabey decayed with the class of patrons that supported them. This is one suggestion prompted by Miss Ormond's book, which succeeds in capturing the atmosphere of rapid and spectacular change of French politics from Absolute Monarchy to Revolution, from Revolution to Empire, and back to a Constitutional Monarchy. In this change Isabey reflects the world of the past, the rococo, enriched by the influence of the classicism of Jacques Louis David.

HELEN ROSEMAN.

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On Becoming a Writer, by Vera Brittain (Hutchinson. 10s. 6d.) which describes a successful author's struggles and achievements, reveals a sincere, sensitive and courageous spirit. She tells how as a child it was as natural to her to write as to breathe, and this love of the written word has never left her. “The work that one enjoys is the greatest source of happiness and vitality in life. It is even greater than love, the only comparable stimulus, because repetition never exhausts the strength of its claims on mind and spirit.” The book gives frank and helpful advice to the would-be writer, and it opens out many opportunities of which they might be ignorant. For instance there is a full list of literary awards in Britain and the United States, and something about the societies which are important to authors. She is as honest to herself as to the beginner, describing some of her earlier verse as “equally bad, equally bitter and equally sincere.” Vera Brittain's new testament is full of the richness of experience and the high endeavour of a true artist who looks beyond mere achievement to the creation of something beautiful and enduring. Her message to those starting on a literary life is, “there is no prescription for success except a series of failures endured with humour, philosophy, and a humble readiness to learn.”

THEODORA ROSCOE.

* *Jean Baptiste Isabey*. Marion W. Ormond. Nicholson and Watson. 10s. 6d.

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

FEBRUARY 1948.

THE LIBERAL PARTY: LOOKING BACK AND LOOKING FORWARD.*

RETROSPECT

STATUES and portraits of Gladstone adorn these halls. He was the first president of the National Liberal Club, and held that office when I became a member as long ago as 1893. That was the time of his fourth premiership; he was still engaged in the great undertaking of his later years—an intense effort to apply to Ireland the principles of self-government. His efforts were defeated; thanks largely to the defection of Joseph Chamberlain and a number of influential Liberals throughout the country who formed themselves into a separate party of Liberal Unionists. Entering into an alliance with the Conservatives, they soon became within that party the protagonists of policies of Protection and of Imperialism. That denial of freedom to the Irish people—for another forty years—how much mischief did it do to Ireland, to Great Britain and to the British Commonwealth—how much harm to the reputation of Britain throughout the world? A few years later came another rift in the Liberal Party, on the issue of the South African War; but, the war over, the party reunited under the leadership of Campbell-Bannerman. At the general election of January 1906 it was the turn of the Conservatives to suffer disunion, disagreeing on fiscal policy and other matters, and the Liberals came into power with a great majority. Of the members of the Campbell-Bannerman Government still active on the political scene there remain only two; but as one of them is Mr. Churchill, I have the melancholy privilege of finding myself among the Liberal ranks as the solitary survivor.

The great Governments of the decade from 1906 to 1916 gained strength by the close co-operation of Asquith and Lloyd George; whose characteristics were so different, but whose qualities were complementary. The breach between them inaugurated an unhappy period after the first world war, when separate Liberal organisations faced one another, and even nominated opposing candidates at the polls. Such conditions favoured the rapid growth of the new Labour Party. It captured the greater part of the Liberal mass-vote in the industrial areas; while the decline of nonconformity as an effective political force weakened it in the counties. From these causes has mainly come the decline in the fortunes of the Liberal Party.

The futility and the mischief of the split between the followers of Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George soon became apparent. They agreed that there must be a fusion, with the formation of a new central organisation representative of both sections. The difficulty was to find someone to direct it who should not be unacceptable to either. I had been away from political life, for five years in Palestine as High Commissioner and after that for another period as chairman of the Royal Commission on the Coal Industry. Possessing thereby the purely

* Speech delivered at a dinner at the National Liberal Club on the author's election to the presidency of the club, December 5th, 1947.

negative qualification of having offended neither section, I was designated by both for the chairmanship of the party. We framed a comprehensive policy to meet the problems of the times, of which the gravest was unemployment; adopted a full complement of candidates, and conducted a very active campaign. Our hopes were high; but they were disappointed. At the general election of 1929 we succeeded in returning only some sixty members to the House of Commons. They occupied, however, a position of importance and responsibility, holding the balance between the nearly equal forces of the Labour Party and the Conservatives. When the economic crisis of 1931 suddenly occurred, the Labour Government was divided and resigned. Our action decided the course of events, and a National Government was formed. It was the Labour Party which then suffered one of those internal divisions which affect all parties from time to time, and in the general election that followed Labour lost over 200 seats, and found themselves with only fifty-two members in the House of Commons.

It was before the crisis that Sir John Simon had withdrawn from the Liberal Parliamentary Party. After it he took the initiative in organising the Liberal National Party, which has had no connection with us ever since, having been indistinguishable for the last fifteen years, in policy and in action, from the Conservatives. In particular, it has taken a leading part in helping to impose upon this country, and on the Colonies, that system of general tariffs, so destructive of international trade and prosperity, from which the whole world is at this moment striving strenuously to free itself.

An occasion such as this prompts us to cast a glance, however cursory, over the past conflicts between the Liberals of Great Britain and their opponents. We recall the three principal events which marked the earlier period—the loss of the American colonies, the struggle over the Great Reform Bill, and the repeal of the Corn Laws. Of the controversies within my own lifetime and memory, one indeed has been settled by compromise—the conflict over religious education in the elementary schools. But consider the others—Ireland; the Boer War; Chinese labour in South Africa; National Insurance; the rejection by the House of Lords of the Budget of 1909; the House of Lords' veto; unemployment; the protectionist policy; the desertion of the League of Nations at the crisis of its fate—on each and all of those issues British Liberalism has no fear of standing at the bar of history and abiding its judgment.

PRESENT CONDITIONS

In these days we are hard pressed. We have no large financial resources, such as the Conservatives can at any time command from the wealthier classes whom they chiefly represent, and such as the Labour Party derive from the semi-compulsory contributions of the millions of trade union members. Lack of funds has involved weakness of local organisations and insufficient publicity for our policies and programmes. The consequence is seen in the recent results of by-elections contested in unfavourable constituencies. Some even contemplate that the British Liberal Party, after more than a hundred years of brilliant service in the cause of progress, should now disappear. Lord Simon views such an outcome with equanimity, declaring that the Conservatives can be trusted nowadays to do its work. But during my political experience I have never known the Tories—as I observe their leaders are now again terming their party—to engage in any sustained

endeavour to promote measures of political or social progress, while I have known them again and again, with varying success, throw themselves athwart such efforts made by others. Nor do I see any reason to suppose that present professions of reforming zeal are likely to prove any more fruitful of actual results than the many that have been forthcoming, in hours of defeat, in the past.*

Let me ask you to consider the consequences if the Liberal Party were in fact to disappear. The Conservatives and the Socialists would then be left face to face. To the working classes in general—and they form two-thirds of the nation—it would appear that our politics were nakedly on a class basis—the Haves against the Have-nots. Socialist tendencies would be intensified. We must not forget that the Labour Party has a dual personality—two names, two components and two policies. It is Labour and it is Socialist. It consists mainly of the trade unions and their leaders, but it also includes convinced Socialists as such. While its programme is partly composed of measures of practical social reform—many of them derived from former Liberal statements of policy—it is well to remember that “the common ownership of the means of production, distribution and exchange,” is inscribed at the head of the objects proclaimed in its constitution. It is for that reason that at this time, without any public investigation, without making out any case on merits, the present Government declares its intention of nationalising the iron and steel industry. And we must not forget that, although the programme at the last general election was more restricted, the Labour Party’s manifesto at the two previous elections included the nationalisation of the banks. In Australia, where the Labour Party has majorities in both Houses of the Federal Parliament, this, as we know, has lately been carried into law. Certainly this measure, and others of the same nature, will reappear in Labour Party programmes in the future.

It is not to be expected that a succession of Conservative Governments will hold office continuously; least of all if their records were on a par with those of their recent Administrations in the unhappy period between the two wars. If Liberalism disappears, if Socialism is the only alternative, sooner or later, and sooner more probably than later, this country will find itself under the rule of a determined body of convinced Socialists, who will completely change our economic and financial system, perhaps with catastrophe as the result.

A CONSERVATIVE ALLIANCE?

It is often taken for granted that if the Liberal leaders would now ally themselves with the Conservative Party that would be an effective way of overthrowing the present Government and its policy of nationalisation. But that is by no means so certain. An electoral pact of that character would mean that the Liberal Associations in several hundred constituencies would be debarred from presenting any candidates in opposition to Conservatives. (If we had proportional representation or the alternative vote that need not be so.) Many of the keenest of the rank and file in the constituencies would at once rebel,

* Lord Randolph Churchill wrote in a letter in December 1886, shortly after his resignation: “I have mortally wounded myself. But the work is practically done: the Tory Party will be turned into a Liberal Party and in that transformation may yet produce a powerful governing force.” (Mr. Humphrey Paul gives the quotation in a letter in the *Sunday Times* of December 28th, 1947.) It is interesting to compare that forecast with the actual course of events in the half-century that followed, as illustrated in the examples given above.

and a great number of the Associations would refuse to comply. Moreover, if the results were as intended, it would mean that a Tory Government would be installed in office, perhaps for a five-year term; Liberals would have to share responsibility for all that it did—or failed to do, and the party would never be able to recover from the effects of the partnership. Nor would the Liberal leaders—once they had identified themselves with the Conservatives by entering into an electoral pact of that nature—be able to command any more attention or influence than do the Liberal Nationals. It at present seems likely that great numbers of voters who supported Labour candidates at the last election—in order to turn out the Conservatives rather than through any faith in nationalisation as a political dogma—will not do so again. But a large proportion of these would not vote for Tory candidates in any circumstances. If no Liberal candidates were forthcoming, they would abstain; or decide at the last moment to vote Labour after all out of dislike for the alternative.

The Liberal Party has lately issued a definite re-affirmation of its complete independence, over the signatures of its leaders in both Houses, and the officers of all its District Federations in England and Wales, as well as in Scotland. For my own part I am convinced that that course is right.

NATIONAL GOVERNMENT AND THE PARTY SYSTEM

It has sometimes been found necessary, in times of imminent national peril, to abandon for the time being all controversies, to withhold from the electors their right to choose between competing policies, and temporarily to accept a form of totalitarian Government. Great as are the disadvantages of such a course, in time of war or of imminent economic disaster it may be necessary to submit to them. To be ready in such circumstances to suspend party is indeed a characteristic in this country of the working of the party system itself. We remember three such occasions: in 1915, when Mr. Asquith formed his coalition; in 1931, when Mr. Ramsay Macdonald formed a National Government; and in 1940, when Mr. Churchill did the same. If the present economic situation seriously worsens—and Sir Stafford Cripps has several times warned us of the possibility—a similar enlistment of all the best brains in the State in joint action for the rescue of the country might again become necessary. But that is not the proposal now made. That is very different from an alliance between two of the existing parties in order to bring about the defeat and exclusion of the third. Nor is it at all certain that, for the purpose of overcoming our economic difficulties, such a result might not be attended by new disadvantages in the industrial field offsetting any advantages there might be.

CONFLICTS OF IDEAS

The two world wars and the present international tension have been the result of conflicts of ideas. The philosophies of life and politics, dominant lately in Germany or now in Russia, are in antagonism with those of the Western world. But it is not Conservatism which can give an effective answer to aggressive militarism, Nazism, or Communism. Nor, I believe, can a general policy of nationalised industry. It is still Liberalism, with its active zeal for far-reaching social reforms, combined with an abiding care for industrial freedom—Liberalism, with Peace, Liberty and Social justice on its banner, which the world needs. Let it not allow itself to be submerged, here in the land of its

origin, the scene of its greatest achievements. But Liberalism cannot live and be effective unless a Liberal Party endures and prevails. And a party cannot survive—let alone win power—unless those who believe in its principles and policies are ready to exert themselves in its support. This National Liberal Club was founded to be the shrine, the home, the fortress of the Liberal spirit. I would exhort you to maintain that trust.

SAMUEL.

LOSS AND GAIN IN EUROPE.

THE beginning of a new year is always an opportune time for taking stock of the situation and endeavouring to visualise the developments as yet to come. Was 1947 really as bad as it has been represented, and is 1948 as full of promise—or grim foreboding—as some of the politicians at home and abroad would have us believe? Paradoxical though this may sound, so far as actual reconstruction is concerned the year that has just elapsed was a far better one than it appeared and, further, it had the great merit of bringing into the open many vital issues that had hitherto been glossed over, so that the world now has to face up to them in all their brutal and ugly nakedness.

If 1947 had had nothing else to its credit, the breakdown of the London Conference of the "Big Four" Foreign Ministers would in itself constitute a memorable landmark on the road that leads back to sanity. It emphasised the utter impossibility of diplomacy by open conference, the folly of negotiation by public debate on a world-wide forum, the futility of international consultation when there is no preliminary agreement on any single item of the agenda or indeed on the agenda itself. Nothing could have been more disastrous than yet one more adjournment on yet one more vague and misleading compromise formula, to be promptly interpreted in diametrically opposed fashion by every party to such a sham accord. At best—though admittedly the hope is a slender one—this breakdown may lead to a novel approach by both Russia and America, with much delicate spade-work as an essential preliminary and an open discussion only if the fundamental obstacles to a compromise solution have been removed. At worst, it has merely put an end to the intolerable state of equivocation which has bedevilled all international conferences since Yalta and Potsdam.

But while Russia's obstructionism is one of the main obstacles to a European settlement, it is not by any means the only one. The year 1947 has revealed that when it comes to precise ideas and actions none of the remaining "Big Three" really knows what to do about Germany. Of palliatives or emergency schemes the Americans, the British and the French have plenty. But has a final decision been taken on the crucial issue as to which danger to peace is considered the lesser one: a strong or a weak Germany? Is economic reconstruction more important than whatever is meant by "de-Nazification" and "democratisation"? And, further, does economic expediency demand that Germany be reconstructed before her victims? Moreover, is this to be done irrespective of the effects this may have on the politics and economics of the countries that Hitler had invaded, terrorised and ruined? For let there be no mistake: nothing would give more fresh strength to the waning Communist appeal to Europe's suffering and bewildered masses

than the notion that Britain and America give preferential treatment to their German executioners. Also, is the purpose of this urgent German reconstruction merely to alleviate Britain's and America's present financial burdens, or is it dictated by political considerations which have little to do with finance? Finally, is Allied money once again to create a formidable industrial competitor and inevitably place growing political power in the hands of a nation that shows neither repentance nor a change of heart? Even if they proceed with "Bizonia" or "Trizonia" without the Russians, the Western Allies now have to make up their mind on all these problems and adopt a definite policy for good or for evil. To have made that clear is not the least of last year's merits.

The recent devaluation of the rouble, with all the accompanying Soviet publicity, has demonstrated a very important fact which Marxists all over the world had hitherto chosen to disbelieve or deny. Namely; that after thirty years of allegedly triumphant Communism, bolshevik Russia still has masses of hoarders and speculators; citizens with savings and bank accounts; holders of loans and bonds; rich people and poor people—in fact all the manifestations of a class-ridden society which the Soviets were supposed to have destroyed once and for all. But the main point to bear in mind is that this financial reform was made necessary by inflation and the now universal phenomenon of too much money chasing too few goods. Thus it offers a convincing demonstration that Russia's economy is not immune from crises and fluctuations, and that a "Konjunkturlos" system, about which the world has heard so much silly Marxist verbiage, is just a myth.

Yet another myth, likewise assiduously promoted by the Marxists, namely the "inevitability of a slump" in America, was disproved by 1947. Throughout the year boom conditions continued in full force, and although there were some painful readjustments, these weighed lightly against the remarkable strength of America's free and strikingly dynamic capitalist system. On the other hand, communism suffered some spectacular setbacks in Europe—with the solitary exception of the Balkan countries. But significantly enough even in Hungary, where the Russians were bodily present and virtually controlled the elections, the communists only obtained 21 per cent. of the votes. And in France, where political tension in the autumn of 1947 seemed to have reached a point where the communists or the Gaullists would seize power almost any moment, a last-minute solution enabled the nation to weather the storm. Once again France has avoided adventure and, despite disastrous political strife as well as appalling financial muddle, she somehow maintains her equilibrium.

But these, it may be argued, are somewhat negative achievements. 1947 was also a remarkable year for positive ones. First and foremost is the "Marshall Plan"—a misnomer for what has become America's "European Recovery Programme" or E.R.P. for short. When on June 5th Mr. Marshall (who on January 10th of that year had succeeded Mr. Byrnes as Secretary of State) outlined in a speech at Harvard some conditions for American aid to Europe, he certainly did not put forward any concrete plan. But he gave Western civilisation new hope and set in motion a process that has brought America closer to the realisation of her responsibilities in Europe. To be sure, enlightened public opinion in the United States had been aware of Europe's plight, and sympathetic to a large-scale relief operation, long before the Harvard speech. But during the last six months the idea has caught on far beyond Washington or New York and has won masses of adherents who do not happen

to belong to the august circle of Press and radio commentators, educationists, public welfare workers, organised labour, big business, the Administration and Congress. Mr. Marshall has received powerful support from many quarters, and documents like the Krug Report on American Resources, or the Harriman and the Herter Committee Reports on Europe's needs and the best ways of meeting them, have exercised a great political—one might say politically educational—influence on the nation. But the chief credit still belongs to the Secretary of State, who has been fighting a difficult battle with courage and determination, and who can be assumed to have won the principle if not as yet the method and the scope of his E.R.P. A few isolationist crackpots may still be against it and Congress may trim or amend his original proposals, for Mr. Marshall's somewhat rigid, uncompromising martial manner may prove to be a handicap in his peacetime dealings with a lot of recalcitrant Senators. But, unless a last-minute catastrophe upsets the whole scheme, there is ample reason to believe that the E.R.P. will go through more or less on the lines of the Paris Conference and the Harriman Reports, even though at first probably limited to one year or fifteen months and with some financial cuts. Bearing in mind the amount of suspicion and hostility that have already been overcome during the last two years, but especially in the brief space of the second half of 1947, and fully allowing for the opposition yet to be encountered and subdued, the achievement is stupendous. It clearly marks out Mr. Marshall as a statesman who has made the most substantial contribution to European recovery in the course of last year and who may likewise be the "Man of the Year" in 1948.

The American Senate Foreign Relations Committee feels most uneasy that the sixteen European nations due to receive aid under the E.R.P. are not doing all they should to help themselves and to co-operate with each other. It so happens that in the course of 1947 I had repeated opportunities of paying extensive visits to the Continent of Europe, and my travels convinced me that not by any means the whole of it is "sick" or "rotten." On the contrary, despite apparent chaos, much recovery has been achieved and the smaller nations showed far greater vitality and efficiency than they are generally given credit for, whereas the so-called big ones offered the world a lamentable spectacle of disunity, confusion and staggering incapacity. Whether one thinks of Switzerland (despite their unique position, the Swiss have plenty of worries too) or the "Benelux" group of countries, or again of Italy, Poland, Czechoslovakia, the one thing they all have in common is a tremendous urge to "get on with the job" and a realistic approach to their economic problems, whatever the state of their politics may be. True, a certain deterioration has set in among the Scandinavians, especially in Sweden. The Swedes are at present afflicted by an economic crisis which is partly due to international conditions beyond their control, but which is mainly the result of faulty planning based on a series of fundamental misconceptions by their own Socialist Government. Even Northern Europe, however, despite its difficulties that kept on growing throughout 1947, remains fairly healthy and can be classed among the group of nations whose resilience and vitality make a good showing compared to the bigger States.

The most striking example of that vitality and resilience is Italy. In order to understand what is going on there now one must place the situation against its historical background: more than a quarter of a century of Fascist dictatorship (which was financially ruinous as well

as politically demoralising), two lost wars and two revolutions, the German and then the American occupation—here is enough to throw completely out of gear any nation, even if it happens to possess far more balance, self-control and stamina than the Italians. It is only when one bears in mind what Italy has been through that one can appreciate the real success of de Gasperi's Government, which incidentally has been strengthened of late by the inclusion of moderate Socialists and Republicans, so that now the Cabinet has a comfortable majority in the Chamber. It is perfectly true, of course, that political tension remains great and that the Communists are doing all they can to paralyse the reconstruction efforts of the Government, make political capital out of the nation's misery and discontent, and lead to a final clash which would make the continuation of any form of democracy impossible. There can be no possible shadow of doubt either as to Communist tactics or methods.

Yet it would be quite wrong to exaggerate their influence or to underestimate the different factors which render the position of the Communist leader, Togliatti, extremely delicate. When it is a case of interpreting the murder of Petkov in Bulgaria as an act of "democratic justice," he can still find a few fools who are ready to believe anything that is inspired by Moscow. But when it is a question of Tito's Communistic Yugoslavia depriving the Italians of Trieste, and firmly establishing herself on the shores of the Adriatic, then—Communism or no Communism—Italy's national instinct rises against Moscow and against Moscow's Italian Fifth Columnists. Again, even for so experienced a demagogue as Togliatti, it is not easy to persuade the public that the Marshall plan—which means the only real possibility of getting wheat, coal and raw materials—would be detrimental to Italy. Wheat, after all, is the main food the Italians are interested in, and its absence or maldistribution is usually at the bottom of every political agitation. They need wheat with which to make their macaroni and spaghetti and know full well that they can only get it from America or with American dollars. Finally, it is not very easy for the Communists to organise bloodshed and rebellion and at the same time pose as the apostles of order and liberty. They are furious no longer to belong to the Government and would like to be once again included in the coalition. This would greatly facilitate their manoeuvres during the general elections in March or April, when the Constituent Assembly will at long last be replaced by a real Parliament. But while pretending—despite the recent Cominform manifesto—to remain faithful to the idea of a national coalition, Togliatti and the crypto-Communist Nenni have no compunction about sabotaging, threatening and slandering de Gasperi's Government.

The Italian people, now more sceptical and disillusioned than ever, are fully aware of the double-dealing tactics of the Communists, and in my opinion Communism is definitely on the decline. Nor is the arrival of the first American "Friendship" food-ships, with wheat and other essentials, to be underestimated as a political factor of great importance and of undoubted support to the present Cabinet.

The economic policy of the Italian Government, for which Senator Einaudi, Minister of the Budget, is primarily responsible, also needs spotlighting. He has succeeded in re-establishing a free market in food and most other commodities by abolishing practically all restrictions. There is no room left for a black market when everything can be bought and sold freely at prices which seek—and which find—their proper

level outside Government control. Through a truly ferocious application of credit restrictions he has also brought about a spectacular drop in prices. It is perfectly true, of course, that this deflation policy is causing many new difficulties, and that the Communists try to capitalise the situation among agricultural labourers and small farmers who are upset by the falling value of their produce. It is equally true that Italy is still very far from economic equilibrium or political stability. Indeed, as everywhere else, there are whole social groups who live in conditions of great misery: small clerks, Government officials, schoolmasters, etc. But this is now a universal phenomenon, and in Italy it is only a degree worse than, say, in France or even in Britain. However, the badly paid Italian townspeople constantly receive food parcels from their families in the country, and this extraordinary sense of family loyalty and solidarity is yet one more stabilising factor in the present Italian situation.

Though the political "climate" in Czechoslovakia greatly differs from that of Italy, the Czechs possess as great or perhaps even greater love of work and capacity of adjustment to any circumstances than the Italians. But whereas in Italy the Communists are doing their utmost to paralyse production, in Czechoslovakia they are the chief protagonists of the Two-Year Plan for industrial reconstruction. "There is nothing surprising in that," the critics and detractors of Czechoslovakia will say, "for is not that country mainly working for the Russians?" Actually, this is completely untrue and Russia was eighth among the Czechs' principal customers, Switzerland occupying the first place, with Sweden second, Holland, Belgium, Yugoslavia, Britain and America following suit. During the same period, as a source of supply, Russia figured still further down the list, America holding the first place and being followed by Britain and Switzerland. The main objective of this Two-Year Plan is to achieve by the end of 1948 a production level of 110 per cent. as compared with that of 1938. But for a few exceptions, like the building industry, which is badly lagging behind, most of the industries in 1947 achieved their targets. This is all the more remarkable bearing in mind the country's many economic difficulties. These range from the world shortage of raw materials and other international handicaps to trade, to purely domestic ones such as last summer's unprecedented drought, or again the upheaval caused by precipitate and often foolish nationalisation of large sections of industry and commerce. Politically the situation is certainly tense, and the Communists, despite their recent setbacks, are as yet the most powerful party in the land. Nevertheless they are far from being absolute masters of the situation, and the other parties have plenty of say both within the Coalition Government and among the public. Freedom of the Press is absolute and Czechoslovakia is still a "Rechtsstaat." Ideals of freedom and parliamentary democracy are firmly rooted among the people of Benes and Masaryk. They will never abandon them without a struggle.

Yet another example of a small nation doing well—indeed supremely well—is Switzerland. Contrary to common belief, the second world war did not enrich the Swiss or the Swedes. On the contrary, it caused severe economic dislocation, saddled them with heavy financial burdens; and put their democratic, freedom-loving traditions and institutions to a severe test. On the morrow of war Switzerland and Sweden found themselves faced with a situation requiring many far-reaching adjustments. The collapse of Germany, for instance, has not merely robbed both these countries of one of their principal trading partners, but has

completely upset the international equilibrium in which their foreign relations were rooted. It must be said that the Swiss have shown far greater wisdom and maturity in handling their post-war problems than the Swedes. "Ces Messieurs de Berne," as the Federal Councillors used to be somewhat ironically described, are neither abstract ideologists nor senile parish-pump politicians. They are a team of well-informed, virile and experienced administrators, much younger than their predecessors traditionally used to be, and fully alert both to their chances and responsibilities. The Swiss Constitution makes government by coalition a permanent necessity and has ensured political stability for exactly a century. This is a tremendous advantage, of course. But the fact remains that Swiss prosperity is in the first instance based on the exceptional skill, hard work and efficiency of her population. Industrially speaking, little Switzerland is a leading nation to-day, especially as far as her mechanical engineering industries are concerned. The tourist industry—which is a vital Swiss invisible export—is hard hit by the British crisis and by the absence of visitors from Great Britain. The mountain resort hotels are particularly heavy sufferers, and the Government is fully aware of their plight. But this is only one facet of the much more complicated problem of Switzerland's commercial and industrial relations with Britain in general, or indeed of Britain's economic relations with Europe as a whole.

Not the economic difficulties of the smaller nations, but Britain's malaise is at the root of Europe's troubles to-day. None realise it better than the smaller nations themselves and none are more eager for Britain's speedy recovery. If the collapse of France in 1940 and her present parlous state dealt a shattering blow to Europe's political equilibrium that is mere child's play compared to the economic eclipse of Great Britain. This country's incapacity to perform its normal and traditional functions as a world trader, manufacturer and financier is not only a calamity for the British themselves, but spells ruin and endless difficulties to many other nations, big and small. Nor is there any consolation in the fact that, although the present sharp balance of payments crisis is a result of the war, the malady, of which it is merely a manifestation, was there long before the war and has far deeper roots. Familiarity in this case is of little help. Britain's struggle for solvency is being watched by friends and enemies alike with the utmost care. There is no need of access to special information to find out how this country is faring. Throughout the year 1947 there has been a torrent of "White Papers," Government statements, speeches in and out of Parliament, press and radio polemics. The year 1948 has already opened with a very gloomy press conference held by Sir Stafford Cripps (unlike Dr. Dalton, he has no "song in his heart," and unlike Mr. Herbert Morrison he does not cherish the Coué-like illusion that Britain has turned "Recovery Corner"), and a speech by the President of the Board of Trade in which Mr. Harold Wilson stated that despite all the efforts and deprivations of 1947, Britain was still only half-way towards the mid-1948 export target. According to Sir Stafford, the "over-all visible current trade deficit for 1947" amounted to about 460 million pounds, and is now running at the rate of some 32 million per month. The dollar drain, though reduced, continues at a formidable rate, "something under 45 million dollars per week." Sir Stafford also expressed the opinion that Britain "must not count on Marshall aid, but it is obvious that we shall be in a grave position unless aid is forthcoming."

It would be outside the scope of the present article to go into the whole question of Britain's economic plight. But a few general observations may not seem out of place. Surely, if the Government is genuinely ruling out the possibility of American aid, that demands one set of measures; and if it does expect such aid, then a wholly different set of measures is indicated. But it is not possible to pursue both economic policies simultaneously. Again, how can Britain go on being tied to as mercurial an economy as America's while at the same time maintaining or even reinforcing the utmost rigidity in her own economic life? This process is like the ancient torture of tying a body to a tree and its limbs to a galloping horse. There is much talk of "loosening up" the country's economy, but this very laudable object cannot be achieved while wearing a strait-jacket. If an industrialist is successful, he is held up to public opprobrium for having made a profit and is branded as an anti-social element; but if he fails to make a profit, then apparently he has no *raison d'être*. The profit motive is only legitimate when it animates the trade unions, and they alone are entitled to refuse that very wage stabilisation without which all talk of economic planning is a mockery. And how—quite apart from the domestic difficulties—is it possible to "plan" export targets when other countries are now likewise constrained to curtail imports, when the sellers' market is rapidly vanishing, and when British negotiators frequently find themselves unable to guarantee delivery dates or even prices? Some of the recent bilateral trade treaties, especially the Soviet one, were shocking affairs and are anything but an indication that Europe is moving back to at least the modicum of multilateral trade which is a fundamental condition of British recovery.

Given a good harvest, a competent Government and a year of social peace, France could recover with the utmost speed. But Britain, even given ideal conditions, is afflicted by a far deeper and complicated malady. By a truly superhuman effort it may be possible to bridge all sorts of "gaps" in the course of 1948. Yet the dollar shortage, low productivity, high costs (which threaten to "price out" British goods from the world market) and chief of all a certain mental attitude, cannot be cured by Sir Stafford's moral uplift or by his colleagues' application of Couéism on a national scale. Britain's economic weakness not only makes the task of the Foreign Secretary a singularly ungrateful one, but is also the chief obstacle to European recovery. 1948 will be a good year or a bad year according to the extent to which Britain succeeds in achieving real—not imaginary—results in her great struggle for solvency and reconstruction.

GEORGE SOLOVEYITCHIK.

P.S.—This article was already in print when Mr. Bevin made his momentous speech on British foreign policy. As a long, detailed and frank catalogue of miseries and difficulties it was lucid, precise and objective. But as a constructive exposition of the practical steps Britain is capable of taking to remedy the present international situation, Mr. Bevin's pronouncement was not very impressive. There is nothing new in the idea of a Western Block, nor in the fact of the Soviet's congenital opposition to the pacification and reconstruction of Europe. But Mr. Bevin failed to show how the Western powers are to unite or what they could and should do to meet Russia's challenge. His phrase about "the kindred souls of the West" would have sounded pretty banal at the best of times. Coming as it did on the very day of

a sharp financial conflict with France, a new breakdown in trade negotiations with Denmark and a serious hitch in the trade talks with Switzerland, it showed a surprisingly unrealistic approach to the problems of "the kindred souls of the West." The French consider themselves entitled to devalue the franc regardless of whether this happens to suit Britain or not, and point to the precedent established by this country when convertibility of the pound was suspended with even greater disregard of other nations' interests. The Danes, for their part, agreed to heavy price cuts in order to satisfy Britain's demand for food supplies. But when quantities and prices of their butter and bacon shipments had already been settled, it transpired that Britain was unable to guarantee the prices, quantities and delivery dates of the goods Denmark requires in exchange. Finally, the Swiss, who have up to now been willing to buy from this country far more than they sell to it—thereby providing us with invaluable hard currency—feel that Britain must show a little reciprocity and a better understanding of their own problems. And these examples could be multiplied indefinitely. They all have a common cause—Britain's economic weakness. Not until this country has regained sufficient strength to translate words into action can it hope for its appeals to become effective. "The kindred souls of the West" would welcome British leadership and would gladly follow it, but on condition that Britain really leads instead of demanding heavy sacrifices and offering nothing in return.—G.S.

THE FORTHCOMING STRUGGLE FOR CZECHOSLOVAKIA.

OF all the European countries threatened with subjugation to Communist totalitarianism to-day, the most interesting is Czechoslovakia. Many features distinguish her position from that of other countries in the Russian sphere. In Yugoslavia, of course, there has from the outset been no pretence of the democratic tolerance of an opposition, and therefore there has never been any means of determining the strength or weakness of the Communist vote. The Rumanians and the Hungarians are non-Slav peoples, with a traditional fear and hatred of Russia, comparatively feeble Communist movements, yet Communist-run by a minority which at the last elections had in each case to resort to fraud and violence to conceal its numerical weakness. In both these countries the Peasant or Agrarian leaders have been eliminated by "conspiracy" trials, and the backbone of the opposition to Communism, the great Peasant or Agrarian parties, outlawed or broken up. In Rumania the Social Democratic movement, never a lusty infant, has finally been smothered by the Communists, with the applause instead of the protests of its own leaders. In Hungary the claws of some of the crypto-Communist leaders of the Social Democrats have been clipped by the rank and file, infuriated by Communist terrorism in the factories and electoral frauds. But it has not been possible to fulfil the threats of the Socialist trade union functionaries to oust these men altogether from their positions. On the contrary, the Communist leader, Farkas, has only recently told the Socialists that the "terms" for their absorption by (he called it "fusion with") the Communists was for them to get rid of their own

Communist-run Ministry of the Interior. Rumania indulges in the most anti-Western policy in this respect ; she has refused or ignored practically all applications from Englishmen and Americans throughout 1947. Despite the fact that the collaborationist Socialist leader, Lothar Radeceanu, boasted to me that he could get a visa " for the correspondent of the Labour *Daily Herald* in twenty-four hours," I myself have not been able to get any reply, not even a refusal, to an application for a return visa made as long ago as April 1947, and repeatedly renewed through official channels. Now Czechoslovakia, whose civilised practice it has been up till now to issue visas on the responsibility of her consuls within five minutes, has suddenly been forced to toe the line of Eastern isolationism. The Prague Foreign Office apparently did not know that its representatives had lost this democratic right until I informed them that I had just been told from Vienna that from that day visa applications had to be submitted by consulates abroad to the Communist Minister of the Interior, Nosek, whose verdict would take the usual period of weeks to obtain.

It is generally agreed that the Communists reached their high-water mark at the elections of 1946. These were held in a still revolutionary atmosphere, where the Communists had the advantage of the positions they had secured by revolutionary methods on the collapse of the German occupation, such as the key posts in factories. Since then, their dictatorial methods and intolerance, especially towards Socialist workers, have greatly reduced their popularity. Curiously enough it was Czechoslovakia's enforced withdrawal of her acceptance of the invitation to the Paris conference on the Marshall proposals which gave them a fillip. Stalin sent for the Czechoslovak delegation which was in Moscow when Czechoslovakia accepted the invitation to Paris and told them that the Marshall Plan was deliberately directed against the Soviet Union. In consequence, he said, any country participating would be taking part in an anti-Soviet bloc. After this, no " threats " were needed to induce even the most " Rightist " members of the Czechoslovak delegation or Government to decide that acceptance must be withdrawn. The Cabinet's decision to do so was unanimous. Public opinion received a shock. For the first time it was realised how completely Czechoslovak policy was tied to Moscow by the treaty of 1943. Many people felt that the logical deduction was that the future lay with the Communist Party, and acted accordingly. But when the non-Communist parties made it clear that being tied to Moscow would not deter them from fighting Communism at home, there was a fresh reaction: The opportunists who had rallied to the Communists fell away, and Communist prospects for the General Elections due in May 1948 began once more to decline.

It was at this moment (on September 9th last) that the Communist leader (and Premier), Gottwald, decided, together with the strongly pro-Russian and pro-Communist then-leader of the Social Democrats (and Deputy-Premier), Zdenek Fierlinger, to try to " jump the queue." In the absence from Prague of other leading Socialists who were opposed to fusion with or submission to the Communists, they issued a statement signed by themselves and two other leaders of each of the two parties. Quite without authority, since they had not even consulted the party executive, it declared that the two parties had decided " to collate their policy within the Government." It was clearly a first step towards fusion. In some places Communist propaganda posters asserted that it was fusion. Immediately there was a storm of indigna-

tion from the Socialist rank and file. Attempts by the leadership to represent this as a general declaration to which other parties in the Government coalition could accede broke down. The other parties flatly refused to consider the idea. They had just been particularly incensed by the sending of explosive parcels to three of the Czech Socialist Party Ministers, Zenkel, Masaryk and Drtina, in the despatch of which a provincial Communist functionary in Olomouc seems to have been involved; the Communists say it was the work of an *agent-provocateur*. Four days after the Gottwald-Fierlinger pact, Majer, the Social-Democratic Minister of Food, resigned in protest. Gottwald warned the country on September 16th that she must "definitely abandon the old political orientation," and that it was useless to evoke the names of Masaryk and Benes. On September 18th, Laushman, the Left Wing Social Democratic Minister who had carried through the lightning nationalisation of industry and is a staunch upholder of his party's independence, stated that he could only accept the Gottwald-Fierlinger *communiqué* "with reservations."

On November 16 the important congress of the Social Democrats met at Brno. By 283 votes to 182 (in the Executive Committee by 27 to 13), the champion of Socialist independence, Laushman, was chosen to replace Fierlinger as head of the party, and resigned his Cabinet seat to devote himself solely to party work. Fierlinger also left the Government and is now a simple deputy, with no party or state office of any kind. Erban, Socialist Secretary General of the U.R.O. (Revolutionary Trade Union), was removed from the Central Executive Committee because of his support of Fierlinger. The Czech Social Democrats were strengthened by fusion, not with the Communists, but with the Slovak Social Democrats, formerly a separate party. Laushman, the new leader, is a man to watch—a strong personality, popular and determined to emphasise the worker's rather than the intellectual element in the party. He is no Right-Winger, like Majer. In terms of British Labour, he might be called Czechoslovakia's Aneurin Bevan, with Fierlinger as its Zilliacus. He told me: "You need not worry about the Czechoslovak Social Democrats. They are going to stay independent. Since the Brno conference we have had considerable accessions to our ranks, which will be reflected in electoral gains next May. We have a great respect for the British Labour Party, especially for its fulfilment of ancient pledges to liberate former colonial peoples. We stand also by the French Socialists, but with some reserves."

Unusually strong language was provoked by these developments. One Socialist dared to be heretical and said outright that the Soviet Union was not democratic but totalitarian. Vojta Benes called Fierlinger—who was Czechoslovak Minister in Moscow throughout most of the war, is sincerely convinced that for Czechoslovakia nothing matters but Russia's friendship, and is respected for that sincerity—"a non-Czech." The Communist organ, *Rude Pravo*, asserted ominously that "Fascist speeches" had been made at Brno, and that the election of Laushman in place of Fierlinger was a "supreme disappointment." Gottwald declared that the activities of the new Social Democratic leadership would be very closely watched.

The second reverse sustained by the Communists was in Slovakia. At the elections of 1946 they were left in a very weak position, after the Democrats, based on the Protestant element, had opened their ranks to the Slovak Catholics. In general the latter are reactionary, and include not a few former Fascist supporters of the war-time separatist

Premier, Father Tiso, who was hanged last year. Incidentally, prophecies that the Czechs would pay dearly for making a martyr of this political priest have not been fulfilled. The Vatican did nothing to save him, since he had disregarded two warnings during his premiership against exposing himself as a Fascist politician and allowing the deportation of Jews to the Nazi gas chambers. Immediately after his execution there were pilgrimages in his honour. But to-day "Tiso dead is less a danger than Tiso alive." Many of his achievements for Slovak autonomy were perpetuated in the post-war "Kosice Agreement" between Czechs and Slovaks. Tiso under a sentence of life imprisonment would, it is believed, have become "the Martyr to whom we owe Kosice." As it is, he is on the way to being forgotten. Reputedly, the Czechs had no choice, since the Russians insisted that the man who had signed the declaration of war on them must hang.

Before the 1945 elections the Church told the faithful: "You may not vote for a non-Christian party; when in doubt, consult your parish priest." As a result the Democrats have become a strong anti-Communist force. They would be less vulnerable to attack if they had been less ready to give sanctuary to reactionary elements. The Communists enjoy the advantage, of course, of complete co-operation with their comrades in the Czech lands. The Democrats suffer from the national division between Czechs and Slovaks which hampers co-operation between the non-Communists in each State. Something has been done to bring these two anti-Communist forces together through a compromise devised by the Vatican. In return for stronger support by the Slovak Catholics (and the Democratic Party) of the idea of a "Czechoslovak nation," the Czechs have agreed to go slow on the nationalisation of Church property, while the Papal Nuncio in Prague has relinquished his claim to be *doyen* of the diplomatic corps.

The Communist offensive against the Slovak Democrats started with the "discovery" of the "Zilina Plot" on September 16th last. This was a particularly unconvincing affair, in which the principal rôle was played by a Ukrainian who seems to have been an *agent-provocateur*. It was supposed to involve a plot to assassinate President Benes during his visit to Slovakia. Then, at the end of September, the more serious "Bratislava Plot" was unmasked, in which the fugitive Slovak Fascist Durčansky was involved. It appears that he did endeavour, from abroad, to establish a network of information and resistance posts within the country. The "Sidor Plot" was the third—again, apparently no very serious affair. All, of course, were wildly exaggerated by the Communists and two leading functionaries of the Democratic Party, Dr. Bugor and Dr. Kempny, were arrested.

These revelations were followed by a carefully planned effort to get rid of the whole autonomous Slovak Government—called the "Board of Trustees." Exploiting the existence of a black market in food and textiles, the Communists tried to whip up feeling against the Democrats by a series of elaborately staged street demonstrations. Land workers were brought by lorry to the capital, Bratislava, and on one occasion a drunken mob, headed according to Prague newspapers by "a notorious prostitute," stormed into the Diet and tried to seize the Democrat leader, Dr. Lettrich. In an attempt to force the resignation of the "Board of Trustees," the six of their number who are Communists, headed by their leader, Husak, resigned "on behalf of all the Trustees." As there are fifteen Trustees—Chairman, Vice-Chairman and thirteen Ministers—this was quite unconstitutional and the

Communists were successfully resisted by the Democrats. The essence of the attempted *coup* by the Communists was the demand that two of the bodies they control—the Slovak Trade Union and the Slovak Partisans—should be admitted to the “National Front.” This latter body consists of representatives of the political parties, and has the duty of electing the Trustees. Acceptance of this demand would have meant that the Communists were represented three times over—as themselves, as partisans, and as unionists. Although Gottwald himself came down to Prague to enforce acceptance, the Democrats refused to budge. In the end they had to yield three Trusteeships, thus losing their majority on the Board, but the vacated ministries did not go to Communists.

The next three months are likely to be the most critical in the history of the Second Republic, since everyone knows that the Communists will not take the two rebuffs at Brno and Bratislava lying down. Well before the May elections they will certainly strike at their opponents, and no one knows how or where the next blow will be delivered. One finds both the Czech Social Democrats, the Slovak Social Democrats, and the Slovak Democrats rather shocked at their own temerity and inclined to deprecate discussion of its success. The Communists are well aware of this state of mind, and encourage it by a subtle “terror”—whispering propaganda, equivocal hints in speeches and in the Press, terror in the factories, and efforts to disrupt the other parties and the Government coalition. People are anxiously wondering just what Gottwald had in mind when he recently threatened that “administrative action” might have to be taken against recalcitrants. Without Socialist co-operation the Communists would be in a minority and the Socialists, although not prepared to refuse general co-operation, seem now to realise that they can themselves set limits to and exact a price for it. But they are aware of the danger of being branded as “reactionary” and “fascist” (*Rude Pravo*, as we have seen, has already taken a step in this direction), with all that this label implies with a Communist in charge of the Ministry of the Interior. The method of “extending” the ripples of a more or less genuine but minor “plot” until they involve prominent political opponents, as has been done in other eastern countries, might not, it is held, work too easily in this stubborn democracy. What remains in the event of perfectly honest elections, which are to be anticipated, followed by heavy Communist losses, above all to the Social Democrats, which are quite conceivable? An armed “Putsch” with the help of the army, from the higher ranks of which the Communists have recently removed many known opponents? Again, the sturdiness of Czech democracy would make it risky. A declaration that “agents of Western Imperialism” had falsified the elections and an invitation to the Soviet Union to march in and “restore order”? It seems impossible that such a parallel with March 1939 would be contemplated in Moscow for an instant. There remains, therefore, always the interesting possibility—it is, of course, no more—that the elections of 1948 may give the Communists the first undisguised setback they have yet had to admit in eastern Europe.

G. E. R. GEDYE.

Prague.

THE STRENGTH AND WEAKNESS OF RUSSIA.

THERE are those who consider the Soviet Union to have grown so strong as to upset the world balance of power and threaten the independence of its weaker neighbours. Others are of the opinion that the U.S.S.R. has been so enfeebled by war that its present show of strength may be discounted as bluff, and that it will be many years before it can become strong enough to challenge other great Powers. It is only by examining the many factors which constitute a nation's strength, however, that any reliable estimate of this nature can be made. The following brief survey, based on the writer's personal experience of Russia and her language, and on observations made while on liaison duty with the Red Army, may therefore help to this end.

The value of a nation's manpower must be examined under two heads; quantitative and qualitative. In spite of very large war losses, the population of the Soviet Union is at present about 175,000,000, as against some 140,000,000 in the United States and 73,000,000 whites in the British Empire. Of this 175,000,000 about 75 per cent. is Russian, so that the Russian race dominates the remainder to a greater extent than any racial element in either America or the King's dominions. Moreover, the lack of colour-bars or racial prejudices among the Russians has made the population of their empire far more homogeneous than that of their Allies. The proportion of men of military age lost during the late war, however, is very great, and may be as much as 10,000,000. Compared with the Western Powers, the inhabitants of the U.S.S.R. are largely of peasant stock and accustomed to a relatively lower standard of living, and are therefore able to withstand privations and disasters more easily. They are, however, handicapped by their lower level of education, due partly to the necessity of raising the present generation from virtual illiteracy and partly to the elimination of a great portion of the educated classes during the Revolution. This has unavoidably resulted in a high degree of centralisation, with a lack of initiative and power of responsibility in all but the higher ranks of officials, both civil and military. In recent years it has become evident that much smaller powers of decision are delegated to diplomatic or commercial representatives than is the case with other countries, while in the military sphere few powers of command or administration are left in the hands of lower formations. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the Soviet Union could not fight a "small war" efficiently.

It is natural to suppose that the foregoing weaknesses will be gradually reduced over the course of years, when the quality of the Russian masses will more nearly approach that of America and the Commonwealth.

Closely related to manpower is the subject of national morale. The Russians, from the earliest period until the present day, have shown themselves to be a stout-hearted people devoted to their soil and thus exceptionally strong in defence. They have rarely engaged in a successful war of aggression. Their heroic resistance at various times to the Tartars, Swedes, French and Germans is well-known; their exploits against weaker neighbours (Turks, Finns, Poles, Chinese) and in the Russo-Japanese War of 1904-5 have, on the other hand, been considerably less glorious. Accustomed to uncritical subordina-

tion to an arbitrary government, the Russian people, naturally easy-going and apathetic, can accomplish little save when led or driven from above. Under the present régime of the Communist Party (membership of which is limited to politically reliable, enthusiastic and able persons), the people are driven by a police system more efficient and ruthless than that of the Czars, and led by propaganda which represents the Soviet Union as the best-run country in the world, surrounded by hostile and decadent "imperialists." On the other hand, the unexampled suffering and loss inflicted upon the Russians during the recent war make it highly improbable that this generation will willingly embark on any large-scale offensive operations. Thus the Soviet peoples may be expected to acquiesce in the maintenance of large military and air forces and to rally in defence of their country, but it is unlikely that their Government would dare to commit itself to any warlike measures unless they could be made to appear as defensive ones.

The question of morale is closely bound up with the internal political situation. In many countries Government policy is subject to check and criticism at the hands of opposition parties. In the U.S.S.R. there is no sign of any opposition, and all political decisions are ominously unanimous. The possibility of interference in Soviet internal affairs by foreign Powers is minimised by the purposely fostered isolation of the Union from other countries. This condition of *purdah* has existed in greater or less degree ever since Russia came in contact with the Western world, and under the present régime is inspired by suspicion of foreign nations' motives and by fear of the people being influenced by ideas not approved by the ruling party. Hence the high degree of secrecy maintained about everything which would interest foreign observers, whereby even Soviet citizens are allowed to know only as much as is necessary for the performance of their particular duties. The only potential opposition is in the armed forces, as was also the case with Hitler's Reich. All armies tend to conservatism, to the extent that they develop certain traditions and loyalties, and do not think highly of the professional politician. During the late war, everything in the Soviet Union was subordinated to the military effort, and commanders were freed from the shackling control of political Commissars or "Guides" (*Politruks*). Stalin had to style himself Generalissimo in order to maintain precedence over the numerous Marshals. Government propaganda stressed the value of patriotism and piped down on Communist dogma. Since the war it is noticeable that the party has reasserted itself. The Generalissimo is now referred to as *Tovarishch*; the army receives less attention in the Press than the activities and pronouncements of political leaders; co-operation with the Allies diminishes daily; the political Commissars have returned to military formations and units. The Bolsheviks have learned the lessons of Brumaire and Thermidor. The Communists, moreover, have a private army at their disposal, the forces of the Ministry of the Interior (N.K.V.D., late O.G.P.U.), which are employed on internal security duties such as the apprehension and interrogation of political undesirables, the quelling of peasant revolts, or the suppression of disturbances caused by national minorities. The foregoing factors suggest that internal security is strongly maintained in the Soviet Union, but that large-scale military operations would shift the balance of power from the party to the army, and (especially if unsuccessful) might even lead to divergence between them.

It is known that the U.S.S.R. is potentially self-sufficing in almost all necessary raw materials, but considerable development is still required to meet the needs of post-war reconstruction and the industrial expansion programmes. Of the staple materials, coal and iron exist in large quantities, while there are vast reserves of timber. The present oil production is insufficient for planned industrial schemes, but there are unexploited reserves both in Soviet territory and in accessible neighbouring countries, e.g. Persia, Afghanistan and Sinkiang. The vast hydraulic power of rivers such as the Volga and Dnieper is already being put to work, while there are known to be deposits of uranium the exploitation of which is doubtless receiving priority. Rubber is not grown, although a substitute is produced from a plant found in Soviet Central Asia.

Although the U.S.S.R. is thus potentially self-sufficient, the distribution of its resources constitutes a hindrance to this ideal. The vastness of the Union's territory, and the concentration of production in certain limited areas (e.g. oil in Central Asia) implies both a strategic and a transportation problem. As the late war showed, a large part of Soviet industry was sited dangerously near the western frontier, and the present reconstruction programme involves the shifting of its centre of gravity to the eastward. In view of the emergence of long-range weapons such as bomber aircraft and rockets, a wide dispersal of resources and industry has great advantages, but these are offset to some extent by the relatively poor system of communications, to which reference will be made in a later passage.

The Russians are accustomed to a simple diet, consisting largely of rye bread and vegetables. From this point of view the U.S.S.R. is self-sufficient, but the raising of the standard of living, to which the Government is committed, involves an expansion and intensification of the country's agriculture, quite apart from the enormous war losses of horses, cattle and sheep during the German invasion. Moreover, a considerable exportable surplus is required to pay for such industrial imports as are still needed (e.g. machinery), and for subsidising satellite States. At present Soviet agriculture is not sufficiently developed to avoid the crippling effects of bad harvests such as that of 1946. This expansion, like that of Soviet industry, calls for very large quantities of agricultural machinery besides those needed to replace war losses. Many collective farms, worked with tractors before the war, have had to revert to animal-power until the production of machines is adequate.

The successive Five Year Plans, intended to make the country industrially and agriculturally self-sufficing, have involved training millions of backward peasants to construct, operate and work with modern machinery, besides diverting to the factory towns a great proportion of the food which would otherwise have been consumed in the country. These operations have naturally caused hardship and occasional forcibly suppressed disturbances, but have been pursued with characteristic drive and ruthlessness, and in the course of time should produce a satisfactory degree of technical skill. At present, however, and for some years to come, the standard will be comparatively low. This industrialisation drive, begun in the early years of the Revolution, has received a setback as a result of the war, and the consequent eastward move of factories. Although recovery is being pursued with considerable energy, there are a number of bottlenecks which will be difficult to eliminate for some time. These include

the immediate needs of machinery and machine-tools, of which the U.S.A. are the most obvious suppliers, but the provision of which relies upon delicate financial and commercial negotiations, that in turn depend on the international political situation. Another bottleneck is building construction, both for factories and for workers' accommodation; but one of the greatest prerequisites of industrial expansion is the improvement of the present inadequate communications.

There are few arterial roads in the Soviet Union, while the railway network is considerably less dense (especially east of the Urals) than that of Western countries, and much of the permanent way is unballasted and unfit for intensive working. Enormous quantities of road vehicles and rolling-stock were destroyed during the war and require replacement before any expansion can be undertaken. Long-distance airlines were being developed before the war, notably the trunk route to the Far East, with feeders to points on the Asiatic frontiers and beyond (e.g. Mongolia, Sinkiang). These cannot, however, deal with any great proportion of the Union's total freight. Both the air and rail routes linking European Russia with the East are canalised into a narrow belt close to the southern frontiers, although subsidiaries such as the Turksib and branches into north-east Siberia have recently been constructed. The U.S.S.R. is unfortunate in possessing an extensive coastline divided into isolated sections. Although it has ports in the Baltic, Arctic, Pacific and Black Seas, traffic between them necessitates passage through waters dominated by other Powers. Moreover, most of these ports are either closed by ice for part of the year, or can be kept open only by using ice-breakers. The Soviet Union also contains several of the world's great rivers, but their value for navigation is mitigated by climatic conditions and by their direction of flow. Thus the Yenisei, Ob, Lena, Amur, Volga, Don and Dnieper are all obstructed by ice for several months in the year, while the general course of each river is from north to south, or vice-versa, and does not assist the east-west trunk route.

Russia being primarily a land power, her relations with contiguous States are the most important to her. Many of these are weak nations which have at one time or another conceived their independence to be threatened by their powerful neighbour. It is not surprising, therefore, that they tend to fall into two groups, those which for various reasons identify their interests with those of the U.S.S.R., and those which fear Soviet influence and would, in the event of a dispute, probably side with its opponents. Among the former are the members of the "Slav bloc" (Poland, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria), Rumania, Hungary, Sinkiang, Outer Mongolia, North Korea and the Communist element in China (mainly Manchuria and the north). Among these, however, there are potentially unfriendly elements which might reduce their reliability as allies; such are the strength of the Roman Catholic Church and the anti-Russian tradition in Poland, the unpopular Communist influence in Rumania, the fact that Russian domination of Hungary is due to fear, and that in China anti-foreignism is the strongest force. The nations definitely opposed to the extension of Soviet influence include Scandinavia, Finland, Turkey, Persia, Afghanistan and the recognised Government of China. The strength of Russia's international position at present rests on two main foundations, her military prestige and Communism. The effect of the former is an obvious one in a world where military power is concentrated in the hands of a few great nations; that of Communism is

less easy to evaluate. Like Islam in the Middle Ages the materialist creed of Marx has been carried forward under Moscow's aegis wherever chaos, ignorance and misery afford a receptive soil for totalitarian growths. While Moscow remains the centre of the Communist movement, therefore, Russia's influence will vary in inverse relation to economic recovery. On the other hand, there is no comparable weapon which can be used against the U.S.S.R. While there is no lack of organisations to sing Moscow's praises abroad, no society such as "The Friends of the British Empire" has as yet raised its head in Soviet Russia.

The manpower situation, already discussed, reveals that the strength of the Soviet Army lies in quantity rather than quality. During the late war military success was achieved, following a series of reverses, by extreme centralisation of command and wasteful sacrifice of life; the production of war material had to be augmented by Allied help. Although a steady improvement in the education of officers and men is to be expected during the present generation, their equipment depends on Russia's progress in rebuilding and developing her industry, quite apart from the present inevitable war-weariness. The Soviet Union possesses the advantage of interior lines, but this can be fully exploited only by developing the present inadequate communications. The vastness of its territory also affords depth in defence, but the lack of any natural frontier in the west is a weakness which explains Moscow's anxiety to prevent the recovery of a militarist Germany or the existence of hostile influences in the States bordering the U.S.S.R. As regard opportunities of taking the offensive, the facilities afforded by satellite States in the west are matched along the southern frontier by the existence of kindred elements such as the Turkomans of Persia and Sinkiang, the Uzbeks of Afghanistan, the Tartars of Mongolia and the Communists in China, Manchuria and Korea.

During the late war, Russian air power never approached that of Great Britain or the United States, and was devoted to support of the ground forces rather than to the strategic air offensive. In view of the fact that the air force is subordinate to the army command, it is probable that this policy is being continued. From the point of view of passive defence, however, the Soviet Union has the great advantages of dispersion and depth, which may encourage it to favour new forms of warfare (e.g. rockets) as likely to prove more damaging to potential enemies than to its own territories. A study of the Great Circle routes will show that many important industrial centres are potentially vulnerable by Russian long-range projectiles in the future. Since such warfare would be conducted with the aid of geodetic maps, the less accurate surveys available of the U.S.S.R. would advantage the Russians as compared with the highly developed maps of North America and Western Europe.

From the defensive point of view, Russia is happy in not depending upon vulnerable sea communications as does the British Empire and, to a lesser extent, the United States. On the other hand, she lacks the mobility which sea power confers, and her fleets, scattered as they are in four seas, can never concentrate rapidly enough to achieve superiority over a rival naval Power. The Soviet Navy's strength is mainly in submarines, light craft and shore-based air formations, designed for local defence and for operations against enemy shipping within range of the Soviet coast (e.g. in the Baltic, Black Sea or North-West Pacific).

To sum up, the strong points of Russia's situation are: The size, relative homogeneity and vitality of her population; the unchallenged position of the Soviet Government, with resulting continuity of policy; the strength of her security system, which protects her peoples from outside influences; the strength of her standing army; her potential self-sufficiency; her ability to use Communism as an instrument of policy; the existence of pro-Soviet zones along the greater part of her frontiers; the defensive value of her vast territory, with the accompanying possibilities of dispersion; independence of overseas communications.

The weak points are: The relatively low level of education and technical skill of the masses, which, however, is being gradually raised; huge war losses of men and material; the necessity of constantly driving the people in order to get results; the chronic xenophobia of the Government, leading to heavy expenditure on defence and strained relations with Powers which might otherwise co-operate in her recovery; the enormous amount of work required to restore and then to develop her war-shattered economy, particularly communications; inadequate means of access to the world's sea routes, and consequent inability to develop sea communications or to utilise sea power; the impossibility of "fooling all of the people all of the time."

J. V. DAVIDSON-HOUSTON.

THIRTY YEARS OF *THE TIMES*

THE first thing to say about the third volume of the *History of "The Times"** has been said in unison by the early reviewers.

We have here a full and frank record of the great journal through a critical stage, the only revelation of its kind so far in English. We may accept Mr. Wickham Steed's dictum that the authorities of Printing House Square must be wholly assured as to the strength and standing of their paper, or they could not have made the decisions that led to the present disclosures. This is newspaper history of a new and exciting order. More than that, it includes a survey, from a privileged centre, of British foreign policy during thirty years of momentous development. Hence it is an indispensable source book for the close of the Victorian age.

The greatest editor of *The Times*, J. T. Delane, retired in 1877. His successor, Chenery, was a transient. The 1870's had brought a serious recession. Circulation and revenue were in steady decline. Newspaper conditions had been radically altered by the removal of the so-called taxes on knowledge and the spread of popular education, but *The Times* refused to recognise the change and its direct consequences. The advance of the *Standard* and *Daily Telegraph* was a portent which made no impression upon the third John Walter, while the mixed company of shareholders, peculiarly situated under the will of the founder, could do nothing but suffer as their dividends melted away.

In 1884 George Earle Buckle was appointed editor. He was 29, a Fellow of All Souls, already broken in to the Walter ways. The paper's immense success, as a later occupant of the chair remarks, was achieved

* *The History of "The Times": The Twentieth Century Test, 1884-1912.* Published by *The Times*. 21s.

by courage, hard hitting, and enterprise in news. It claimed to be independent, national and complete. Buckle understood independence, but a complete national newspaper was beyond his power and aim. His interests were limited ; his sense of news value was meagre. *The Times* of sixty years ago was not so much a newspaper as a diplomatic exchange, a forum of international politics. Its unparalleled prominence in Europe is a phenomenon that can never be repeated. Continental questions fill no fewer than ten closely packed chapters, and each one is stimulating to a reviewer. Yet it would seem impossible when discussing this volume not to give priority to the several strange episodes that make the framework within which the drama of decline, disaster and recovery was enacted. The first of these is the deplorable tragedy of the Parnell-Pigott letters.

Buckle had been in office for three years when Gladstone announced his conversion to home rule. *The Times* was now Conservative, and this event made a final breach with the Liberal Party. The confounding of the Irish nationalists and their leader became a primary concern for all opponents of the Gladstone policy. An Irish journalist, E. C. Houston, who was also secretary of the Loyal and Patriotic Union, approached *The Times* with an offer. This young man held a batch of sensational letters which seemingly bore the signature of C. S. Parnell and implicated the Irish Land League in organised crime. He was unable to reveal the origin of the find or to give the name of a go-between. They had cost him £1,780. He was not looking for profit, but asked for compensation to an equal amount. In Printing House Square it was forthcoming. Four men were responsible for leading *The Times* into this calamitous adventure : John Walter, Buckle, J. C. MacDonald (the manager), and Joseph Soames (solicitor). When they consulted their eminent legal adviser, Sir Henry James (who later, before the Judicial Commission, spoke for twelve days in their defence), they were given a plain warning, which was ignored. A handwriting expert reported that the signatures were genuine. No. 2 in the dossier was a condonation of the murders in Phoenix Park of Lord Frederick Cavendish and T. H. Burke, the Under Secretary. As we follow the steps of *The Times'* men in this business, the extreme peril of which should have been obvious to any editor or manager, we are obliged to conclude that they were driven by political prejudice and were living in a cloister.

Buckle instructed an Irish member of his staff, J. W. Flanagan, to prepare three articles on "Parnellism and Crime." Several later contributions under this heading were by another hand. All were documented and ably written. When the moment came for a decision upon the use of the Pigott letters Buckle acted alone, and late at night. One letter only was printed in facsimile : No. 1, written in a semi-literate hand and containing the fatal mis-spelling "hesitency," which was to be the forger's undoing in the ruthless hands of Sir Charles Russell. Buckle confessed to MacDonald that, being dissatisfied with the wording of the leading article and the note introducing the letter, he had touched up both of them. John Walter and the editor were allies. MacDonald, though jointly responsible, was not in their full confidence. Flanagan was a Dubliner and, as it transpired, he knew something of the forger's sordid past, but Pigott was not mentioned to him. Parnell contented himself with a curt statement that the letters were forged. There was no Parnell libel suit. The Salisbury Cabinet, under pressure, chose the expedient of a judicial inquiry. A tribunal of three High Court Judges was appointed, with power to settle their own procedure. It is strange,

indeed, that a plan such as this should have been devised by a Conservative Government. It was manifestly unfair to *The Times*, which could not avoid being mulcted, even if the letters were proved genuine and the truth of the articles established. The expenses of nearly 500 witnesses went to swell the bill of costs, which exceeded £200,000. There could be no compensation for any portion of it. The danger lay entirely in the printed letter. If that had been held back *The Times* would have been safe. The manager died just before the end. Buckle's resignation was not accepted. Flanagan, who had fired the first volley, was to serve for thirty years longer as leader-writer. He lived to produce the articles which led the call of the English Press for the stroke of August 3rd, 1914. He was esteemed by his colleagues as a consummate master of the craft.

Apart from the crushing financial result, the blow to *The Times* was overwhelming. The Commission's main findings did not soften it. As far as the British public and the world were concerned, the great assize was over when Pigott collapsed, fled, and committed suicide. The most famous of journals was branded in the general view as guilty of dubious professional conduct. Its unequalled reputation for responsibility, for virtual infallibility, was destroyed. And these misfortunes befell amid adverse conditions with which the paper was powerless to cope. Nevertheless, in my opinion, the Parnell catastrophe does not furnish a complete explanation of the ensuing desert tract and its long shadow of ruin. There are other factors to be taken into account, and one of them is Buckle's editing. He thought *The Times* was bound to print a full report of the Commission through its wearisome length. During half the year those slabs of close type were balanced by similar pages of Parliament. How many people, even then, wanted that for a newspaper?

The Times of the 1880's was designed for an exclusive class. Its clientele was shrinking. In a day of prosperous penny dailies, conducted by journalists with reformed technique and a broadening concept of news, a threepenny paper was a luxury. Also, it was a multiple property of cumbrous shape. The relations between the paper, the building and the printing contract were a jumble. The editor was hampered by the management and, incredible though it sounds, there was no discernible news-editing. Readers of that revealing book, *Moberly Bell and His "Times"*, will recall Harcourt Kitchin's description of the labyrinth. The make-up was left to the head printer. A conspicuous feature of his room was the mass of overmatter upon which he drew for so many columns daily, with little regard to relevance or the date-line. At a time when the new journalism was starting its assault upon Fleet Street, and when in Manchester C. P. Scott was devoting attention to all the problems of editing, the leading journal muddled along without a directing mind.

But, it will be objected, the answer to all this was Moberly Bell, summoned from Egypt in 1891 by Arthur Walter, with a mandate to restore the edifice. Quite so: Bell was an unusual man, of many projects. But he was not a newspaper manager of the kind then urgently needed, and he was soon convinced that *The Times* was headed for bankruptcy. The respective spheres of editor and manager were never defined. Bell's position was the higher, and there was one department of which he was undisputed head. All foreign correspondence was under his hand, and it was he alone who, in 1895,

committed *The Times* to the Jameson Raid. That queer story is told by the authors with shattering candour.

Cecil Rhodes, at the peak of his power, was Prime Minister of Cape Colony and nursing a fine vision of British-Dutch unity. None the less was he resolved to make an end of the Kruger régime in the Transvaal. He threw himself into a plot for the raising of revolt among the Uitlanders of Johannesburg, to be aided by Dr. Jameson's 700 men from over the border. At this end Rhodes had a brilliant agent in Flora Shaw, *The Times'* expert in colonial affairs. Her devotion to him was absolute. She was in possession of every secret and every message, and was working intensely with Moberly Bell. But the Uitlanders would not rise. At the last moment Rhodes tried in vain to stop Jameson; he rode in and was captured. Before the Parliamentary Committee almost everything came out. The cables, here reproduced in facsimile, were damning. *The Times* was in deep water. Bell and Buckle, listening in nervous excitement, were rescued by Miss Shaw—skilful, delicately evasive, irresistible. They were not the only men in that ruinous affair lucky enough to enjoy a miraculous escape.

During more than half a century the standing of *The Times* was governed by its overseas intelligence. A new foreign department was organised by Donald Mackenzie Wallace, the acknowledged authority on Russia. In due time he gave way to Valentine Chirol, whose services in and for India are, rather curiously, passed over. By these two publicists the field was strenuously directed. When the long reign in Paris of the grotesque Henri de Blowitz was finished, tested men were placed in the capitals. They are a notable gallery: George Saunders in Berlin, William Lavino in Paris, Wickham Steed in Rome and Vienna, Bouchier in the Balkans, George Morrison in Peking, and many another. Saunders, an uncompromising Scot, was the first to sound a continuous alarm about the strength and designs of Germany; he insisted that the Reich would challenge the world-power of Britain. Chirol, who began by striving for a British-German understanding, came round to the Saunders view. Morrison was alert and untiring in the Far East. Wickham Steed was described as combative. When his transfer to Paris was proposed, Sir Edward Grey said that the *Entente* would not last five minutes. *The Times* correspondents were expected to bear themselves like diplomatic envoys. They pressed for or opposed policies. Chancellors listened to them and kept watch. Monarchs pleaded and complained. We see these men filling positions of influence and provocation in sharp contrast to those of to-day. Their record occupies almost the half of Volume 3. Reading it will mean a troubling experience for many. They will learn how protracted and involved were the manœuvres toward the first world war, how deep the forebodings of an irrepressible conflict.

Meanwhile in Printing House Square the manager faced a mounting crisis. He knew that *The Times*, as an institution depending upon newspaper resources, was doomed. Accordingly he went in search of alternative sources of revenue and in 1898 made with Hooper and Jackson, instalment publishers of New York, a contract which carried *The Times* into unexplored fields of advertisement and selling. To Moberly Bell is given the credit for saving the paper by means of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, the Atlaş, the Book Club, and kindred ventures. Those schemes covered roughly ten years. They brought in

money, but barely enough to keep the wolf from the door. They did not build circulation ; the paper was still sinking, and no one could argue that such noisy adjuncts were to be counted as assets. On the contrary, world-wide advertising and high-pressure sales made unpleasing publicity which ate steadily into the fabric of prestige. By 1900 Pigott was well-nigh forgotten ; by 1907 Hooper was a very present embarrassment.

I have left myself no room for a summary of the Northcliffe purchase and its sequelæ. The story is related in three exhilarating chapters of adventure and devious intrigue. *The Times* was in desperate straits. The hollowness of the Bell structure could not be hidden. Judgment in a tangled lawsuit cleared the road for new ownership. More than one doubtful offer was received. One came from Edgar Speyer on behalf of the German Government. When a promising group was formed, the wrong advice was taken. The great opportunity was offered to C. Arthur Pearson who, despite his wealth and energy, was not a successful newspaper proprietor. Northcliffe had dreamed of controlling *The Times* from the day when, at 35, he knew himself to be a millionaire. Pearson was lost when this relentless tactician entered the field. Buckle and his colleagues were scornfully against Pearson, of "the *Tit-Bits* school." Bell, who had been left out, mobilised his cohort and went over to Northcliffe ; then, after a tenacious effort and without the knowledge of his associates, he put his name to the terms. He was managing director, subject in all things to the new master's orders. Northcliffe, absurdly, insisted that his name be kept out. For some two years he was merely X. When the *Daily Chronicle* made the announcement the authors say that no one believed it. This does not agree with my memory. In Fleet Street the fact was not doubted. Northcliffe was a proud man, and was ready to lose money in the enterprise which, he averred, comprised the upholding of *The Times* in its great tradition. He put in a few guards, but Buckle and the staff were not disturbed. For a year or two he tried to hold himself in. But the paper was static ; the circulation did not rise, and Northcliffe in ever-growing irritation declared that no other part of his business made trouble as did this old paper. He began to assert himself ; played the gadfly, employed the telephone as he alone knew how, made himself a terror to the Old Gang. Bell died suddenly in 1911 ; Buckle was retired in 1912. The end of an epoch ; *The Times*, remade, rapidly became prosperous.

"A national and complete newspaper ?" I leave this remarkable history with a reference to one fact which cannot be without positive significance. The third volume contains an entertaining chapter (not properly in place here) on the irruption of the popular Press, but it has never a page on home affairs. Yet its period opens at the Gladstone Reform Act and closes with the Parliament Act and the dawn of national insurance.

S. K. RATCLIFFE.

TREITSCHKE IN HIS CORRESPONDENCE.

III

TREITSCHKE had long expected and desired a trial of strength between Prussia and Austria, but when it came it was a shock to learn that Baden was sided with Vienna. "I write under the first impression of the ghastly news from Frankfurt. Comments are superfluous. Why must this unfortunate nation at such a moment be ruled by such animals? Tell me at once: how was it possible for Baden to vote with the majority? What will Mathy do? Might Roggenbach return to office? From this decision to a declaration of war against us it is a long way; it is clear that this madness invites foreign intervention. Yet henceforth nothing will surprise me. Every hour strengthens the conviction that I can stay here no longer. If Baden fights against Prussia I could not remain a Baden official another moment; yet even if the worst is avoided my position is becoming intolerable. For weeks I have realised increasingly that I ought to go to Berlin, for that is where I belong. With my Prussian patriotism I am so deadily in earnest that now of all times I cannot separate my fortunes from those of that State."

On the eve of leaving Baden Treitschke poured out his heart to Mathy, his closest friend in southern Germany, and the most Prussophil of the Grand Duke's Ministers. "The last two days I have realised that I cannot stay here. To-day there can be no thought of academic leisure. I am impelled by all that is good in me in this great crisis to do my best for the State to which our future belongs. If our excellent Grand Duke is forced by the wickedness of his neighbours to march against Prussia it would be morally impossible for me to remain his official. Moreover the barrier between north and south makes it physically impossible for me to do anything for the good cause. I see only two possible results of this war. Either, which heaven forbid, we are beaten, in which case Prussia begins a period of internal convalescence as after 1807; or we win, in which case the new Germany receives a new parliament and a useful publicistic activity becomes possible. For the moment words can do nothing—the guns must speak. In the last four weeks, to my great surprise, Bismarck has twice tried to get me for his headquarters. Both times I declined. Perhaps in a few weeks or months the reconciliation of parties in Prussia will be possible. If he then invites me again I could not refuse. But for that I must be in Berlin and no longer a Baden official."

1866, not 1870, was Treitschke's *annus mirabilis*. He arrived in Berlin, without waiting for an official post, just in time to receive the joyful tidings of Königgrätz. His younger brother, fighting in the Saxon army on the Austrian side, was gravely wounded in the battle, but personal matters were trifles in comparison with the fortunes of "our state." "I have come into indescribable jubilation," he wrote on July 4th; "101 cannon salvos have just been fired. Our army is glorious. It is a joy to rub shoulders with people, so brave and confident, yet so modest in their talk. Thank God the inferiority complex of 1806 is expelled. Bloody work remains, but as to the issue I am not in doubt. The change of attitude in the people is complete; it justifies my often expressed view of the small value of so-called public opinion. How gloriously the inexhaustible efficiency of our state is displayed!

I do not boast, but I am sure that with the frightful battles in Bohemia a better era dawns for our fatherland."

The Seven Weeks War, ending with the expulsion of Austria from the Bund, was one of the shortest and most decisive on record. At last Prussia could do as she liked, but what use would she make of her victory? Treitschke's answer was that she should annex every other German state, beginning with her North German antagonists in the struggle, Saxony, Hesse-Cassel and Hanover. The two latter were duly annexed, but Bismarck wisely decided to leave Saxony intact. The historian's shrill demands for the annihilation of his native state nearly broke the heart of his father who publicly denounced him in the local Press: he had read the attacks on "this dear Royal Family," in the article on *The Future of the Middle States*, with indignation and profound grief. The young Hotspur was too attached to the old General not to wince, but he realised how differently German problems appeared to an older generation which had lived contentedly under the Bund for half a century. "My father knows only one Fatherland—Saxony," he wrote; "it is the old era going to the grave." In the following spring General von Treitschke, described by his son as "the splendid man," passed away, consoled in some degree by the knowledge that his beloved Saxony was allowed to survive.

Treitschke would have liked a Chair in Berlin, but he was only thirty-two and, apart from poetry and some articles in the *Preussische Jahrbücher*, had only published a volume of essays. He accepted a stop-gap appointment at Kiel, which lasted only six months. He found the place provincial and dreaded the prospect of bringing his South German *fiancée*, whom he was to marry in March 1867, to the chilly north. At this moment the death of Häusser created a vacancy at Heidelberg, and he joyfully returned to the land which he had left in haste the previous summer. Since Baden's belligerence had only been half-hearted, since the Grand Duke Frederick was Prussophil, and since it was widely expected that Baden would before long join the North German Federation, there seemed no reason why he should not return as a *persona grata*. Saxony, "my God-forsaken land," would have been impossible.

Baden, he declared, was a little better than before, especially the students, but there was still plenty of Prussophobia. "Even the national Press in the South," he wrote a year after his appointment, "is reverting to the old folly of patronising Prussia, as if she had to sue for the favour of the South instead of the other way round. People here have learned practically nothing from the great year 1866. Even the nationalists dream the old nonsense, as if they were the free and happy ones who have something to give to the North. In addition there is an absolute apathy, stirred only by Prussophobia and the everlasting confessional strife. When one looks at the fearful rottenness in Swabia and Bavaria and the universal indifference in Baden, one cannot help asking what the old liberalism was worth which produced such conditions. I think we are waiting till the North is fully consolidated and then to clean up with the sword or—what is improbable—with moral pressure."

Though Treitschke trusted Prussia's pilot implicitly in foreign affairs, he was never a blind admirer of his domestic policy. In the "Conflict Era" he had sharply condemned the unconstitutional treatment of the Diet: now he complained that the Constitution of the North German Confederation contained a serious flaw. So rapidly had he

shed his early liberal faith that he found the Bismarck of 1867 too advanced for his taste. "You know I have always enjoyed saying something very unpopular but needing to be said," he wrote to his *fiancée* early in 1867. "The absurdity of universal suffrage for our people, which happily does not at present copy the French fanatical equalitarianism, was always clear to me. Our people's strongest point was always its idealism, so it is thoroughly un-German that stupidity and ignorance should decide." He described it as "a crude and frivolous experiment, of all Bismarck's doings the most disastrous. We are a cultivated people and not inclined to bow down to the sovereign folly. It will provide him for the moment with an obedient majority, but it will mean endless confusion in the future."

Before the echoes of 1866 had died away Treitschke was expecting, though not desiring, another war. "My dearest wish," he wrote to Freytag in May 1868, "is that our state may be granted a quiet interval to carry out the administrative reforms needed for even greater tasks. Will it be granted? I hardly dare to hope so. France's armaments may stampede her government, and it seems almost a necessary consequence of our old history that our independence cannot be secured without a struggle with France. These people (in Baden) are not men of steel. The same folk who to-day complain of provincialism would accept a new Confederation of the Rhine without much opposition. Here in the South nothing helps except conquest; here is a tremendous task before us, but I hope Prussia will solve it some day." While the best type of nationalist respects the nationalism of other races, Treitschke cast covetous eyes at Germany's neighbours. "I have been one of the few Germans who regard the recovery of the Rhine as one of our greatest tasks," he wrote a month later; "but since I have seen the country and the people my hopes have sunk. They have developed such independence and self-sufficiency in state and economics, language and literature. The Dutch are also so proud that I can no longer believe in peaceful amalgamation: even a federal connection is unthinkable. They will always remain unpleasant and narrow-hearted neighbours—if they do not (as is very possible) compel us by their crazy hostility to conquer them. Then we should have a German Poland, a festering wound in our body which would never heal. In Belgium I enjoyed the arts, but I am deeply grateful that I do not have to live in this model constitutional state. If our doctrinaires could only see these wretched conditions, the unlimited power of a stupid and fanatical clergy, the suppression of the Flemish majority by the Walloon minority, they would perhaps ask themselves if the privilege of a few constitutional paragraphs is not purchased at too high a price." Russia pleased him no better. "She will be great in extent, regrettable though it is, but they will never be a truly civilised people. What separates us is not serfdom, which we also possessed, but a fundamental difference of spirit. They are Asiatics in religion, and the thin layer of Gallicised *demi-monde* does not make them Europeans." England, France and Austria had never attracted him, and of the New World he knew nothing. Thus by the process of exclusion only Germany was left. No great historian had a narrower range of sympathies.

The war of 1870 was no surprise to Treitschke, who welcomed the chance of completing German unity and felt little anxiety about the issue. "The coming weeks will bring us hard and terrible things," he wrote to his sister on July 18th from Heidelberg, "but no one doubts of victory and a third entry into Paris. Here everyone is full of courage

and life. I feel as if everyone is growing better, as if petty and common things fall away." Bismarck promised to call him if he thought his pen could be of use, but no summons came, and the historian was only happy when he was absolutely his own master. "My dear sister, in these days man must become pious: a higher hand is over us Germans and compels us to become one people. My first regret is that our dear father did not live to see it. He would have judged me more mildly. With what prospects would Germany have begun this frightful war if the old Diet and the thirty-four small armies had remained? God be praised for sending us the hard year 1866. Do not worry about me. The French would only arrive after two victories, and in that improbable event I should have time to think of my safety. We are prepared for everything, but we hope after heavy sacrifices for a great victory which will wipe out the sins of three centuries and restore Strassburg to the Germans." Among the sacrifices was his brother who died of a wound received at Sedan. Once again he felt his soldier's blood throbbing in his veins. "I pity you that you cannot spend these wonderful days in Germany," he wrote to a friend abroad. "You will have to learn to think more idealistically of war. The comradeship in arms in this great and righteous struggle creates a bond of union for which there is no substitute." That the South had at length begun to see the error of its ways rejoiced his heart. "I have never lived through finer days," he wrote on August 4th. "The South is by no means fully converted, and after the war we shall still see sharp party conflicts. But it is an immense success that the majority can now feel German again, and the treacherous minority has to be silent or sham. Such blessed transformations only a war can bring; there are certain moral forces which peace can never release."

While waiting for victory Treitschke wrote *The Black Eagle*, the most popular of his ballads, and argued in the *Preussische Jahrbücher* that Prussia must have her reward. Four days after Sedan he begged Bismarck to read the end of his article *Was fordern wir von Frankreich?* "I want to make Prussian readers realise a fact too little understood in the North—that all sensible men in the South wish to see Alsace in Prussian hands. It is a gross error if the North thinks the South must be rewarded by territory and population. If Prussia does what is needed and takes the enemy territory which only a great state can retain, all patriots in the South would agree. I wrote at the urgent request of South German friends, and I only venture to trouble you because my article echoes educated opinion in the South. The South wishes it to be a Prussian province, wedged in between France and Baden. If the Prussian Government works for this it can reckon on the support of all true Germans in Bavaria, Baden and Württemberg." Unconvinced by the appeal, Bismarck's cooler brain decided that the Rhine Provinces should go neither to Prussia nor the South, but should become a Reichsland with a Statthalter controlled by Berlin.

Treitschke's contempt for the institutions and ideology of the South outlived the common effort and the joint victory. "You judge the minor states much too favourably," he wrote to the historian Baumgarten on November 9th. "To me it seems clear that the whole conception of political liberty as invented in France and developed in the small states is worthless. Among the blessed results of this war is the recognition of the emptiness of our small-state liberalism. That you are entirely free from it I am aware, but you speak too mildly of the utterly perjured Jesuitical little Courts which have adopted this

system." With the Southern states safely and voluntarily inside the Reich, Bismarck wisely determined to leave them full internal autonomy, and Treitschke complained that they still had too much power. The Iron Chancellor could be ruthless enough in case of need, but he could also be conciliatory, mindful of his axiom that politics are the art of the possible. To the hot-blooded historian, a patriot but never a statesman, compromise was anathema.

Despite their different approach Bismarck knew his worth, and when the Heidelberg Professor consulted him about his plan to stand for the Reichstag the answer was that it would be extremely desirable. Though he could not hear a word and could take no part in the cut and thrust of debate, he sat for thirteen years, and his speeches, later collected in a volume, always commanded attention. He sat with the National Liberals till 1879, when Bismarck introduced Protection; thenceforth, till his retirement in 1884, as a Conservative, zealously supporting the Chancellor in his conflicts with the Roman Hierarchy, the Social Democrats, and the Free Traders. The least judicial of men could never understand the appeal of political, economic or religious ideas different from his own. What the urban worker found to attract him in Socialism was even more a mystery to him than to Bismarck, who at any rate sympathised with the craving for social security and in his measures of national insurance was the first European statesman to meet it. "Why does this wholly un-German nonsense of sensuality and slavery spread so quickly?" he exclaimed to Freytag in 1877, shortly before the anti-Socialist law was introduced in 1878. Lack of imagination, inability to enter into the feelings of other men and other nations, was his greatest weakness both as historian and publicist.

Liberalism at home and abroad was the bugbear of Treitschke's later years, as particularism had been of his early manhood. Government by shifting Parliamentary majorities seemed to him utter folly, and British foreign policy was equally detestable. "As my studies advance," he wrote in July 1876, when the Eastern question was looming up again, "I understand ever more fully England's invariably hostile policy towards Germany. That we should pull the East Indian chestnuts out of the fire for these Beefs! Bismarck would never do such a thing. I hope to visit London in September. It is really a flaw in my education that I was never there. I look forward to seeing the greatest miracle of material civilisation and shall get my impressions impartially, however contemptible the political rôle of present-day England seems to me." "This country becomes ever more unintelligible to me," he confessed to another friend; "I must see it for myself." It was not however till the summer of 1895, the last summer of his life, that he crossed the Channel. "Oxford and Cambridge pleased me most," he reported to his wife. "Such a collection of academic palaces is only possible in a land united for a thousand years and secure from invasion. Edinburgh is almost as fine as London is ugly. The Scots are much nearer to us than the English, more natural, more cheerful, more human; they please me greatly in their rough way." Unable to speak English, he could learn little of a country which he had never seriously attempted to understand. A celebrated passage in one of his latest articles declared that, after Austria and France had been dealt with, "the great reckoning" with England remained. Even if this does not mean the clash of arms, as the context suggests, it indicates a resentful hostility which grew with advancing years. The French were far more to his taste. "They are a pleasant and intelligent people," he

reported after a visit in 1890, "human like ourselves, so different from the disgusting English hypocrites. I deeply regret that their attachment to Alsace has separated them from us, their natural allies."

After the proclamation of the Empire in 1871 the main theme of the correspondence is the composition of the *German History in the Nineteenth Century*. The work had grown under his hands, and it was not till 1879 that the introductory volume appeared, tracing the decline of the Reich, the rise of Prussia, and the War of Liberation. Everyone realised the need of such an enterprise and it was generally known that he was at work on it. His collected historical essays and the steady flow of his contributions to the *Preussische Jahrbücher* left no doubt as to the character of the book for which the world was waiting. "I write for Germans," he announced in the preface, and he was the last man to hide his feelings of admiration or contempt. He regarded Droysen as his master, though he never sat at his feet. "I have long wished to thank you warmly for your manifold teaching," he wrote in 1863. "My essay on the Teutonic Knights will have shown you how much I owe to your *Prussian Policy*." Fifteen years later, on Droysen's seventieth birthday, he renewed his homage. "How much you are my teacher and how great is my debt to your example you will have seen in my writings." Though both were ardent Prussophiles and specialists in Prussian history, there was no personal competition. Droysen's vast work began with Frederick of Hohenzollern at the opening of the fifteenth century, and had only reached the eve of the Seven Years War in the fourteenth volume when he died in 1886 at the age of seventy-eight. A second difference was that he confined himself almost exclusively to foreign affairs, whereas Treitschke strove to picture the whole life of the nation. "Unlike Sybel, who only gives extracts from the archives," he explained, "I try to write history." A third was that Droysen, though an impressive lecturer, lacked the gift of style, and in consequence was only read by students. Treitschke's aim was to clothe the bones of history with flesh and blood, to fill his readers with pride in the great statesmen, soldiers and writers of their race. Ranke's *Reformation Era* was the first extensive work on German history which combined erudition with popular appeal; the *German History*, well described by Marcks as the Victory Hymn for 1866 and 1870, was the second, and there has been no third. Neither could be expected to please all readers. Both, however, claim an enduring place among the historical classics of the modern world, and they have been described as books of devotion for the German people.

The first volume took Germany by storm and aroused little criticism. Artistically it was the most satisfying of the five, for great events were described with a dynamic energy and a Venetian colouring approached among the author's German contemporaries by Mommsen's *Roman History* alone. His real difficulties began when in the second volume he reached the Restoration, and it is a tribute to his genius that he was able to interest his countrymen in the stagnant decades between the downfall of Napoleon and the Year of Revolution. From the angle of the historical student this and the succeeding volumes are the most valuable, for they contain a mass of new material from the archives not merely of Prussia but of some of the minor states. Treitschke was fully justified in claiming that he was the first to illumine the dark corners of a period which, just because it was so recent, had never tempted a scholar of the first class. Yet his path was bordered by precipices, for the creation of a nation-state had softened but in no way

obliterated the traditional antagonism of North and South. He never expected to please Austrian, French or British readers, and indeed he welcomed attacks from hostile camps. On the appearance of the second volume, however, which covered the years 1815-20, he received a wound from an old friend and comrade which never healed, for the *German History* was written with his heart's blood.

Hermann Baumgarten was one of the distinguished academic publicists who had co-operated with the staff of the *Preussische Jahrbücher* in working for the unification of Germany under Prussian leadership, and Treitschke's numerous letters to him breathe unstinted confidence and respect. His massive works on Spanish history had won him an honourable place in German scholarship, and his assault on the *Deutsche Geschichte* was the harder to bear because it was a bolt from the blue. Treitschke, he complained, had one pair of scales for Prussia, another for the South. Droysen and Sybel, his fellow-members of the Prussian School, rallied to his defence, and the latter procured him the coveted Verdun prize for the first two volumes. Less expected but no less welcome was a message from Dove, one of the most faithful of Ranke's disciples, that the great scholar was "filled with joy in living to see this novel and thoroughly original blossoming." In thanking Sybel for his moral support "in such unpleasant days," he added: "I am long used to Press attacks, but I had not expected that this book, which I really believed would please the Germans, would be pelted with dirt. Happily the Press is not the nation. You are quite right in your criticisms. My blood is unfortunately too hot for a historian; yet the tone in the second volume is quieter than in the first, and I intend to work on myself, to read industriously in Thucydides, and gradually to adapt myself more to the historical style."

His attitude to the South was explained in a letter to Heigel, one of Bavaria's leading historians. "Only politically am I a Prussian. As a man I feel more at home in the South and the Middle States than in the North. Nearly all my dearest memories lie in the South. My wife comes from Lake Constance; my daughters, born in the Palatinate, are regarded here (in Berlin) as Southerners. I hope they will not let Baumgarten's malevolence affect their judgment. It was my duty to show that the old Prussian absolutism, even after 1815, accomplished great and good things, and that South German life had to go through hard years of apprenticeship before it saw the light. If these irrefragable facts are unwelcome to the liberal party of to-day that is no reason for me to conceal them. Whatever you may think, I hope North German prejudices will not be found in my book. In my view it was rather Baumgarten who embodied the most detestable fault of the North Germans, bitter fault-finding. It seems to me almost a joke that he has come out as the advocate of the South Germans at a time when I am receiving appreciative reports from that quarter." A letter to his publishers, while he was at work on the third volume, covering 1820-30, reveals the persisting smart. "Let us hope it will have better luck than the second, though I do not expect it. The Austrians attacked the first, the Liberals the second; some party will be embittered by succeeding volumes." Happily the sky was not so dark after all. Apart from Baumgarten's attack he had no reason to complain of the reception of the whole work. He was appointed Historiographer of Prussia in succession to Ranke in 1886, and in 1887 he received the highest honour of all, *Pour le Mérite*, the order founded by Frederick the Great. That his old and valued friend Gustav Freytag received it at the same time increased

his satisfaction. Most precious of all was the approval of Bismarck, who pronounced the book masterly in its range of knowledge, literary skill, and characterisations.

Treitschke's admiration for the Iron Chancellor grew with the years. His only son, whose death at the age of ten broke a father's heart, was named after him, and the dismissal of the founder of the German Empire was the most poignant public grief of his life. "Both sides were right," he wrote to his wife. "The blow was not unexpected; there is a tragic necessity therein, yet we are all stunned. Everything depends on whether the Emperor is able in some measure to be his own Chancellor. God give him strength. Not for a moment must we doubt of our Reich, which is stronger than any mortal." Six months later he was still brooding over the catastrophe. "His fate shakes me to the depths. Such ingratitude is unknown since Themistocles." It was some comfort at any rate that the Emperor Frederick had not reigned long enough to change the political system under the malign influence of "the Englishwoman."

First impressions of the new ruler were favourable. "Our young Emperor steadily improves," he declared. "We must have a little patience with him," he wrote six months after the fall of Bismarck; "his tribute to Moltke shows once again that there is a noble core in him. It is a curse for him that no one tells him the truth: everyone grovels." The worst feature of the new régime was the lack of a strong government. A year later, in September 1891, the Emperor's speech in the London Guildhall was a new cause of offence to the inveterate Anglophobe. "Public affairs grow ever worse. Why must we in so undignified a manner throw ourselves on Grandmama's neck, since in England every infant is out to trick us? We all know it except the Emperor, Caprivi and Marschall. The Roumanians have left the Triple Alliance, for which I cannot blame them, since the Tsar offers them Transylvania and we nothing. Step by step the diplomatic situation worsens, unfortunately through our own fault. Of course I am far from despair, but it is very sad that abroad they are ceasing to fear us."

Treitschke was never a courtier. He was profoundly grateful to the Hohenzollerns for their services, and the chapter on Frederick the Great in his first volume is a full-throated hymn of praise; but he judged each one of them on his merits. His researches in the archives led him to revise his attitude to Frederick William III. "The old King, with all his failings, appears in a more favourable light than with the older generation." Frederick William IV, on the other hand, the central figure in the fifth and last volume, did not improve on acquaintance. "I have discovered several attractive traits in him," he wrote to his wife, "but for greatness you need strength of soul. Lacking it he is only a dilettante on a large scale." Fortunately the historian was spared the grief of witnessing the consequences of the abandonment of the Bismarckian policy of limited liability by the last Hohenzollern ruler.

The fifteen hundred pages of Treitschke's letters leave the impression of a powerful brain, a dynamic temperament, and an excellent heart. "One had to love him or hate him," declares Marcks, and those who knew him had no choice. The relationship of father and son, strained almost to breaking-point by political differences, reflects credit on them both. The refusal of tempting offers from Bismarck at a time when the young teacher had his career to make reveals a sturdiness rare in German academic circles. His delight in poetry and nature

softens the harsh outlines of a career of storm and stress. The letters to his wife, in later years a chronic invalid, breathe a touching tenderness. It was a dedicated life, devoted to the service of what appeared to him to be the highest ideals. That he was constitutionally unable to do justice to different ideologies was a failing he shared with Macaulay and other celebrated historians. He read history backwards while Ranke took it as it came. Regarding himself as a man with a mission, he dealt lusty blows at individuals and parties, institutions and countries, which seemed to block the way to his longed-for goal. He had no patience with the particularism of the minor German states, with the doctrinaire liberalism which declined to put first things first, with the Roman clericalism which he regarded as obscurantist and unpatriotic. It was the natural outcome of his fiery temperament that he came to glorify force more and more and valued the liberty of the individual less and less.

Growing up at a time when the star of nationalism was in the ascendant, Treitschke was blind to its radical insufficiency. That it involved perpetual struggles did not alarm him, for he believed that a unified and Prussianised Germany could take care of herself. Ranke's conception of Central and Western Europe as a community bound by a thousand visible and invisible ties meant as little to him as to Bismarck. The most eloquent German teacher of his generation except Nietzsche, his scorn of minorities and constitutional obstacles prepared the way for Hitler's totalitarian state. His annual course on political science, published in two volumes after his death, drew crowded audiences, in which officials and members of the public mingled in the cheering throng.

Friendships he formed in plenty, but he founded no school. Throughout his voluminous correspondence we hear little of academic themes and of the pupils who are the pride of teachers absorbed in their work. Yet it was largely this concentration of interest and purpose that gave him his hold on the generation which grew to manhood during and immediately after the wars of unification. In a world crying out for co-operation and conciliation his strident tones proclaimed that the final decision lies with the sword. If we seek to understand the atmosphere of Bismarckian and post-Bismarckian Germany we cannot ignore the writings of the most popular of German historians and publicists. In the *German History* he had constructed an imperishable monument for which students of every race can be grateful; yet he was also a destroyer, sharing with Nietzsche and the Iron Chancellor the grave responsibility of uprooting what little liberalism survived the Frankfurt Parliament. No one would class him among "good Europeans," and indeed such a title to fame he would have rejected with scorn. No leading figure on the nineteenth-century stage had less sense of the fundamental unity of Western civilisation, less craving for an organised and interdependent world. And no German historian was so heartily admired by the Nazis as this fiery nationalist, the standard-bearer of the academic anti-Semites, the ardent gosseller of war, who never ceased to proclaim the challenging message that "the state is power, not an academy of arts."

(Concluded)

G. P. GOOCH.

BRAZILIAN SURVEY.

BRAZIL is facing an economic crisis, the natural result of the transition from war- to peace-time conditions, aggravated by economic errors committed during a long period of dictatorship. During the war an unprecedented call was made on Brazil for raw materials and manufactured goods. Production increased to meet the demand. New factories were built, some with capital borrowed at high rates of interest, requiring big profits to keep them going. Banks granted credits freely. Public expenditure increased alarmingly, and new issues of paper money were made without restraint. The amount of money in circulation increased four-fold between 1939 and 1946. At the same time imports of manufactured goods practically ceased, Brazil's foreign trade balances mounted, and manufacturers no longer faced foreign competition. As they were unable to supply the demands of home and foreign markets the former went short, and prices rocketed. Wages were repeatedly raised, not only to meet the increased cost of living, but to attract labour, for which employers were clamouring. Money was plentiful and expenditure lavish. The building trade and real estate market became feverishly active.

After the war, as other countries resumed peace-time production and exporting, shipments from Brazil began to decrease in volume, but not immediately in value, owing to the rise in world prices. The price of coffee, raw cotton and cotton goods increased between 33 and 62 per cent. in one year. By the end of 1946, however, industry and commerce were facing difficulties. Foreign goods were pouring into the country, flooding the market with non-essential merchandise and articles similar to those made locally, but selling at lower prices. Foreign exchange was being dissipated when it was urgently required for purchases of machinery and equipment for industry, agriculture and all transport services. The requirements of the cotton mills alone called for an expenditure of twenty-five million pounds.

In October 1945 the armed forces put an end to the dictatorship of Getulio Vargas, which had lasted fifteen years. General Eurico Dutra became President of Brazil, elections to the Chambers of Deputies and the Senate were held for the first time since 1930, and in September 1946 a new Constitution was proclaimed. By that time the crisis had declared itself, but it was only in the beginning of 1947, after the Government had taken steps to check inflation, that any real outcry arose. The measures included the gradual reduction of paper currency, the restriction of bank credits to productive business, the control of imports, prohibition to export merchandise required for home consumption, and curtailment of public expenditure. Some of these provoked loud protests, particularly from San Paulo, where a number of factories shut down, and 20,000 cotton operatives were thrown out of work. Financial and industrial circles demanded a resumption of the policy of easy credits, an increase in the customs duties, and depreciation of the cruzeiro, which was still quoted at 18.70 to the dollar, although its purchasing power in Brazil had decreased by two-thirds. Depreciation of the cruzeiro, it was urged, would benefit industry by curtailing imports and increasing exports. Except for some necessary adjustments of the 1934 Customs Tariff, the Government turned a deaf ear to the clamour, and carried on with its financial programme.

The situation now shows a tendency to improve. Exports are permitted when stocks exceed the requirements of the home market, but imports are still controlled. The position of the banks is satisfactory,

and business is beginning to get brisk. Money is less plentiful. The real estate market is quiet. Restaurants, night clubs and other places of amusement are no longer over-crowded, but this appears to be a healthy sign. Inflation has, in fact, been checked, and the amount of paper money in circulation has slowly but steadily decreased since the end of 1946. As regards Government finances, the deficit at the end of September last was 226 million cruzeiros, as compared with 1,000 million a few months earlier. The 1948 Budget recently reached the Senate showing an adverse balance of 1,235 million cruzeiros, which is to be covered by a revision of the income tax law and the restoration of the 5 per cent. tax on remittances abroad. Certain essential imports and transfers of interest and dividends will not be affected. The only alternative would have been an emission of paper money, as Government loans at 6 or 7 per cent. find few buyers. Industrials pay higher rates, and the value rises, like that of real estate, when currency depreciates.

General Dutra's Government is handling the political situation with the same patient firmness it showed in dealing with the financial crisis. The restoration of constitutional government and of free speech after fifteen years of repression led temporarily to confusion and abuse. The multitude of political parties which arose and competed against each other at the elections gave the communists an opportunity to secure several seats in the Federal and State legislative bodies and in the municipal chambers. Once elected they proceeded to provoke public disturbances, make gross attacks on the President and his government, and openly proclaim allegiance to Russia. They penetrated the labour syndicates, causing unrest, and enlisted children in their Youth Organisation. In June last, following legal proceedings, the Youth Organisation was dissolved, and in July the Communist Party was declared illegal. But the communists elected to the various legislative assemblies continued to hold their seats. According to the Constitution they had become the representatives of the people who elected them, not of the party which had nominated them, and no legal provision exists to exclude them. A Bill to cancel their mandates, which had been rejected by the Chamber of Deputies, has now been approved by the Senate and will be returned to the Lower Chamber, where it is expected to pass.

Amidst this wrangling and bitterness General Dutra emerges more firmly established in the people's confidence, and his Government will be strengthened by the political rearrangements now being made. It is faced with many problems, some of which can only be solved by long-term plans, others being capable of early solution. Among the latter are the shortage of workmen's dwellings, and insect plagues in the south. The "Retirement and Pensions Institutes" are erecting groups of low-priced houses in all cities and industrial centres, and two new towns are to be built within a short distance of Rio de Janeiro, one by private enterprise, the other by Government. As regards insect plagues, the farms and grazing lands of Rio Grande do Sul are suffering repeated invasions by locusts, while the coffee plantations of five States are threatened by the *stephanoderes coffea*, a minute beetle which lays its eggs in the green berries. It was introduced into San Paulo in 1924 in experimental seeds from Africa, and has now spread as far north as Bahia. The position is serious, as coffee represents 35 per cent. of the value of Brazil's exports and covers one quarter of the cultivated area. The Federal and State Governments and the municipalities are

combining to deal with both plagues. Flame-throwers, sprinklers and disinfectants have been sent to Rio Grande, while the coffee plantations are being cleaned and disinfected, and a species of wasp which feeds on the beetle is being imported from Uganda.

Except for certain highly organised branches such as coffee and *maté* (Brazilian tea), agriculture is still backward in Brazil ; only 20 per cent. of the farms possess machinery of any kind, and the majority of them (there are 2,000,000 in all) are smallholdings. It is urgently necessary to increase the production of foodstuffs in order to combat sub-nutrition and to restore the balance between industry and agriculture. The Government is carrying out a four-year emergency plan which will establish settlements for immigrant and national agriculturists ; expropriate land and assist peasants to acquire their own farms ; build roads, organise co-operative societies, and provide water power and irrigation systems. Minimum prices will be guaranteed for cereals and other foodstuffs. The growing of wheat in selected areas is to be specially encouraged. Agricultural stations will be established throughout the interior to assist farmers, protect the soil and the forests, and lead campaigns against "cutting ants" and other insect and vegetable pests. A rural bank, with widely distributed branches, will be created to aid the farmers financially. Mechanisation is to be encouraged by providing tuition and repair shops, by supplying machinery on loan or on easy purchase terms, and by promoting the manufacture of tractors and other machines and implements. Finally, the national salt formations and aluminium phosphate deposits will be developed to ensure adequate supplies of fertilisers at low cost. Cattle breeders are also to be assisted, and it is hoped Brazil's livestock will be improved and increased ten-fold within the next four years, providing more meat for export and home consumption. At present foot-and-mouth disease, swine fever and other ills cause heavy losses. One hundred thousand pigs have been lost in Paraná alone this year. Country laboratories are to be created to intensify the production of serum and vaccine, and staff will be trained for vaccinating animals, disinfecting cattle trucks and examining herds.

A determined effort is also being made to develop Brazil's mineral resources. Experts from the Department of Mineral Production are making an exhaustive study of the aluminium ore deposits, and of the coal seams in south Brazil. The few working mines in Santa Catharina and Rio Grande do Sul produced 2,000,000 tons of coal annually during the war years, as against 800,000 tons in 1938, but the known seams extend from near the Uruguayan frontier into the State of Paraná, and production can be greatly increased. Intense interest centres in petroleum, which is known to exist in many parts of Brazil, and is being obtained in small quantities from several wells in Bahia. To develop the industry efficiently and quickly, technical and financial assistance will be required from abroad. This is precluded by the Code of Mines (1938), which nationalised the petroleum industry, and a Commission is now drafting a new law which will permit such assistance while safeguarding Brazilian interests. It is thought this may be done by maintaining the predominance of national capital in the refining and transport branches, by providing for progressive nationalisation as contracts expire, and by creating a national reserve of oil fields by restricting exploitation to 50 per cent. of each area prospected.

The question of transport is still a major problem in Brazil's vast, sparsely populated territory, where 41 million inhabitants are scattered

over 3½ million square miles. Maritime traffic suffered heavily during the war and is being restored as fast as ships can be purchased abroad or built locally. The railways, many in need of urgent renewals to rolling stock and tracks, are still inadequate for the country's needs, except in the States of San Paulo, Rio de Janeiro, Minas Geraes and Rio Grande do Sul. In the far north, with its network of navigable rivers, and in Goiás and Matto Grosso, they are practically non-existent. In the remaining States only the coastal towns and some of the bigger towns inland are linked by rail, leaving immense areas unconnected. The Ministry of Communications has drawn up a plan for large-scale development, but this will have to wait many years. In the meantime minor extensions, and the connecting of the northern to the southern sections, are being hastened forward. The construction of motor roads is being energetically carried out, particularly in the southern States, and airlines are being established all over the country. There are now more than twenty national companies in operation; isolated points on the Amazon, Goiás, Matto Grosso and elsewhere are linked by air to the Federal capital, where the daily average of arrivals and departures of planes is 170. New airports and landing fields are being constantly provided, and aeroplanes and aviation motors are now made locally.

Another problem which is becoming daily more serious and threatens to hamper development is the shortage of labour. The rapid increase of industrialism has drawn workers from the country to the town and depleted the farms. The spread of *stephanoderes* in the coffee districts is largely due to lack of labour and consequent failure to clear the plantations properly after harvesting. Now industrial production is slowing down, owing partly to the need for new machinery, but chiefly owing to shortage of labour, aggravated by a serious increase in absenteeism. The wave of absenteeism has been brought about by the sudden big increase in wages. A considerable proportion of Brazilian labourers still work only to satisfy their immediate necessities, and having earned enough for this purpose they knock off. The phase is only temporary and will disappear as the worker becomes accustomed to the new level of pay and a higher standard of living. A recent alteration in the social laws, making a certain degree of assiduity obligatory, will probably quicken the process but the shortage of manpower will continue until relieved by immigration on a large scale. A Council of Immigration and Colonisation has recently been created to stimulate immigration and co-ordinate the activities of the various bodies concerned with the entry and distribution of immigrants. Unfortunately, the principal sources from which Brazil draws the most suitable colonists, namely central and south Europe, are now closed, or partly closed. Her experience with "displaced persons" from camps in Europe, supposed to be miners and agricultural workers, was disappointing. They were found to be totally unfit for such work, and had to be absorbed by the towns.

Among other important questions with which Brazil is dealing are those of medical, hospital and educational facilities in rural districts, and the development of the neglected regions along the Amazon and San Francisco rivers. The Union and the States, in accordance with the new Constitution, must devote a percentage of their annual revenues to these objects. The schemes for developing the Amazon and San Francisco zones provide for improving sanitary conditions, building schools and promoting agriculture and industry. The falls of the San Fran-

cisco are to be harnessed to supply light and power to an immense area. As regards other rural zones General Dutra's Government has already opened 2,100 new schools and 640 others are now being built. A school and medical post will be provided in every new settlement opened. The percentage of illiterates is unavoidably high, and the standard of health low, in these widely separated, sparsely inhabited districts. A nation-wide health campaign has been started to combat disease and instruct the people in notions of health and sanitation.

B. G. WALKER.

Teresopolis, Brazil.

FAITH AND DOUBT IN VICTORIAN LITERATURE.

THE publication of *The Perennial Philosophy*, that painstaking attempt of unqualified sincerity to prove that all religions are fundamentally the same and differ only in the superficial, struck a note unusual in this nearly half-run century. We are not accustomed to seeing religion breaking in on literary careers, if indeed on careers of any kind. The strife, not between faith and doubt but between one species of doubt, or disguised doubt, and another, does not go anything like deep enough to affect the creative writer. In this half-century, whose years cannot but seem scamped, ever threatened by the pressure of war or peace-time's conquest of time and space, only Mr. Middleton Murry has offered what may be called the specific contribution of a literary man, in the shape of criticism, to the faith of his time. Confronting the Gospels with the enthusiasm of a critic at once tougher and more devout than Arnold, he wrote his life of Jesus, which is the most sensitive contribution to the "Spinoza, Goethe, Blake and Jesus" school of thought made by this century.

But, it will be urged, why begin on the note of negation? Is the fact that Mr. Murry feels he must write a book to make clear what he does not believe really to outweigh the fact that Mr. Eliot believes and does not need to write books which are primarily and singularly confessions of faith? Is not the Victorian literature of faith and doubt itself more remarkable for the *Apologia* than for *Literature and Dogma*? A partial answer is that in those days the compartments of literature were more strictly separated by watertight barriers from one another. Novels were not autobiography, and poetry knew little of sociology. If you had faith and wished to write about it, about faith you had to write, and the same with doubt. So that Mr. Huxley has revealed, and by no means for the first time (did not D. H. Lawrence complain that he was tiresomely his grandfather's grandson?), how much of a Victorian he is. He doubts (the nineteenth century would have said), and he writes of faith. He has his own faith (says the twentieth century), and he writes about that. Had he been, however, actually his grandfather's contemporary, this path would not have been open to him.

It is usually easier to take a very long backwards journey in imagination than to struggle through one century. In studying religion, at any rate, it is easier to shape something which we believe to be mediæval faith than to enter in spirit into that desperately bleak region which is Victorian doubt. We turn back a hundred years and find ourselves

watching Newman's agonised farewell to Oxford, and then we have to remind ourselves that it is only another hundred years back to the death of Pope. Gibbon, Hume and Voltaire then stand to us as the stalwarts of nineteenth-century agnosticism stand to the century of the bombing plane. We can achieve some reasonable orientation as far as art goes, or architecture, or the state of education, or the relation of wages to prices; but when it comes to the soul of man, we feel at one and the same time intimate and remote. At a distance of more than a century faith and doubt both speak a different English, and are inclined to use what almost sounds like Wardour Street—the best Wardour Street, it is true, but still exotic. From the earliest Victorian days, however, an idiom prevails which does not need to be translated, to which indeed one can only wish some of our modern quasi-mystics might approximate. With the decay of belief (the universal and classless decay of to-day, not the select questionings of isolated intellectuals) there can be no doubt that literary style decays also, and the acquisition of psychological jargon perpetually threatens to disintegrate language along with dogma.

But into how hopeless a desert a few statements from the critics ushered the imaginative writer of the last century. "While we believed, on earth He went," sighed Arnold, somewhat overlooking the fact that it was two hundred years since the last high tide of spiritual life in England, and that it was only an exquisite æsthetic taste and the undeveloped state of industrialism which had allowed the eighteenth-century rationalist to inhabit a pleasant land.

Now he is dead. Far hence he lies,
In the lorn Syrian town,
And on his grave, with shining eyes,
The Syrian stars look down.

No trifling with Buddha and Lao-tsze for Arnold, Clough, and others left "most beliefless, who had once believed." No sheltering among the stark prophesyings of Barth or swooping on murky pinions through an eternity of spiritual ill health with Kierkegaard. In those days a theological desert was a desert, not an interesting collection of vegetation from all zones or a modernist selection of hybrids and cuttings from good old stocks which have been exposed to chemical tests in the name of "translation into modern thought."

Exasperated by the wholesale degradation of taste and style which Liberal Christianity has forced upon standards of worship and preaching, we cannot easily put ourselves in Robert Elsmere's place. At one point he is described as being harassed by having to choose between "the Paul of Anglican theology and the fiery fallible man of genius—so weak logically, so strong in poetry, in rhetoric, in moral passion, whose portrait has been drawn for us by a free and temperate criticism." We, alas, are so well used to being handed out the personalities of heroes and heroines all carefully laundered, ironed and folded by psychologists, that we have quite forgotten what an orthodox Anglican portrait of the saint would be like. "Maladjusted" is the inscription on the show-case.

Similarly, we can hardly realise how daring Clough was in writing of the people of Galilee as flocking to hear "a young man preaching in a boat." Presentations, usually sentimental and all too human, of the Jesus of history have brought about the very desolation which the pioneers in that type of teaching imagined they were banishing from

the life of the nation. The modernists cannot eat their cake and have it too. They cannot forego the supernatural and at the same time enjoy and propagate a lively faith. One may be pretty sure that Clough was too sensitive and wise not to foresee, even as he wrote the words, the dangers of relying too exclusively on the picture of a young man preaching in a boat. Elsewhere he gave a warning to iconoclasts of little judgment.

"Old things need not be therefore true,"
O brother man, nor yet the new;
Ah! still awhile the old thought retain,
And yet consider it again!

The souls of now two thousand years
Have laid up here their toils and fears,
And all the earnings of their pain—
Ah, yet consider it again!

Few English poets have been as under-rated as Clough, and few of these repay study as richly. As Palgrave wrote of him, he had powers "rarely given in such curiously subtle combination." Too many readers have been content to remember him in an eternal gesture of mildly entreating us not to say that the struggle naught availeth; at best, as Dr. Arnold's star pupil, who was to suffer more than was even then common from doubt and to see his interior peace of mind and also his historical perspective wrecked because soulless critics proved the impossibility of miracles. All this is true of Clough, but it is equally true that he was still able to face life armed with the resources of a vivid and robust imagination. In comparison with his shrewd, fearless criticism of society, Arnold's sighs and regrets appear indeed those of a "light half-believer" content to muffle the voice of his intellectual conscience in enjoyment of the moment when

High in the Valais depths profound
(He) saw the morning break.

And not only in comparison with his friend but essentially, Arnold was indifferent. His fastidiousness could not contemplate without distaste the dissidence of Dissent and the Protestantism of the Protestant religion as symbolised in "tea meetings and addresses from Mr. Murphy." The cultural symptoms of too much faith in private judgment troubled him more deeply than its menace to individual integrity. Clough, although far from being less sensitive, was less fastidious, by which we know that the one was temperamentally a sceptic, the other temperamentally a believer. Arnold, nevertheless, could achieve a beauty unknown in Clough's work and evoke sensuous delight in the moods when he withdrew sufficiently from contemporary troubles to see them in symbolic form. Then he could write *The New Sirens* and *The Scholar Gipsy*; or he might free himself entirely from history and produce *The Forsaken Merman* and *The Strayed Reveller*. Such excursions were not for Clough, whose Muse would have felt at home in only one painting of that school, that eagerly conceived slice of society, Madox Brown's *Work*. And *Thyrsis*? Had Arnold died first, and untimely, what kind of elegy would Clough have written? One can imagine its depth of feeling, its stern self-questionings as to affection ill-repaid or misunderstood, its passionate regret, all related to philosophies and modes of thought, a miniature *In Memoriam*. There can be no doubt of the pathos and sincerity of *Thyrsis*, but it is

pictorial rather than credal, an inconclusive personal cry echoing across a well-loved landscape.

Clough, despite his apparently endless companionship with doubt, or what he took to be doubt, was no timid and nervous being. Even physically he was a "hefty" figure, an enthusiast for walking and climbing and swimming, which last sport receives splendid treatment in the *Bothie*. And the same was true of his inner life. He believed robustly and he doubted robustly, so far as he "doubted" at all, since he gave the name to what was, if not faith, at least a hardy by-product of it. He was a believer as described by George MacDonald.

My soul with truth clothe all about,
And I shall question free;
The man that feareth, Lord, to doubt,
In that fear doubteth thee.

Any comparison of Clough with Arnold only serves to supply ammunition to those critics who are rather too fond of describing Arnold as one who whined or wailed. To say this is not to disparage his spiritual distress.

The critic of his kind,
Dealing to each his share
With easy humour hard to bear,
May, not impossibly, have in him shrined,
As in some gossamer globe or thickly-padded pod,
Some small seed dear to God.

But when one considers the indifferent politeness which was often Arnold's highest tribute to the "calm Soul of all things" (a power for which, after all, it is hard to feel much enthusiasm) and then passes to the strenuous efforts of Clough, the longing, the humility, it is obvious that one has come into the presence of a greater soul. The very nature of the subjects chosen by each man proves that Clough was more at home in the universe, more of a brother and a neighbour to his fellow-men, though this must needs have been the work of nature rather than grace, since even grace cannot turn introvert to extrovert—and how magnificently Clough balanced both types in himself. We do not need the *Bothie* or *Amours de Voyage* to convince us that Clough possessed the novelist's power of getting inside characters. There is almost enough proof in the poem put into the mouth of the girl in France driving home the cows, or the story of the journey in the diligence in *Mari Magno*:

My sweetheart wanders far away from me,
In foreign land or on a foreign sea.
Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie.

Even the names of the animals are indicative of an artistic quality which Arnold's touching poems on his own pets never achieved. Obviously Clough's imagination enabled him to live as a citizen of a cosmopolitan and varied community, a circumstance the more remarkable because he was so ready to assume (one cannot say "to believe") that new critical teaching had reduced the Christian universe to a desert in which springs could not break out. A few quotations from some of his intimate poems reveal the unique quality of such work.

So be it: yet, O Good and Great,
In whom in this bedarkened state

I fain am struggling to believe,
 Let me not ever cease to grieve,
 Or lose the consciousness of ill
 Within me. . . .
 Let me not feel, nor be it true
 That while each daily task I do
 I still am giving day by day
 My precious things within away
 (Those thou didst give to keep as thine).

O let me live my love unto myself alone,
 And know my knowledge to the world unknown ;
 No witness to the vision call,
 Beholding unbeheld of all ;
 And worship thee, with thee withdrawn apart,
 Whoe'er, whate'er thou art,
 Within the closest veil of mine own inmost heart.

O only Source of all our light and life,
 Whom as our truth, our strength, we see and feel,
 But whom the hours of mortal moral strife
 Alone aright reveal !

Mine inmost soul, before thee inly brought,
 Thy presence owns, ineffable, divine ;
 Chastised each rebel self-encentered thought,
 My will adareth thine . . .

O not unowned, Thou shalt unnamed forgive,
 In worldly walks the prayerless heart prepare,
 And if in work its life it seem to live,
 Shalt make that work be prayer.

In all these, and above all in the first few simple lines of the first quotation, there shines out a genuine essential goodness, a candour, a passionate and persistent devotion to his unnamed "Source," which easily persuades us, to quote Palgrave again, that Clough lived his poems. Hopkins himself could not achieve a more passionate intensity. Clearly to "doubt" with Clough would mean a life infinitely richer and more vigorous, more inspiring to other men, than to "believe" with Kierkegaard. Clough wore himself out in searching for truth of spirit. Arnold's doubts and fears flickered shakily round historical facts. As the first shock of the new criticism died down, imaginative literature inherited the necessity to explore the consequences of the new knowledge, "Beauty is Truth." The æsthetic impulse took the place of the philosophic, and Shorthouse and Pater began their literary careers.

It is not quite fair to take Pater as the embodiment of such interest in religion as characterised the "æsthetic" movement. Let it be remembered that he did offer to Mrs. Humphry Ward herself the objection that there was an insoluble mystery in "Come unto Me, all ye that labour." Let the blue china and apple-green ties and the beauty of the reflection from the Brasenose bonfire be forgotten, and the moving elements in *Marius*, the well-conveyed sense of being outcast from some tremendous secret, the pathos of the concluding chapter, stand out finely from the attendant luxuriousness. The comment on it which Shorthouse made was steeped in the caution of his Quaker forbears. "I think that I had rather not say anything about it, I have always held that criticism of any imaginative work is worthless if not

appreciative." Shorthouse had never tasted the atmosphere of Oxford, and of an Oxford more overwhelmingly ecclesiastical than anything we can to-day imagine. His Anglicanism was inspired by all the rapture and enthusiasm of the convert, although it is a commonplace to students of our unhappy divisions that extremes meet and that the Anglo-Catholic and the Friend find very few obstacles in the way of sympathetic understanding. Shorthouse had been brought up in a faith whose very austerity, with its mystical basis, made an art of living, and no doubt he felt a certain suspicion of "discriminating some passionate attitude in those about him" and in "exquisite" and "brilliant" sins and passions. Quite often, it is true, the vehemence of his response to the sensuous appeal of beauty carried him a fair distance along the same road as Pater. This is particularly evident in his stories of eighteenth-century life in European courts (*The Little Schoolmaster Mark* and *The Countess Eve*), in which elaborate descriptions of the loveliness of building and garden, furniture and *objets d'art*, succeed and rival one another. His later short novels, however, show a sublimation of this worship of visual beauty into a mood of which sacrifice, vicarious suffering, and love are the eternal elements. *Sir Percival* (1886) and *Blanche, Lady Falaise* (1891) are stories of an exquisite delicacy and pathos, in which the pre-Raphaelite attention to background is subordinate to heavenly values, but never overlooked. "I do not think that there is a waking moment of my life in which I am unconscious of my surroundings," he once wrote. "I cannot think of my characters apart from their scenery and environment."

As for *John Inglesant*, in spite of the moment of shock when a critic pointed out how many passages in it were sheer transcription, nothing will ever dethrone it from its position among religious novels. It makes spiritual experience a romantic theme, and it adds considerably to our knowledge of that earlier period of vital English religion, the seventeenth century, which Shorthouse had studied exhaustively and in which his own ancestral faith first arose. His perpetual ambition was to reconcile the spiritual and the æsthetic aspects of life. "May not religion be conceived as a fine art?" he wrote once. "Is religion to be always a stranger and alien to life's *Feast*? . . . The world-spirit is often the Christ-spirit, and when we begin to see that His footsteps may be traced in paths where we little expect to find them, we shall no longer dare to talk of the secular life."

The literature of doubt could also produce its best-seller. Was there not once a bus in which ten, if not twelve, passengers were all reading *Robert Elsmere*? Inferior as the book is to *John Inglesant*, its vigorous treatment of contemporary society and its unremittingly earnest pursuit of T. H. Green's Liberal and modernist ideals combine to make a readable and dramatic piece of propaganda. The technique may be old-fashioned, the hand of the novelist arranging his puppets too obvious, but the fact remains that it is a novel about ideas, constructed round something more satisfying than a mere tangle of personal relationships and hungry emotions, and in so far as it has the dignity of belief in its creed of specious freedom, it deserves to live as a document. The cult had also its lesser triumphs in fiction, and it would do no one any harm to-day to read *Donovan* and *We Two*.

In some ways the most touching and most lovely religious novel of the century stands outside criticism. It is true that *Loss and Gain* may be read chiefly for the enjoyment of the humour and satire with which, here only, Newman treated the contemporary religious land-

scape with its dull stretches of Evangelical moor and fen and the romantic crag and torrent of Anglo-Catholicism. Inevitably, however, the agony of the hero's parting from Anglicanism outweighs the pleasure of the reader in such moments as that when Redding's tutor, with falling jaw, asserts that "some subtle Jesuit will corrupt him," and we stand silent before that rending of heart and mind which is conversion. Love of Oxford has never been rendered with such power as in the pathos of Redding's farewell to the very trees. Until the appearance, in how different a context, of *Eyeless in Gaza* no first-class writer in English (whether Mr. Huxley is a good novelist or not is not now under discussion) has displayed quite so intimately the pangs of a conversion.

Over few aspects of Victorian society have so many unnecessary tears been shed as over the life of its children. Certainly there were tragedies, and afterwards *Father and Son* and *The Way of All Flesh* were written, and to make things worse the tragedies occurred not among the infidels, but where piety was at its strictest and most orthodox. Most orthodox, however, was likewise the atmosphere of the century's richest contribution to the literature of childhood. The superlative is excusable if we choose to face facts and acknowledge that *Alice* is an adult work. Mrs. Ewing's world-outlook was uncompromisingly Anglican, but her acceptance of dogmatism only enhanced the charm of her work by providing a structure delicate but strong as iron which underlay the sweet playfulness and the moralising never divorced from fun which make up her inimitable charm.

These names do not exhaust the list of Victorian writers whose work was rooted in dogmatic Christianity or swept by winds of doubt, both descriptions naturally being true in many instances of the same work. Even the childlike faith of George Macdonald, that poet most remarkable for being a Scottish poet and writing as he did, knew its dark valleys and silences, but these, as with Christina Rossetti, were part of the natural pilgrimage of the Christian soul, bearing small relation to the appearance of the Higher Critics. The same is true of Patmore and Francis Thompson. The total roll of names is a rich one, and to ponder on it increases one's dread of the present gulf between religion and literature. It is true that even in this epoch of Hollywood values, when uninstructed England lies in need less of evangelisation than of conversion, a fine list could be made, but how briefly. Chesterton, T. S. Eliot, Charles Williams and Edward Thompson, both deeply lamented, C. S. Lewis, Graham Greene, Bruce Marshall, Compton Mackenzie, these are a few whose work reposes on a sure foundation, but even the shepherds of the sheep too often deny them support. Best-sellers which possess any moral values at all do not rise above humanism, and the more sensitive agnostics turn to an East whose faiths are essentially exotic. The writers are there, and the audience, too, is there, but it is an audience of the converted or the unconvertible.

DORIS N. DALGLISH.

THE ART OF AJANTA.

OVER a thousand select *objets d'art* from renowned public museums and galleries and private collections in India, Great Britain and Europe are disclosed for the first time to Western lovers and students of art at the Indian Art Exhibition at Burlington House. They serve to give an idea of the greatness and manysidedness of the

artistic legacy of a country of continental dimensions with a stirring history stretching back to 3300 B.C. Circumstances have prevented the exhibition of examples of Indian monumental sculpture as well as wall-paintings. Because of their intrinsic importance and historic significance an account of the art of Ajanta will fittingly supplement the hundreds of pieces of sculpture and miniature paintings.

The famous Buddhist cave temples of Ajanta, which first became known to Europeans in 1819, are found 34 miles south of Jalgaon, a railway station 200 miles from Bombay on the line to Calcutta in the Indian State of Hyderabad, Deccan. The trouble the traveller gave himself until recently to see their glorious paintings and sculptures invested this journey with the character of a pilgrimage. The Buddhist monks were partial to wild, mountainous places for retreat and contemplation, and no other spot has finer "architecture" except perhaps Ellora. The *Viharas* (monasteries) and *Chaitya* halls (halls containing a chaitya or shrine) resemble Romanesque churches with barrel vaulting for nave, and aisles excavated on the face of a striking semi-circular cliff forming the front of a meandering river. From the stream bed rose a steep flight of stone steps leading to a rough terraced path which connected the colonnaded façades of the twenty-seven temples cut in the wide concave sweep of the precipitous hill face, so that the entrance of the first faces the dark mouth of the last, a distance of some 500 yards. The Nizam's Government spent £90,000 on building roads and bridges to render Ajanta easily accessible. A motor road now takes the traveller right to the foot of the hill wherein the cave temples are hewn. The Fardapur Ghat forms a most pleasant drive, offering lovely views of the Ajanta valley. For centuries the dim and dark caves had been the abode of bats, while without parrots flit across the clear blue skies, monkeys, boars and an occasional panther haunt the locality, and black buck feed in the valley. It is altogether an enchanting spot.

Ajanta frescoes have for Asia and the history of Asian art the same outstanding significance that the frescoes of Assisi, Siena and Florence have for Europe and the history of European art. Early Buddhist records reveal that painting was closely linked with popular festivals and with civic life in ancient India. Ethics and æsthetics are perfectly synthesised in Indian art. Mythology and the doctrine of reincarnation, fundamental to all Indian religious teaching, gave a natural human interest to the metaphysical ideas which the temple sculptor and painter endeavoured to express. There was no lack of subjects the artist might use for the adornment of temples, monasteries and kings' palaces. The iconography of the Indian people is indeed the richest, the most exuberant, ever evolved from the human brain. Buddhism as it appeared during the Gupta and Harsha periods (fourth to seventh century A.D.) was a religion of charity and tenderness, gentleness and renunciation, as seen in the lives of the "Blessed One," and in the pure poetry of the Sutas and Jatakas. The legend of Buddha did not end with his historic existence. There is the entire cycle of his Jatakas—"births" in the course of his previous existences. The Buddhist scriptures place the account of these in the mouth of the Blessed One himself, something in the fashion of the Christian parables. No better examples could be found of that purely Indian sentiment of human brotherhood, that fountain of humanitarianism which extends even to animals and plants. It is this loving literature which inspired the tender naturalism of Sanchi and Ajanta. It is this mythology which provided the Indian genius with delightful themes—motives of love and con-

solation, an entire world of dreams of unexpected æsthetic value and new sources of inner life and mystic sentiment for the loftiest souls. Just as the splendid Gothic cathedrals in the West are veritable encyclopædias in stone, so the gates at Sanchi and the frescoes at Ajanta unroll before our eyes the marvellous poem of Indian nature—a very *jungle book*. Filled with the spirit of Jatakas the jungle has become an earthly paradise.

The outstanding character of Gupta art as found at Ajanta and elsewhere is its classical quality. It was an era of culmination, of fluorescence, rather than of renaissance. Close parallels exist between the development of art and literature—the Ajanta frescoes and the decoration of Gupta reliefs are matched by the Sanskrit *kavya* literature. This age inherited its rich decorative resources from indigenous, Early Asiatic, Persian and Hellenistic sources. The blended and perfected technique became the medium of conscious and explicit statement of spiritual conceptions in sculpture, painting and dancing. This phase is at once serene and energetic, spiritual and voluptuous. The style derived plastically from Mathura is unified and naturalistic. From the Gupta period onwards the Indian æsthetic ideal was inspired by a supreme sense of rhythmic beauty. The contours of the limbs were softened into a caressing line of ineffable charm. Thus arose a composite, flexible, simple and harmonious art in which earthly beauty was the direct expression of the highest spirituality. Although from this period the nude predominated, no nudity could be more chaste than that of Gupta art.

The magnificent temples and monastic halls of Ajanta represent the perfect blending and co-ordination of building design, sculpture and painting into a higher organic unity which is the hallmark of all noble architecture. To the Indian mind the Blessed One and his disciples were real living figures, with positive relations to their own social world. It is this broad and comprehensive outlook on life as a whole giving to its spiritual quality a sane and normal relation to daily existence which is so important and delightful an element in the Ajanta paintings. The walls and pillars of Ajanta were transformed into precious picture books for instructing pilgrims and novices of the Buddhist order of monks in the events of the Master's many existences. Here Indian painters excelled in the subtle art of surface modelling, and equalled the best Chinese masters in their wonderful power of delineation. The best general description of the paintings is given by Lady Herringham in these words: "The outline is in its final state firm but modulated and realistic, and not often like the calligraphic sweeping curves of the Chinese and the Japanese. The drawing is on the whole like mediæval Italian drawing. . . . The artists had a complete command of posture. Their knowledge of the types and positions, gestures and beauties of hands is amazing. Many racial types are rendered; the features are often elaborately studied and of high breeding, and one might call it stylistic breeding. In some pictures considerable impetus of movement of different kinds is well suggested. Some of the schemes of colour composition are most remarkable and interesting, and there is great variety. The drawing of foliage and flowers is very beautiful. There is no other really fine portrayal of a dark race by themselves. The quality of the painting varies from sublime to grotesque, from tender and graceful to quite rough and coarse. But most of it has a kind of emphatic, passionate force, a marked technical skill very difficult to suggest in copies done in a slighter medium." Those who

“ painted the interior of these dark caves probably had big white-metal sheets properly burnished and shining. These must have been kept outside the cave and reflection thrown on the walls, and in that reflected light they must have executed their masterpieces. The date of the cave temples ranges from the second century B.C. to the seventh A.D.

Every one of the leading themes of the frescoes of Ajanta is worthy of separate analysis and discussion. On the hundred walls and pillars of these rock-carved temples a vast and moving drama is enacted before our eyes, a drama played by princes, princesses, priests and heroes, by men and women of every condition, against a marvellously varied scene, among forests and gardens, in courts and cities, on wide plains and in deep-jungles, while above the messengers of heaven move swiftly across the sky. From all these emanates a great joy in the surpassing radiance of the face of the world, in the physical nobility of men and women, in the strength and grace of animals and the beauty of birds, loveliness of flowers, and woven into this fabric of material beauty we behold the ordered pattern of the spiritual realities of the universe. It is this perfect combination of material and spiritual energy which distinguishes the great periods of art.

The predominant impression these unforgettable paintings convey is the eternal realism of India inspiring these beautiful human bodies, moving freely and gracefully in the light and shade of a tropical climate. This naturalism is spiritualised in its tendencies and refined in its expression. All nude female figures of Ajanta have flower-like grace, freedom of lines and variety of charming poses, making them a poem of Indian womanhood. Here we get a glimpse into the mysteries of another Quattrocento, another Florence or Umbria. Before these female figures with their oval faces, elongated eyes with an expression at once chaste, voluptuous and wistful, and their long and slender bodies in attitudes developed by a sophisticated æsthetic sense, before these supple, seductive figures with their innocent nudity, we involuntarily think of the work of Sandro Botticelli, such as his “Birth of Venus,” and the divine pictures of the period of Italian art preceding Raphael. Indeed the spirit which animated the artist of the Uffizi and that of the old masters of Ajanta is similar. Both celebrate in a spirit of neo-paganism the artistic value of the line in the female form, and the pensive, haunting softness of lovely youthful bodies, while the Florentine master is just as mindful as his distant Indian cousin in Deccan of the fact that these graceful beings have to harmonise with their surroundings. The treatment of the hands alone by the painters of Ajanta would be enough to express the almost Franciscan tenderness by which they were animated; what a spiritual quality there is in their slightest postures, what mystic feeling in the most amorous caress!

In depicting scenes of jungle life, unknown Indian artists as powerful as the French artist Barye brought to their direct observation a realism and fire worthy of the superb sculpture of Sanchi. When its mission was to clothe in a material form the ideal vision of Buddhas and Bodhisattvas, Ajanta was the peer, and heir, of Mathura and Sarnath. Indeed the idyllic scenes of Indian life and the flowing jungle forming the setting are only there to throw the figures of Bodhisattvas into greater relief. At Ajanta these supernatural apparitions are among the most moving visions vouchsafed to mankind. The figure of Bodhisattva in Cave 1 is worthy of a place in the art of the world by the side of the sublimest incarnations of the Sistine Chapel, or of such drawings as

that of Christ for the Last Supper, in which Leonardo expressed the most intense emotions of the soul. This blessed being is not modelled on any standards of beauty, but is composed of a canon of proportion and ideal shapes calculated the more effectively and appropriately to evoke the divine and superhuman nature it represents. Just as a poet has recourse to metaphor to suggest the beauty of his subject, so the Indian artist employs shapes drawn from the animal and plant world to depict the final perfection of the godly anatomy as laid down in the ancient manuals of artistic practice. Spiritual contemplation is the keynote of Indian art as it was that of Fra Angelico and other great Christian masters. It shows an intensity of feeling which nothing in European art has ever approached, unless it be in the creation of Michaelangelo or in the music of Wagner. At Elephanta, Ellora and Ajanta, Indian sculptors played with chiaroscuro in great masses of living rock with the same feeling as the Gothic cathedral builders, or as Wagner played with tonal effects. It is a tribute to the vitality of Indian art and culture that they have spread through Central Asia, China, Korea, Japan and Further India. The Nara period of Japan enriched the Buddhist world with what are its most marvellous masterpieces after Ajanta paintings—the frescoes of Horuji. The latter are derived from Ajanta through the frescoes of Kotan, Kucha and Tun-huang and the Korean tomb of Sammyori. Types, costumes, attitudes and expressions are all Indo-Gupta going back to the style of Cave 1, Ajanta.

V. S. SWAMINATHAN.

FAMOUS SAYINGS IN TYRANNOUS TIMES.

“**Y**ET the rude commons of one poor shire, and that the most brute and beastly of my realm, ask certain petitions. I do refuse them all.” So spake that unconscionable tyrant Henry VIII. His words were addressed to the people of Lincolnshire who had presented a very humble supplication. Nor was it with the poor only that this fat despot knew no mercy. The unhappy cry of his too-faithful servant, the broken-hearted Wolsey, still rings in our ears: “If I had served my God as diligently as I have served my King he would not have given me over in my grey hairs.” The once magnificent cardinal who had lived with the splendour of a prince, surrounded by the most dazzling pomp and grandeur of any Court in Europe, was, by the whim of a monarch, degraded to beggards and mockery, and finally would have been brought to a traitor’s grave had not his death intervened.

In Henry’s daughter, Bloody Mary, we find the same merciless despotism, this time under the guise of religion. A bigoted Roman Catholic, her reign was characterised by the most fanatical and brutal persecutions of the Protestants. Yet how sublime in contrast were the courage and self-sacrifice of the great men who perished in the fires of Smithfield! We still reverence the immortal words of Latimer who, though a frail old man, could approach the stake and say deliberately and calmly: “Be of good comfort Master Ridley and play the man! We shall this day light such a candle, by God’s grace, in England as shall never be put out.” With vigorous clarity this great divine foresaw the ultimate triumph of the cause for which he died.

In Henry's second daughter, Queen Elizabeth, we find the imperious spirit of the Tudors flagrantly still undiminished. Though of an entirely different character from her half-sister this powerful sovereign could brook very little opposition from her subjects at times. To Bishop Cox, for instance, she replied in a fury : " Proud prelate, you know what you were before I made you what you are : if you do not immediately comply with my request by God I will unfrock you ! " There was, of course, another side to the Virgin Queen. In her love of England and her resolute faith in her country's destiny she was superb. At the time of the Armada, when England stood alone, threatened by the greatest military and naval power of the time, intimidated by a foe whose dreaded Inquisition was the terror of all Europe, she showed her bravery and unflinching loyalty to her people. Riding down to view her army at Tilbury she made a stirring and exhilarating speech during which she cried : " I know I have the body but of a weak and feeble woman ; but I have the heart and stomach of a king, ay, and of a King of England too, and think foul scorn that Parma or Spain or any Prince of Europe should dare to invade the borders of my realm."

The same temper of high courage and cool enterprise inspires Drake's words when, on being told during a game of bowls that the dreaded invasion has begun and the Spanish galleons are already in sight, he remarks coolly : " There is time enough to finish our game and beat the Spaniards too." It was in this mood that the English sailors watched the great Armada as it swept on " in front like a half-moon, the horns stretching forth about the breadth of seven miles, sailing as it were with labour of the winds, and groaning of the ocean, slowly, though with full sails." Against this naval colossus sailed the smaller ships of the British Navy, the Merchant Navy and numerous little craft manned by volunteers, 197 ships all told, less than one-half of the total tonnage of the Spanish Fleet. Men whose names were to be blazoned across the victorious pages of British history were then awaiting their ordeal, Raleigh, Howard of the *Ark Royal*, Drake of the *Revenge*, Hawkins of the *Victory*, Frobisher of the *Triumph*, and many more. Brilliantly they did their work, and as an old chronicle of the time records (when referring to the great storm which arose) " The breath of heaven did what Howard and Drake left undone." To give thanks for this stupendous victory Elizabeth dressed herself in startling and bejewelled magnificence and, attended by a more than usually glorious procession, rode through the streets of London to St. Paul's. There the Bishop of London dared to preach on the vanities of " decking the body," on which she remarked to one of her ladies : " If the Bishop held more discourse on such matters, she would fit him for heaven."

What a dramatic gulf lies between this remark and that of sixty years later when Oliver Cromwell, in replying to Sir Algernon Sidney, could say : " I tell you we will cut off the King's head with the crown upon it." Later, in the House of Commons, when he had made good these fateful words, pointing to the King's mace, that symbol of majesty, he could shout : " What shall we do with this bauble ? Take it away." To a man of his forceful and realistic temperament the romance of tradition was unlikely to have any great appeal. It was reported by the painter Lely that Cromwell said to him : " If you wish to paint, then paint me warts and all."

To an officer who remarked : " What a crowd has come to see your Lordship's triumph," he replied dourly : " If it were to see me hanged how many more would there be." Indeed, when he died, within six

weeks of his death his son was to write : " I thought those whom my father had raised from nothing would not so soon have forgotten him."

For the most part the people of England seemed glad to forget Cromwell and wildly acclaimed the restoration of a Stuart king. Charles II, on hearing that Parliament had voted him a considerable sum for the army, addressed them thus : " I do promise you, which is the best way I can take to gratify you, I will not apply one penny of that money to my own particular occasions, whatsoever shift I make, till it is evident to me that the public will not stand in need of it." What magnanimity ! And yet Parliament was to discover later the real extent of their Sovereign's self-denial, and suggested that a commission should be appointed to inspect the accounts. Pepys records that it was thought a sum of £400,000 voted for the war had gone into the Privy Purse, and in the Lord Treasurer's account a sum of more than two millions could not be accounted for. He further adds that the idea of a commission " makes the King and Court mad ; the King having given orders to my Lord Chamberlain to send to the playhouses and brothels to bid all the Parliament men that were there to go to the Parliament immediately." Times had changed somewhat since the days when the Parliament men were to be found in the churches and conventicles. Indeed, with a licentious and degraded Court, a King who was willing to barter his country's honour, and corruption rife in the Courts of Justice, England's prestige on the Continent was at an exceedingly low ebb. At home there was a feeling of apprehension and distrust.

June 1665 came in as one of the hottest and most sultry summers ever known. The City of London lay under a shroud of heat paralysed with a feeling of inertia and impending dread. Day after day a tall gaunt stranger was to be seen striding down the suffocating streets calling out : " Oh ! the great and dreadful God." Pedlars were doing a thriving trade with almanacs predicting terrible calamities and telling of strange comets and other omens " which frightened the people terribly." " The 7th June," writes Pepys, " was the hottest day I ever felt in my life. This day, much against my will, I did in Drury Lane see two or three houses marked with a Red X upon the doors and ' Lord have Mercy Upon Us.' " The dreaded plague had broken out and in its ghastly course brought undreamed-of misery. Night after night the only sound in the suffering desolate streets was the dead-cart's bell, clanging in advance of its driver's monotonous cry : " Bring out your dead. Bring out your dead." In August the Rev. Thos. Vincent recounts that " people fall as thick as leaves in autumn when they are shaken by a mighty wind. . . . Now the nights are too short to bury the dead, the whole day, though at so great a length, is hardly sufficient to light the dead that fall thereon into their graves."

With the approach of winter the plague began to decrease, and by the following year those who had left London hastened to return once they were assured of their safety. Early on Sunday morning in September 1666 Pepys noticed, on looking out of the window, a large fire burning, but thinking it far enough off returned to bed. By noon that day the Fire of London was raging, the flames fanned by a furious east wind. The Lord Mayor was wringing his hands, crying : " Lord what can I do ? I am spent. The people will not obey me." The night came on and the fire grew " in a most horrid malicious bloody flame." Evelyn describes the fire as it took hold of St. Paul's Cathedral : " The stones of Paul's flew like grenados, the melting lead running down the streets

in a stream and the very pavements glowing with fiery redness, so as no horse, nor man was able to tread them, and the demolition had stopped all the passages, so that no help could be applied; the eastern wind still more impetuously driving the flames forward. . . . The clouds also of smoke were dismal and reached upon computation near fifty miles in length. Thus I left it this afternoon, burning, a resemblance of Sodom on the last day." For fully three days and three nights this devouring angel devastated the city, but by Wednesday night Pepys was once more able to go to bed and sleep soundly, although the destruction of London was so terrible that Baxter remarks: "No man that seeth not such a thing can make a right apprehension of the dreadfulness of it." The Monument grimly commemorates the spot where the fire broke out, and a medal struck at the time throws a remarkable light on the public conscience. In the centre of the medal is the eye of God. Pestilence and fire are depicted on either side, with death in the foreground. Its motto is: "*Sic punit*—So he punishes."

Whatever men might feel about punishment by the Almighty, there was no doubt as to their detestation of that which was meted out, chiefly to Protestants, by King James II and his brutal minister, Judge Jeffreys. Titus Oates serves as an instance of the severity of the sentences of those days. He had been convicted of perjury, and in addition to being placed in the pillory and being imprisoned for life, he was to be publicly whipped on two separate occasions. Dense crowds lined the streets to witness the first whipping from Aldgate to Newgate, which was carried out with merciless brutality. However, when someone in the crowd shrieked: "Enough! Enough!" Oates called back: "Not enough, good people, for the truth—not enough!" Before long he fainted with the pain, was revived, beaten and fainted again. Between intervals of fainting and flogging he was carried half dead to Newgate. There the King was besought to remit the remainder of the penalty, but he replied: "He shall go through with it if he had a breath in his body." Forty-eight hours later he was dragged by a sledge to Tyburn, and with a whip of six thongs is said to have received over 250 lashes. Extraordinary as it may seem, he outlived this dreadful punishment.

One of the chief terrors in those days of men sentenced to death was the appalling possibility of being butchered in the final process. The Protestant Duke of Monmouth on reaching the block was asked to speak to the soldiers and point out to them the sad effects of rebellion. Monmouth replied tersely: "I will make no speeches. I come to die." Then to the executioner, Jack Ketch, he said: "Here are six guineas for you. Do not hack me as you did my Lord Russell." Ketch seems to have been so demoralised by this remark that he made a horrible mess of the business, and after several attempts he threw away the axe and cried: "I cannot do it. My heart fails me." At this point the Sheriff begged him to try again, but his next efforts were equally ineffectual. Finally the Duke's head had to be severed from his shoulders with a knife. Monmouth's execution was followed by such brutal trials of his followers that they have become known to history as the Bloody Assizes. Referring to these in later years Jeffreys remarked: "Whatever I did then I did by express orders and I have this further to say for myself, that I was not half bloody enough for him who sent me thither." James II's cruel persecutions had earned him the hatred of his people, Protestant and Catholic alike. As Sarah, Duchess of Churchill, remarked: "It was evident to all the world that

as things were carried on by King James, everybody must be ruined who would not become a Roman Catholic."

Fortunately both he and Jeffreys had run their course, and in 1688 the Bloodless Revolution took place. William and Mary became King and Queen of England by Act of Parliament. William III, whom Bishop Burnet describes as having been raised up by God to resist the power of France and the progress of tyranny and persecution, issued this declaration: "We for our part will concur in everything that may procure the peace and happiness of the nation which a free and lawful Parliament shall determine, since we have nothing before our eyes in this our undertaking but the preservation of the Protestant religion, the covering of all men from persecution for their conscience, and the securing to the whole nation the free enjoyment of their laws and rights and liberties under a just and legal government." The rule of constitutional government had begun.

IDA FOULIS.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

A WARPED PERSPECTIVE.

IT is one of the misfortunes of life in its public aspect that what is bad tends in the spreading of news to be emphasised, and what is good tends to be ignored. Everyone reads of horrors in the newspapers or hears them from the radio; and the tale seems to consist almost wholly of atrocities. There is nothing odd in such a circumstance itself, for in human nature, as characteristically to-day as in the days of classical Athens, the thirst for something new is an abiding attribute of the intellect. The fact that no news is good news and that news in the curious sense is almost necessarily bad news constitutes an eternal proof that in the end all's well with the world: for it is the unexpected or the shocking or the abnormal that titillates curiosity; whereas the vast, majestic, normal progress of things and of human goodness is taken so much for granted, though perhaps subconsciously, that it is not even noticed. There are people who are depressed by the tale of havoc that is their daily portion. Storms, tempests, floods; Communist aggression in Greece, disordered and senseless killing of Jews by Arabs and of Arabs by Jews in the Holy Land itself, on ground hallowed by the sacred feet of Christ; fighting in Kashmir, starvation in Europe, open rupture between the Foreign Ministers of the Great Powers, upon whom primarily depends the organisation of material reconstruction in a stricken world; the "United Nations" a mockery; such, on the face of things, and assessed by the world's news services, are the characteristic features of human public activity in the twentieth century of the Christian era.

The picture is true enough in a sectional point of view, and in all conscience it is bad enough. But those who are inclined to be depressed thereby should remember that the section of human life therein portrayed is a small section, even though the ramifications of its evil performance may indirectly affect every man and woman alive. The nervous tension would be relieved in some measure if we gave the amount of thought it deserves to the contrasting and far bigger aspect of life in which human beings rise above these sordid politics and fulfil without conscious virtue the enthralling and ennobling duties of their

God-given function, helping and loving one another, and raising life to that level of essential happiness which is symbolised by the human smile, and which pays its mystic tribute to the everlasting power and love of God. Such mystery is not "news." A bomb that explodes in Jaffa by contrast is given a headline in every newspaper of the world. It happens in our time that politics have degenerated into a low and foul manifestation of the Devil's empire over the lower instincts of men, causing them to encompass their mutual harm without regard to those dictates of common sense, dignity and goodwill which are their birth-right. "The wounds of the late war," said Pope Pius XII, broadcasting a message for 1948 on Christmas Eve, "are still unhealed and the sinister light of a new conflict flashes on the horizon." But that flash, far from daunting them, acts as a spur to decent men. "We refuse," said the Pope, "to be numbered among those who think that this New Year will be among the most calamitous in history. . . . Though this year may be one in which, as seldom in the past, the world will find itself at the crossroads, we shall continue to beseech that all who are not afraid of responsibility will not lose from their sight the indivisibility of peace, and will not forget for a single moment that the internal peace of peoples and peace among all peoples are very precious gifts to be preserved even at the risk of still further sacrifices."

Let us keep our perspective true. Though our politics be bad, and it be our business to face them, there is something else in life besides politics, something which, thank God, is so much more important and more potent than politics that, if we remain true to our heritage, it can transform and uplift the political scene itself.

THE TWO WORLDS

With such a reservation and in such a spirit, let the facts be faced. It is now taken for granted in the diplomatic controversy that the world is split. In Western circles the discussion is no longer directed to the enterprise of preventing or healing the split; but to that of achieving an agreed tolerance whereunder "the two worlds" may function side by side with a minimum of friction. In Russian circles there is no discussion at all of the relationship, but only of the exigency of the conflict, between East and West. Action is regarded in Moscow as more important than words. It may be recalled that in the early and rapid stages of Hitler's giddy rise to power, when his Panzers ranged almost without opposition over the greater part of Europe, he acted first and talked afterwards. When later Stalin's army thrust into the heart of Europe, he in his turn was too busy to keep his talk abreast of his military advance. The Russian communiqués announced the successive victories well after the event. Dictators subordinate talk, as they subordinate most other things, to strategy. In the democratic practice, by contrast; talk precedes discussion, because action is subject to an electoral sanction or an electoral inquest to be held sooner or later. In the state of affairs now existing, British, American and French politicians argue the case for such abstractions as the holding open of doors to an understanding, the while Mr. Molotov regards the doors as openings for infiltration, and Stalin proceeds with the organisation of 50,000,000 of Eastern Europeans—from the Baltic to the Danube—into an outpost of operations, with Marshal "Tito" as the fighting head and Belgrade as the operational headquarters.

Such incidents as the expulsion of King Michael from Roumania make "news" in the Western newspapers, but in the East are hardly

worth note because they logically follow from the general course of things. The only extrinsic value to Moscow and Belgrade of King Michael's exit was the opportunity it gave for propaganda in the West. On the day of the abdication, for instance (December 30th last), it was announced from Bucharest, and was duly reported in every Western newspaper, that the Roumanian "parliament" in extraordinary session "unanimously" passed a Bill for the proclamation of Roumania as a "People's Republic." Unanimity is one of the remarkable features of bolshevic achievement. At the recent "elections" held in Russia, Stalin received 100 per cent. of the votes in his constituency by virtue of the formidable foresight whereby no rival candidate was allowed, and the electors either cast their vote for the only candidate in the field—or took the consequences. The slogan "People's Republic" as raised in Bucharest, as elsewhere in Russia's domain, was intended to impress ignorant people in the West. It was not a people's anything, for it was dictated from the Kremlin. It was not a republic, for there was no electoral or national sanction in it. It was a figment, a mere propagandist cloak in the aggression. Moreover, an abdication announcement, again reproduced in full by the Western newspapers, was sent out from Bucharest "in the name of the King." As these lines are written, it is not known whether King Michael was directly responsible for the composition, or composed it under compulsion, or was concerned for the safety of his friends; or whether the words were simply dictated to him.

Yet the document is worth examining in a curious point of view, provided it be borne in mind that the voice, direct or indirect, was the voice of Stalin, not of King Michael at all. One could even have written it oneself as an imaginative exercise, for the bolshevic mentality can now be read like a book. "During the past few years," ran the statement attributed to King Michael, "deep political, economic and social changes have occurred in the life of the Roumanian State" (which is ironically true) "creating new relations between the principal factors of public life. These relations do not correspond to-day to the conditions established by the fundamental fact, which is the country's constitution, and demand a quick and fundamental change. In view of this situation, and being in complete accord with the country's responsible factors and conscious of my responsibility, I consider that the institution of monarchy no longer corresponds to the condition of life of our State, because it represents a serious obstacle to Roumania's development. Consequently, being fully conscious of the importance of my actions, which I am carrying out in the interests of the Roumanian people, I am abdicating the throne and renouncing all the prerogatives which I have exercised as King of Roumania in my own behalf and in behalf of my successors. I am leaving it to the Roumanian people to choose the form of the new State." Irony is perhaps the wrong word, for there is no subtlety in the performance. True irony implies at least a doubt in the reader's mind as to what is intended; but bolshevic propaganda is too transparent to deceive an unborn babe.

Consider, for instance, the speed with which "the Roumanian people" proceeded to "choose the form" of the new State. It took no time at all. On the very same day as the abdication was announced and as "the King's" statement was published, the Roumanian Government issued another statement, signed by Dr. Groza, the Prime Minister, and by all the other Ministers, announcing that the deed was done.

"The Roumanian people," it said, "liberated in 1944 from the yoke of the Fascist conquerors and their servants, has taken its destiny in its own hands." The very language and idiom, both of the King's alleged statement and of the "Roumanian Government's" proclamation, bear the hallmark of the Kremlin. One must conclude that the Kremlin is so confident of its strength—always a tactical mistake—as to be careless of its technique. The governmental proclamation issued in Bucharest, for Western consumption, on December 30th, went on in this riotously triumphant strain: "Headed by a conscientious and resolute working class allied to an industrious peasantry, the Roumanian people has rejected the régime of the land-owning families, punished the traitors of the interests of the people, and eliminated from the State administration all those who protected the interests of their enslavers. The Roumanian people has succeeded in installing a democratic régime. . . ." To spare the reader any further nausea, let these quotations be cut short. What is to be done about a mentality which subjugates language and truth alike to its fell purpose; which respects no scruple; which reduces public life to the level of the jungle? Verily there are two worlds at this time. Dare we leave the door open to the marauder; or ought we to use the common sense with which God has endowed His faithful people?

IS "CO-OPERATION" POSSIBLE?

On the last day of the old year, while President Truman tried to revive confidence in the possibility of international co-operation—"I am still confident," he said, "that we shall be able to write a peace on which all nations can agree"—Mr. Molotov made a statement of a quite different purport and intention. He made it to the representatives of the Press in Moscow; in other words he intended that Russian opinion should be moulded in the views he expressed. (Journalists, as others, in Russia, do what they are told; their's not to reason why, their's but to do—or die.) The worst thing about it is that what he said could have been accurately foretold by anyone who has taken even a cursory interest in the contemporary relationship of Russia with the Western Powers. He repeated all his old charges, and ignored the facts which disprove them, about the bad faith and general depravity of the West, claimed that such minor agreement as was reached at the London Conference of the Four Ministers had been due "chiefly to the efforts of the Soviet delegation," and roundly dismissed the affair by the allegation that "the American delegation hurriedly undertook to disrupt the entire work of the London conference."

The problem, if it be a problem, and not an established misfortune, is that East and West do not speak the same language in any sense, and do not conform to the same standard of values and conduct. At the London conference Mr. Molotov repeated the charges he had often made before against the United States and Great Britain; they had before been rebutted by the evidence of clear and indisputable fact; and they were made again without reference to the fact. It is not a question of good faith or goodwill on the part of the Western Powers. The truth, emphasised on repeated showing, is that Russia's motive in her diplomatic contact with the West is not to reach objective agreement in the sense of Mr. Truman's aspiration, nor to seek peace with the non-Communist countries; but on the contrary to establish disagreement by deliberate contrivance and to cultivate disharmony instead of harmony. There is no mystery, no difficulty in understanding

what is afoot. The Communist purpose of world revolution implies a flat issue with the old capitalist and Christian countries, a flat challenge and conflict. In one word, the war is on. The expulsion of King Michael from Roumania and the attack on Greece are the strategic method of consolidating Eastern Europe under Communist control. The refusal to agree on anything with the West about Germany and the concurrent attempt to impose Communist practice upon that part of Germany controlled by Russia, and to spread it to the other parts, are the strategic method of extending Communism westwards. It caused no surprise when on January 4th last Dr. Rudolf Paul, former Prime Minister of Thuringia, situated in the Russian Zone of Germany, declared in Munich that the Russian Zone of Germany is to become the seventeenth republic of the U.S.S.R. He based his statement on the evidence of a conversation he had had with Marshal Sokolovsky, who is in command of the Russian Zone. Dr. Paul escaped from the Russian Zone last September, and turned up in Munich in December. The attempted revolts in France and in Italy were a co-ordinated element in the Russian plan.

Can one then talk of co-operation with Russia as a reasonable or practical ideal? Is it even wise to do so when one reflects that Russia's purpose is being steadily prosecuted and the Western talk aforesaid performs the remarkable service of providing a smokescreen for the advance of the enemy? If the answer be "no," what is the alternative policy available to Western statesmanship? To accept as an axiom the impossibility of an accommodation with Russia may appear at first sight as tantamount to a policy of despair and of acquiescence in the inevitability of catastrophe. The formidable nature of the catastrophes already suffered in living experience and the probability that the next, if there be one, will eclipse any horror as yet experienced, bid many good people cry peace at any price. If peace could be got at the price, almost any price would be worth paying. The realist question is, which way lies the greater chance of peace; or the lesser chance of catastrophe? We know something in our time of international discord, and of the havoc to which it may lead. The prevailing discord, however, is of a wholly different kind from that which led to two world wars. It might almost be said that it is the delayed but logical result of those wars. After the first war the problem was the re-creation of mutual trust between victors and vanquished after the proved disaster of policies which could simply but fairly be defined as crude competition for the materialist spoils of the world. After the second war the issue is between the so-called victors themselves, the defeated enemy being a mere pawn in their conflict. What is now afoot is nothing other than the struggle for the rescue of civilisation from the disruptive forces let loose in 1914 and carried to their logical extremity by the *soi-disant* atheist materialists.

Those who are worried by the spectacle of disorder throughout the world, whether in Kashmir, in Palestine, in the Balkans or generally in Europe, should, as the first step in the clarification of their own outlook, reflect upon the essential nature of what has taken place in this troubled century. They will then discover that the Western issue with Russia does not fall into the traditional category of international disharmony which potentially leads to war. Quite apart from the atomic factor—leaving aside the opinion held by practical thinkers that the immeasurable and uncontrollable effect of atomic explosiveness makes future war impossible—it is readily arguable that the very predisposing conditions

which in the old days led to war do not obtain in the present case. Put simply, the situation is that the very foundations of human welfare are at stake. The two world wars were the climax of a process of materialist self-seeking which was given its opportunity by the scientific discoveries of the past century when applied to commercial enterprise. The wars in fact were the struggle for the raw materials and the other amenities of God's earth, waged in defiance of God's laws for human welfare—those laws which teach man, among other lessons, that happiness and wellbeing do in fact come, not from getting, but from giving. So elementary and so cardinal a truth cannot be ignored without disaster. The disaster fell. The wars have been followed by world-wide adversity and world-wide disorder. The human race at this time has foundered, much as a ship founders when it is navigated in total disregard of all the laws of navigation. The realist question in world affairs is whether in the existing extremity mankind is to learn its lesson.

Sir Stafford Cripps, speaking at a meeting held in London of the World's Evangelical Alliance on January 5th last, put the matter in a nutshell when he observed that "there was now in progress a deep ideological struggle between the Christian faith and the materialistic conception of human progress which denied the existence of man's soul and spirit and regarded him as a mere piece of mechanism to be ordered and directed according to the State's economic interests" (*Times* report, January 6th). He went on to point out the danger to Christians themselves of infection by the materialist evil, quoting the present spread of dishonesty and immorality as a manifestation of the danger, and pleaded that "there was need for a rededication by prayer and action if the decline in Christian morality was to be arrested." (Sir Stafford seems not to suspect that his own and his party's craving for ordering and directing human beings as pieces of mechanism in a State despotism is itself a violation of the Christian ideal of human dignity; but it is something that he at any rate recognises the ideal.)

It is indeed something elemental that faces us. Are we to abandon the old motives of selfish acquisitiveness in our diplomatic practice, or are we to obey God's law whereunder the reward follows, not selfish appropriation, but self-sacrifice? That is the issue. Now the old materialist motive, which in our time has been generally operative, continues the fight in the Devil's cause. In its last desperate bid to separate the human kind from its God and to enslave all and sundry to the unimaginable tyranny of an atheist materialism, it has galvanised its followers under the specifically and ideologically atheist banner of professedly materialist agitators whose claim is the precise opposite of what Christ taught, and which preaches that we should grab what we can for ourselves without scruple, and without regard for any spiritual truth applicable to this world or to the next. That agitation is centred in what we call Communism. It has evolved from the original materialist "philosophy" of Marx and Engels—philosophy being the human attempt to arrive at the truth without supernatural guidance—through the revolutionary fervour of Lenin to the present-day exclusively sordid and evil attempt at world domination by Stalin. Those who talk of "co-operating" with Russia in order to achieve what we glibly call peace are behind the fair. Peace is the result of right living. Right living is the result of obedience to the wisdom, love and guidance of God. It may be argued that the present issue in world affairs is not between the Western Powers and Russia at all, except in the sense that Russia identifies herself with, and takes the lead on, one side in the

conflict ; and therefore the notion of " co-operation " with Russia is an irrelevancy. The issue is between the good motive and the bad in human conduct, presented to mankind as a challenge in the background of universal distress produced by our former surrender to the bad motive. The remedy is not in the stars, but in ourselves. The only way to defeat the spread of atheist Communism is for human beings in general to turn to their God. We miss the point when we talk of patching up an agreement with Mr. Molotov about the future of Germany.

If, for the sake of an argument, we could imagine such an agreement being reached—though the supposition is nonsensical inasmuch as the Communist purpose depends for its achievement upon the accentuation of disagreement and of conflict with the capitalist and still professedly Christian countries—there is no honest man alive who thinks the agreement would be worth the ink with which it was written. There is not, cannot be, any such thing as mutual trust between the nations until this historic issue in the very mainspring of human conduct is resolved. That is why, paradoxically perhaps, the wisest people are not dismayed by what is taking place in the world at this time. It is of so decisive an import that one of two things is bound to happen. Either the great regeneration will miraculously strike through the human race, producing a very Pentecost of hope and salvation, the biggest upshot of the Christian mystery since the Christian era began ; or the human race will perish from the earth. The wisest people do not believe that the human race will perish as the result of man's inhumanity : not because they pretend to know the inscrutable providence of Almighty God, but because their faith breeds confidence in what God has created. Therefore they believe in the miracle aforesaid. They even weigh the present spread of adversity in the balance. It is obvious that, short of the regeneration aforesaid, we all together go from bad to worse : and we go in that direction until common sense itself, one of the gifts included in God's dispensation, bids us pause, Communists and Christians alike, in one gigantic conversion. In that sense, and in none other, there can be co-operation between Russia and the West.

So long as the Russian objective remains what it is, co-operation with Russia is out of the question for all people who have enough intelligence to appreciate the realist issue in world affairs. The thesis of the patching-up of " agreements " with Russia, when it is known that there is no true agreement at all, is itself the policy of despair. Nor is there any great danger of such folly. The Communist aggression is in full cry. When Mr. Molotov demands a Foreign Ministers' conference about Japan, as the successor to the egregious conference about Germany, he is making his mocking bid for another smokescreen. The fact of Communist aggression has to be faced. It is pushing ahead above ground in those countries where the national governments have been overthrown and the bolshevik tyranny installed, and underground in those countries, all the remaining countries of the world, where the agents of Moscow infiltrate into key positions within the still existent framework. France, Italy and Britain have been made to feel the pressure of that infiltration. Opinion is roused against it. The recent bid for major strikes in France and Italy has broken against the defensive resistance now excited. The French C.G.T. has split, and the Communists have been isolated. The British trades unions have called for action against the Communist agitators who have in-

filtrated into their counsels. But Belgrade licks its wounds and prepares for another day, as is shown in the international Communist conference convened without delay in Italy.

Those influences which are concerned for the preservation of what is best in our shattered civilisation should cease wasting time in pursuing the mirage of "co-operation" with Russia, should face the facts and advertise them, and should realistically recognise the essential truth, which is that the historic issue now joined is none other than the salvation of the world from the inroads of materialist atheism. It is a spiritual issue, to be fought, not by materialist, but by spiritual, means. Communism will be defeated if, and only if, the bulk of mankind wake up to the fact that there is more in God's universe than physical appetite and greed, and if good men and women by a deliberate cultivation of their qualities and a deliberate seeking after the grace of God, help to quicken the spiritual regeneration on which, as Sir Stafford Cripps has often argued, our salvation depends.

GEORGE GLASGOW.

January 10th, 1948.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.

THE LOWELLS.*

In this book Mr. Ferris Greenslet has displayed a variety of gifts, including the rare combination of scientific research into family records with a comprehensive knowledge of history and a critical yet sympathetic insight into character. It may be doubted whether there is any family in the United States or even in England which has produced consecutively for over three hundred years so many men of distinction, influence and varied talents—ministers of religion, diplomatists, scientists, successful manufacturers and men of business, poets and philosophers, generous patrons and active promoters of education. Rivals perhaps might be suggested in the family of the Pettys with their three great Marquises of Lansdowne, or in the family and descendants of John Adams, the second President of the United States.

The Lowell family, at first spelt Lowle, came from the West country. One of them, Percival Lowell, moved from North Somerset into Bristol and started a prosperous merchant house which developed a good shipping business with North America. At Bristol they would probably have stayed but for the misgovernment of Charles I, whose ship-money exactions harassed them in their trade, while Archbishop Laud's persecution of the Puritans offended their religious principles. It was, however, business rather than religion that prompted Percival Lowell with his family and partner, sixteen in all, to remove with their belongings in a two-hundred-ton ship from London, which reached Boston after a voyage of nine weeks on June 23rd, 1639. They did not stay there, but moved on forty miles to a smaller town or village, which had been named Newbury.

The story of the seven ministers of Newbury, and how the persecuting puritanism of Boston and Harvard was softened and eventually subdued by the tolerant unitarian Christianity of the Lowells and Unitarianism, is well told by Mr. Greenslet. In politics the Lowells were less consistent and less distinguished and influential, though one of them made a mark and won great personal popularity as Ambassador to the Court of St. James. He was almost as anglophile as Henry James, and was nearly persuaded to remain in England and make his home here in the Golden Age of Queen Victoria. In politics, as a young man, James Russell Lowell put up a brave fight and won well-merited fame outside his own country in the *Biglow Papers*, which

* *The Lowells and their Seven Worlds*. By Ferris Greenslet. Ernest Benn. 21s..

trounced unmercifully and effectively the jingoes of the Mexican War. But when the civil war between North and South began, he embraced the side of the North and the Union and the emancipation of the slaves with all the fervour of a New Englander.

In our own times that original and somewhat peculiar woman, Amy Lowell, displayed the poetry and literary instincts of the family and her brother, Lawrence, was very proud of her. I knew Lawrence Lowell well. Our first meeting was during the Boer War, when he lunched with me in my rooms in the Temple and there met Lloyd George. I stayed with him more than once after he became President of Harvard. One of his greatest friends, if not the greatest, was James Bryce. Of his fine intellect, of his public and private generosity, I could write at length; but his fame may well be left to the alumni of Harvard, that noble university, which owes so much of its spirit and splendour to him and to his ancestors.

F. W. HIRST.

THE DANUBIAN STATES.*

Early Nationalism was based on the assumption that social groups called nations differ from one another in essential spiritual features. Present-day Nationalism has not given up this claim to national distinction, but in the economic field has turned from indigenous particularism to imitative universalism. It clamours for independence in order to copy more advanced countries by industrialisation. No less a person than Dr. Benes has expressed this very early. "The Czechs had not fought for political freedom," he said twenty-seven years ago (for this they had enjoyed to a certain extent before the war), "but for their economic independence, and therefore the scheme for a confederation of the Danubian States or even a Customs Union is out of the question for the Czechoslovak Republic." The treaty of St. Germain had broken up the old Austrian Empire and had distributed its peoples—apart from the cessions to Italy—among six states, all of them of minor status and nearly all of them "under-industrialised." Its results provide an admirable object for an analysis of "The Economics of Partition."

In *The Economic Problem of the Danubian States* Professor Frederick Hertz, well known for his searching studies of Nationalisms, inquires into the economic results of this disintegration. The results are not encouraging. It is not surprising that Austria proper suffered badly from serious territorial amputations. But even Czechoslovakia, most favoured by natural resources, manufacturing development and political alliances, has not really flourished. Her national income (about 64 million Czech crowns before the war) fluctuated between 55.6 to 72.3 millions after independence, though her population had increased by 12 per cent.; both imports of raw materials and consumption of pro-capita mass luxury goods have declined; capital formation was very slow. By 1936 Czechoslovakia had "the lowest wages and the lowest social burdens amongst industrialised central European States." Results in the other states are not better. Dr. Hertz had to contend with great statistical difficulties, which necessitated complicated calculations, and the reader will have to take some trouble before he can get his full value from his findings. They are of fundamental importance in an age in which partitions are lightly undertaken. Results, it has been suggested, would have been much more favourable had the New States boldly instituted a "planned economy." Even if it could be shown that a non-communist planned economy, carried out within relatively narrow frontiers in countries with relatively few untapped resources, would have been successful, Dr. Hertz's conclusions would not be refuted. Advocates of planning sometimes overlook the fact that a blueprint is a bill of fare, not a dinner. For they would have to prove that separate planning by six independent states will produce greater wealth and greater welfare than planning by a single political authority controlling the complementary resources of six integrated units.

M. J. BONN.

* Frederick Hertz. *The Economic Problem of the Danubian States. A Study in Economic Nationalism*. Victor Gollancz. 15s.

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

MARCH 1948.

THE PROSPECTS OF PEACE.

AS the second world war drew to its close, three years ago, people in many lands saw visions of lasting peace. To-day they see a "cold war," and hear the prospects of "hot war" widely debated. One hundred years ago, in March 1848, many European peoples saw visions of lasting freedom. Their rulers, including Queen Victoria, were filled with gloomy forebodings of collapse and disaster. The aged Duke of Wellington feared a successful French invasion of England. Within a twelvemonth fierce reaction dispelled European hopes of enduring liberty. As a reminder of the deceptive quality of refulgent visions, and also of fears, inspired by too summary a reading of contemporary circumstance, reflection on 1848 is not misplaced in March 1948. It reveals more than one analogy between then and now, and it suggests caution in the appraisal of current events.

Among the issues brought into the foreground by the revolutionary movements of 1848 were the future of the German nation, the relationship of Russia to the Slavonic peoples of Central Europe, and the claims of individual and national freedom against systems of government by repressive secret police. Who can say that these issues are now ancient history? At the beginning of the year 1848, before the abdication and flight of Louis Philippe on February 27th spread panic among European courts, the greater part of Central Europe lay under the system of constraint established by the Austrian Chancellor, Metternich, after the overthrow of Napoleon in 1815. Broadly speaking, the upheavals of March 1848 in the Hapsburg lands were directed against the Metternich system. Of it an English traveller, John Russell, wrote in 1825—in a book entitled *A Tour in Germany and Some of the Southern Provinces of the Austrian Empire in the Years 1820, 1821, and 1822*—an account which might pass muster for a description of the police system in Soviet Russia and in more than one Central European and Danubian country to-day. It ran:

The whole political principle is directed, with prying and persecuting jealousy, to keep people in ignorance of all that goes on in the world, except what it suits the Cabinet to make known, and to prevent people from thinking on what is known differently from the way in which the Cabinet thinks. All the modes of education are arranged on the same depressing principle of keeping the mind in such a state that it shall neither feel the temptation, nor possess the ability, to resist power. . . . Nothing is known but to official men; and the first official duty is to confine all knowledge within the official circle. . . . The French police under Napoleon was reckoned perfect; in efficiency it could not possibly surpass that of Vienna, which successfully represses every expression of thought, by forcing on all the deadening conviction that the eyes and ears of spies are everywhere. The consequences of a denunciation are secret arrest, secret imprisonment, and an unknown punishment.

Metternich, the chief architect of this system, ascribed—truthfully, or otherwise—his hatred of political innovation to the excesses of a revolutionary mob in Strasbourg, whither he had gone to study German constitutional law on the eve of the French Revolution of 1789. In

any case the Viennese were for many years the less inclined to revolt against his system because the head of a favourite Austrian archduchess, Marie Antoinette, had fallen beneath the guillotine on the Place de la Concorde in 1793, and because they had felt the humiliation of the subsequent Napoleonic invasions. The late Count Hans Wilczek, who was born among them in 1837, and who lived to organise the diamond jubilee of the Emperor Francis Joseph in 1908, thus described their mood in his *Happy Retrospect*:

One could eat and drink well at small cost. The newspapers did not deal in sensations, and politics were discussed only in academic circles. The police force was suspicious and touchy, and the censorship, which kept a watch over both the spoken and the written word, was very strict. Nevertheless life under these conditions, and the enjoyment of peace, were for the Viennese preferable to the struggle for a disturbing freedom.

It is the curse of repressive systems of government that those who live under them for any length of time are not only unprepared for the responsibilities of freedom, but are prone to cherish aspirations of which the immaturity reopens the door to reaction. Thus it came about that the Slavonic congress of 1848, convened in Prague by the Czech historian, Palacky, as a manifestation of "Austro-Slavism," could be captured by the Russian revolutionary, Bakunin, whose extravagant notions led to excesses which gave the Austrian commander, Windisch-graetz, a welcome pretext to crush the Czech movement in a murderous cannonade. Nor was it altogether accidental that the German parliament in the Paulskirche at Frankfurt should have been so lacking in a sense of reality that it wasted precious months in academic discussions which disheartened the supporters of German unity in freedom and gave the knife by the handle to its enemies. Skill in the art of political liberty cannot be improvised or acquired by inspiration; and to-day one of the most serious obstacles to a reconstruction of Europe, or even of Western Europe, on a basis of democratic freedom consists in the fact that Western Communists and their "fellow travellers," who proclaim themselves the vanguard of democracy, look for and accept the guidance of Russians devoid of talent for and experience of political liberty.

Within our own Labour and Socialist Party, hardly less than among its responsible leaders, this obstacle and this fact have caused painful searchings of heart. Their earlier suspicion that British social democracy, like its counterparts in other countries, was regarded with especial disfavour by Soviet Russia as a rival for the allegiance of "the workers," has now hardened into a conviction of settled Russian hostility. Even British trade unionists have been compelled to understand the part assigned to them in the Russian scheme of things—and to show some unwillingness to play it. They, indeed, have less excuse than the Labour Party as a whole for the tardiness of their perception. Since 1928, in the English translation of Stalin's work on *Leninism*, the proposed function of trade unionism in Western lands has been plainly defined. On pages 229-30 of that work Stalin described, as the "fundamental task" of Communist parties in the West,

the creation of intimate ties between the Communist parties and the trade unions; the development of the campaign for unity among the trade unions, and the successful termination of that campaign; the insistence that every Communist shall belong to an appropriate trade

union ; the systematic propaganda among trade unionists in favour of forming a united front against capitalism. These activities will create the conditions which will make it safe for the Communist parties to rely upon the support of the trade unionists. Unless this task is fulfilled it will be impossible for the Communist parties to become genuine mass parties ; nor can conditions be prepared which will speed the victory of the proletariat.

If, notwithstanding this warning, British trade unionists decided to join an international organisation of Communist tendencies, such as the World Federation of Trade Unions, only to find that they were expected to toe the Russian line against the Marshall plan, or "European Recovery Programme," they can scarcely claim that "in vain the net is spread in the sight of any bird." According to a statement made on February 8th by Mr. Arthur Deakin, the British President of the W.F.T.U. and general secretary of the Transport and General Workers' Union, "The British trade union movement expects an international body to act impartially, providing a forum for discussion on any subject affecting its constituents and stifling discussion on none. But if," he added, "the position is now that the W.F.T.U. is to be merely a political body dealing only with those questions acceptable to the U.S.S.R., we know where we stand." Did he not know before ?

Few recent developments have been more noteworthy than the series of declarations upon Russian policy by British Labour Ministers. In a broadcast on January 3rd, the Prime Minister, Mr. Attlee, warned the nation that Soviet Communism is pursuing a new form of imperialism "which threatens the welfare and the way of life of the other nations of Europe." This new imperialism, he said, is at once ideological, economic, and strategic, and it is based upon the suppression of political freedom without which privilege and injustice flourish. He pointed to the history of Soviet Russia as a reminder that "Without political freedom economic collectivism can quickly go astray and lead to new forms of oppression." The Prime Minister was followed on January 11th by Mr. Herbert Morrison, who, in a public speech, confessed his inability to understand the behaviour of Soviet Russia "except on the assumption that it is inspired by the old and evil doctrine that the more misery there is in the world the better it is for revolutionary successes—the doctrine of triumph through chaos—an evil doctrine, for it involves the calculated spread of misery and destitution for nationalist and imperialist political ends." Mr. Morrison asked whether the rulers of Soviet Russia could not discard the provocative policies by which they were not only running the risk of war at some time, but were impeding the economic recovery and progress of mankind.

A similar note of warning recurred more than once in Mr. Ernest Bevin's impressive review of foreign policy in the House of Commons on January 22nd. "The issue," he said, "is whether European unity cannot be achieved without the domination and control of one great Power." He was sure the House and the world would realise that if any one Power pursued a policy of trying to dominate Europe by whatever means, direct or indirect, it would inevitably lead to another world war. This the British Government had striven, and would strive, to prevent ; but it could not agree to four-Power co-operation while one of those four Powers proceeded to impose its political and economic system on the smaller States. Another factor which gave great cause for anxiety was the "police State," maintained with ruthless efficiency, a State

in which there was talk about elections and democracy, but in which, though votes had not disappeared, it was the voter, and the successful candidate, who disappeared. Under these conditions Mr. Bevin thought that the free nations of Western Europe must now draw closer together. He believed the time ripe for a West European consolidation which must be a spiritual union on terms of equality, containing all the elements of freedom, "more of a brotherhood and less of a rigid system."

Both Mr. Anthony Eden and Mr. Winston Churchill welcomed the broad lines of the Foreign Secretary's statement, and both spoke of the danger of war. Mr. Eden saw two immediate threats to peace, and thought them very serious. One, he said, is the violence of the language used by Communist propaganda everywhere, and the violence of Communist action in countries like Greece; the other is the risk that the nations of Western Europe might fail in their efforts to rebuild their countries with the aid of the Marshall plan, "surely one of the most generous acts in history." He believed there is only one way to improve relations with the Soviet Union. This way would be to show that the free nations have the means and the dynamic leadership to restore their collective prosperity. People in the Kremlin, he observed, are realistic. Once they perceive that our system is strong enough to withstand any attempt to undermine it, Mr. Bevin's task will be easier. This view strikes me as sounder than the course suggested by Mr. Winston Churchill who, after saying we may be absolutely sure that the present situation cannot last, thought "it right to say to-day that the best chance of avoiding war is, in accord with the other Western democracies, to bring matters to a head with the Soviet Government and by formal diplomatic processes, with all their privacy and gravity, to arrive at a lasting settlement. There is certainly enough for the interests of all if such a settlement could be reached. Even this method, I must say, however, would not guarantee that war would not come, but I believe it would give the best chance of preventing it, and that, if it came, we should have the best chance of coming out of it alive."

If Mr. Churchill were still in office I doubt whether he would have made this suggestion or have sought to act upon it. The danger he would fain avert might, indeed, be brought "to a head" without any pledge that the "head" would not be full of high explosive and be detonated on impact. "Accord with the other Western democracies" must obviously include the United States, whose relations with Soviet Russia are even less cordial than our own. There may be an element of bluff in the present policy of the Soviet Union, just as the inveterate Russian tactics of "trying it on" and probing for weak spots in the positions of other Powers may be in the nature of soundings rather than preliminaries to a sustained political offensive. But to "call the bluff" by precipitating a "showdown" might bring on an international crisis in which susceptibilities would be likely to play a part more decisive than considerations of material interest. If only for these reasons, I think Mr. Ernest Bevin's and Mr. Anthony Eden's approach to the anxious problems of foreign policy wiser and, potentially, more constructive than Mr. Churchill's. Mr. Bevin committed the Labour Government to a principle—that of resistance to an attempt by any Power to dominate the whole of Europe—to which the great majority of our people fully subscribe. It is, indeed, a principle with which our independence and freedom are bound up. And Mr. Eden put his finger upon a chief menace to the successful vindication of this principle

without war when he mentioned as a threat to peace the risk that the nations of Western Europe may fail in their efforts to rebuild their countries with the aid of the Marshall plan.

I look upon the Marshall plan, or "European Recovery Programme," as something more than "one of the most generous acts in history." I think it the most significant approach yet made by any statesman or country to the creation of conditions for vital, dynamic peace as distinguished from efforts merely to impede or to prevent war. What its outcome may be no soothsayer can divine; nor is it yet possible to foresee how far Mr. Bevin will be able to co-ordinate the efforts of Western Europe so as to comply with its provisions by self-help and economic co-operation. Inflation, which Soviet Russia has sought to overcome by means of a drastic devaluation of her currency, still threatens recovery in France and Italy; while in Great Britain the Labour Government cannot be sure that its warnings of the peril of inflation will carry full weight, even among trade union leaders. These uncertainties encourage the Soviet Union in its offensive against the Marshall plan, an offensive comprehensible and consistent with Communist schemes for European domination. Nevertheless it is unquestionable that the firm enunciation of the main principles of British foreign policy by Mr. Bevin, and the support he received from Opposition parties, have tended to hearten our friends and to reassure waverers in Europe and the United States. He may have done something to lessen the risk that dialectical monomania in the Cominform and at Moscow will push provocation in Greece and elsewhere to breaking-point. In examining the prospects of peace it is well to bear in mind the truth of Sir Norman Angell's contention in his recent book, *The Steep Places*. After discussing, and discarding, the hypothesis that a decision not to resist Russia at all might be the best available policy, he writes:

But the worst possible policy would be to assume, without adequate examination of ourselves and of the external facts, that we shall not resist, and then to discover at the eleventh hour that we cannot stomach what the policy demands and decide to fight. This would correspond to the line of policy which produced World War II. It would be certain to produce World War III.

This is no abstract or academic matter. It may become—for us and others, including Soviet Russia—literally a question of life or death. We need to face it in the same spirit as our people showed during the war when tens of millions, especially in our cities, lived for years beyond fear of death. We have to make up our minds whether we really care so much for our ways of life and our liberties that for their sake we are prepared to risk physical and national extinction. Crazy though it may seem even to think of war when we know it would be fought with atomic weapons, the fact remains that we are thinking and talking of it. Moreover, I believe that rather than accept mental, moral and political servitude in a Communist police State—the "police van," as Mr. Attlee has aptly called it—the British peoples would fight to the death.

What then are the prospects of peace, at least in its negative form of non-war? Are they likely to prove as evanescent as were European hopes of lasting freedom a century ago? The answer may depend upon the risks we are ready to run; upon the efforts we are willing to make for conditions of national and international life more positive than a precarious state of non-war. There is no secret about the fundamental

policy, the persistent aim of Soviet Russia. It is to overthrow "capitalist society" everywhere, together with the heretical or renegade auxiliaries of capitalism who masquerade as Social Democrats, and to replace them by the "dictatorship of the proletariat" working through an omnipresent and ruthless secret police. Communist Russia would prefer to gain these ends without war—by propaganda, by infiltration into and control of trade unions, and by denouncing as "war-mongering" all resistance to Communist provocation. The aim of democratic peoples who care for their freedom should be, on the contrary, steadfastly to withstand Communism in all its manifestations while working to create national and international forms of co-operation that will not only be refractory to Communism but will preserve essential human rights and liberties. Russian hostility to the Marshall plan is inspired by fear lest it lead the democracies in this direction and start a movement towards social wellbeing, through dynamic peace, that would end by loosening the hold of Soviet Russia upon her satellites and even by infecting the peoples of the Soviet Union with a desire to escape from their "prison van."

This Russian fear should give the Western democracies the measure of their opportunity. In proportion as they seize and develop it I believe that the prospects of lasting peace in freedom will brighten until the horrific vision of World War III vanishes and "leaves not a wrack behind."

WICKHAM STEED.

MEMORIES OF GANDHI.

I WAS a young journalist in Johannesburg when I first met Gandhi in 1904. He was then living the quiet life of a middle-class professional man. He was a vegetarian, a student of nature cure, and a lecturer, as well, of course, as a legal practitioner and his compatriots' political adviser. I soon learnt that his non-violence was derived from ancient Hindu teachings and practice. Tolstoy, whose writings on the subject had greatly attracted him, had merely emphasised an inherent trend in his character. For the next ten years our relations were most intimate. Shortly after our meeting he was much worried by the finances of his weekly paper, *Indian Opinion*, and he went to Durban, where it was printed and published, to see what could be done about it. I gave him to read on his journey Ruskin's *Unto This Last*. In his *Autobiography* he says that he was so fascinated by the book that he decided to take immediate steps to live as a peasant and handicraftsman. He did, in fact, buy a small estate near Durban, to which he transferred the printing plant and where he organised a "simple-life" settlement of British and Indian friends, confident that, despite racial differences, they could collaborate. Later, he sent his family there, but he himself could only pay occasional visits, owing to growing political difficulties in the Transvaal.

I became the editor of the paper and was professionally articleed to him. His constant admonition was moderation and objectivity. Three years later he gave up his legal activities, partly to devote himself entirely to the service of his countrymen, then in the throes of the seven years' passive resistance struggle, and partly because of his conviction that as a devotee of non-violence he should no longer earn a livelihood from a profession in which the decrees of the courts might ultimately

have to be enforced by police action. His retirement was much regretted by all who knew him and had admired his high integrity.

The great struggle began in 1907, when the Botha-Smuts Government secured the enactment by the new Transvaal Legislature of the very measure which, under the Crown Colony administration, had been rejected only shortly before by the British Colonial Secretary. I do not think that either then, or later, when the Union Government continued to enforce anti-Asiatic laws, Gandhi fully understood that the essence of responsible Government was the constitutional freedom to act wrongly as well as rightly. It was not until much later that he realised that the grant of "the key of the door" had its dangers as well as its useful possibilities.

His campaign of "passive resistance," apart from his natural attraction to non-violence, was much encouraged by two events. One was the arrival, at a critical moment, of a pamphlet entitled *On the Duty of Civil Disobedience*, by the American pacifist Thoreau. His argument that a man must obey his own conscience even against the will of his fellow citizens, and be ready to undergo imprisonment in consequence (for, after all, it was only his body and not his spirit which was in custody), appealed strongly to Gandhi. He pressed me to publish it as a supplement to *Indian Opinion*. The other event was his observation, during a brief visit to England, in 1909, of the methods used by the British suffragettes, involving imprisonment, in furtherance of their cause. His keen sense of humour was often displayed, but never more appropriately than when he told my wife that he had learnt more of "passive resistance" from Mrs. Gandhi, when she disagreed with him, than from any other source.

It was in South Africa, too, that he learnt what it was to be an "untouchable," both racially (as I knew from direct experience as a member of his household), and from the practice of elementary scavenging which he undertook at his "simple life" colonies at Phoenix and Tolstoy Farm. Hence his powerful advocacy, upon his return to India, of the removal of "untouchability," which he condemned as a disgrace to Hinduism. Ever since his arrival in Natal he had seen the necessity of Hindu-Muslim unity, and among his closest colleagues, during the South African period, were Muslims as well as Hindus. Indeed, he always held office under a Muslim president. His earliest fasts, for self-purification and as contrition for wrong-doing, were undertaken in the Union. I had many opportunities, during those formative years, of discussing with him these fundamental ideas as well as of appreciating the sufferings of his people. I realised even then that his advice was always welcomed by them, because they were assured of his desire for service and his capacity for personal sacrifice.

It was at his request that I first went to India in 1909 to explain to the leaders and the Government the South African Indian disabilities. Before I left he urged me to do my best to persuade them to terminate the evil indenture system. As a result of these efforts, led by G. K. Gokhale, this was done, as regards Natal, in 1911. It was not until January 1st, 1920, that, after an agitation in India under Gandhi's leadership which began in 1916, the system was ended throughout the Empire. During the last phase of the great struggle, when he was arrested, I shared his imprisonment, for he left to me the leadership of the ex-indentured Indians whom he had persuaded to cross the Transvaal border and court imprisonment, in order to secure the repeal of the £3 tax to which they were annually liable as the price of the freedom,

Its abolition had been promised by the spokesman of the Union Government to Gokhale, when on a visit to South Africa in 1912—a promise which had been violated.

Gandhi's own part in the long campaign had been admired even by those opposed to his views. It had brought him into close contact with General Smuts, who had greatly appreciated his suspending activities at the time of the general strike in 1913. From the time of his first imprisonment, in 1907, when the General had sent him some books to read, until his departure from South Africa, in 1914, after the signing of the historic Gandhi-Smuts Agreement which had brought the campaign to an end, the personal relations of the two men, so different in their outlook and methods, remained friendly. It was, therefore, not without meaning that, when he left the Union, his parting gift to his old opponent was a pair of hand-made sandals, or that, after Gandhi's tragic death, the great South African described him as "a prince among men."

Of the deepest religious convictions, Gandhi held his prayer meetings even in those days with the singing of Hindu, Muslim and Christian hymns and devotional readings from the world's Scriptures. I often questioned him, having regard to his insistence upon non-violence at all times whatever the provocation, about Lord Krishna's adjuration, in the *Bhagavad Gita* (his own favourite Scripture), to his soldier-pupil, Prince Arjuna, to fight. Gandhi's reply was that he regarded the story as a poetic description of the eternal conflict within man between good and evil. I was never quite convinced by this explanation. Indeed, having organised an Indian Ambulance Corps (which he led as sergeant-major) in the Boer War, and a stretcher-bearer unit in the Zulu Rebellion of 1906, because he insisted with his countrymen that claims to the rights of citizenship were insufficient without acceptance of the corresponding responsibilities, he not only did so again, with his compatriots in England, at the outbreak of the first Great War, but, on his return to India, he even took part in a recruiting campaign for fighting soldiers among his followers, on the ground that many of them were refraining from joining up not from an honest belief in non-violence but from cowardice, and he argued that death whilst fighting with courage was far better than refraining from its risks through fear.

He was never merely quiescent or negative, but always dynamic and energetic. His non-violence he translated as utter belief in the *power* of the spirit and in Truth-*force*, or *Satyagraha*, as he called it. Nor was his simplicity of life due so much to an æsthetic preference as to a mystical strain combined with an urge to relate himself intimately to the sorrows, the needs and the way of life of the humblest peasant. A loyal friend and a loving brother, never once did I hear from him a personal attack even upon his most aggressive opponents, to whom he would always attribute the better motive rather than the worse. On one occasion, shortly after his return to India, I told him that people were describing him as a saint lost in politics. "No," was his instant reply, "I am a politician trying my best to become a saint—and only too often failing in the attempt."

My last important contact with him was in 1937, when I asked him what was his personal definition of the slogan *Hind Swaraj*, which he had invented many years earlier, and to which different interpretations were being given by his Congress followers. He gave me authority to publish a letter in which he defined the phrase as meaning Dominion

status under the Statute of Westminster, which gave the right—whether exercised or not—of separation from the Commonwealth. He regarded that as equivalent to “complete independence.”

H. S. L. POLAK.

CHRISTIANITY *VERSUS* COMMUNISM IN FRANCE.

WHEN the French communists called off the series of strikes in December 1947 they uttered a new threat; “Our forces must now be regrouped and rallied for future fights, which will be bitter.” They had certainly lost a battle, but they did not believe it was the decisive battle, and while the first serious challenge of the new Cominform to the West has been parried, nobody believes it will be the last. The French communists have lost credit in Moscow, and this will be to them the bitterest of all the facts of their failure. At any cost they will try to regain that credit, and they will not succeed until they have called a strike so complete that it ruins once and for all every hope of French recovery. They have but recoiled *pour mieux sauter*, and the breathing space is not even a truce, much less an armistice. It will last just so long as is necessary for the communists to regain their credit with the workers, and for the loopholes in their control of the French trade unions to be closed. But this is likely to take some time. Towards the end of the strikes far more workers were defying than were obeying them, and they will not regain their trust in a day. They will also have somehow to destroy, or to make harmless to them, the Christian trade unions, which are far more powerful than their numerical membership might suggest, and which at present have all the prestige of a successful defiance of the communist majority.

It is very probably true (though they would not admit it for worlds) the the real enemy which the French communists fear most is not General de Gaulle, not M. Schuman’s government, not any of the political parties, but the French Churches. It takes a religion to cast out another religion, and communism is a religion—a false religion no doubt, but still a religion. It has its scriptures, and its infallible deity ensconced in the Moscow holy of holies. Above all, it has the three marks of every militant religion, a burning sense of mission, a rigid and yet welcoming exclusiveness within which brotherhood is immensely strong, and a new ethic which is completely disconcerting to all who see it from the outside. It is quite impossible for ordinary, sober, secular politics to cope with a force like this. Only a better religion can do so, and in France the religion in occupation is Christianity. It is not only the communists who intend to use the breathing space to regroup and rally their forces. The French Churches, it is to be hoped, are doing exactly the same thing. Happily, there is plenty of evidence that they have been steadily trying to do this very thing ever since the middle of the war.

To the purist it is very shocking to use the fear of communism as a spur to force Christians to take their religion more seriously. Ideally the purist is quite right: fear of communism makes no man Christian. But it is impossible to avoid contrasting the two creeds since they are in plain fact the two formidable contestants for the soul of man, and the duel is now approaching a decisive stage. Lenin’s old dictum, that

if Bolshevism wins it will destroy Christianity and if Christianity wins it will destroy Bolshevism, is not only as true as it was when he said it, it is far truer. To allow the purist's fear of a debasing of the Christian appeal, however just in itself, to blind us to the reality of the fact that two religions are at war all over the world, is to deliver ourselves a prey to futility. It is not for nothing that wherever communism is seriously threatening the economy of a European nation, there it finds its path blocked by some kind of a Christian political party, like the Christian Democrats in Italy or the M.R.P. in France, the members of which have been forced by the communists themselves to abandon the tradition that the Christian religion avoids party politics.

The prize of the war is the soul of man, its issue is the question of the freedom of man. These may seem cloudy abstractions, but a war fought about them between militant religions has its strategy and its tactics, like any other war. In the post-war world the centre of gravity of any industrialised nation is ultimately the urban proletariat. On the goodwill and the trust of the working man in the great cities depend all hopes of national recovery, even of national existence. It is he, much more than his ploughman brother, more than the civil servant, more even than the minister of state, who can plunge a whole nation quickly into chaos and hold it there until it is paralysed. That is broadly true anywhere in Europe, but most of all it is true of France. Therefore, the strategic centre of the battle for the soul of European man is at present the proletariat of the great French cities—Paris first, and then Marseilles, Lyons and the Atlantic ports, and the northern coalfields. It is there that the communists have put forth their greatest efforts, and there that they have suffered temporary defeat. But it is there also that the French Churches have been most actively at work during the last eight or nine years. Communism and Christianity in France have for some years been planning and acting along the lines of the same strategic judgment that he who would win modern France must first win the French urban industrial worker.

The French Churches have tried to analyse this field of their endeavour copiously and exactly. The results of their analysis might be put (with almost absurd brevity) something like this: A century of anti-clericalism turned France into the most irreligious nation in Europe, but though anti-clericalism was to be found everywhere its effects of irreligion fell most heavily on the towns. There it was increased by the rigidity of the French class system, and by the segregation of industrial workers into districts of their own. The results are that French workingmen are apt to think and feel as workers, not as Frenchmen; and the admitted period of relative slumber through which the French Church passed in the first twenty years of this century made them feel that the Church had no special interest in them. From that slumber the Church has gloriously awakened, but the damage has been done. This damage is that the French industrial worker is apt to have not merely no Christian culture but no culture of any kind. He has wholly separated himself from the Christian tradition of Western Europe. But in the process of shedding one ethic he has added to himself another, by which there is a new unforgivable sin. This is the sin of individualism, the sin of refusal to join in that which advances the cause of the working class and its sense of international brotherhood, the sin of standing aloof from the common effort, the sin of a negative or positive harm done to the brethren. Apart from this there is no sin, and all conduct is judged by that simple standard and its implications. For every

statement in this brief analysis chapter and verse could be quoted from the writings of French Christians in recent years.

It is one thing to analyse a battlefield and to derive therefrom a tactic and a strategy ; it is quite another to regroup one's forces so as to implement them. What forces or assets has the Christian cause in France which are tangible enough to be calculated as the instruments of a strategy ? First there are the Christian Workers' Unions. It is not easy to come by much knowledge of them, and still more difficult to form any calculation of their strength. They have been in existence for a good many years, and by common consent they are a real power in the trade union movement. The communists almost certainly regard them as public enemy number one, but their effort is directed to the ousting of the communists from control of the unions. Thus, if the communists decide that a strike would be a bad thing for them the Christian Workers' Unions try to engineer one, and *vice versa*. Their policy seems to be the very simple one of wresting the control of the unions from the communists, and it is uncertain how far they can be relied upon as an organised body to take their share in the Church's direct work of evangelism. To the extent that they are anti-communist pure and simple, their tactics depend on such moves as communism makes, and this is to leave the initiative to the adversary.

Then there are the many groups of the Young Christian Workers, commonly known as the *Jocistes*. They came into existence before the war and spread rapidly. They were intended to be, and in fact were and are, an evangelistic force with a mission to all young workers, and they have the prestige of an immaculate record in the Resistance. The effect they have had on the total religious situation in France is incalculable but plainly they have not yet succeeded in transforming it ; and it was a priest who had had much to do with them and had hoped great things from them who sorrowfully admitted that they had as yet had no success at all in turning the mass of French industrial workers from their paganism. None the less the *Jocistes* are a force in being, spiritually disciplined, and animated by a pure desire to bring France back to the Church. As such, they count in the reckoning.

Perhaps the most hopeful feature of all is the *Mission de Paris* which is linked with the heroic name of the Abbé Godin, who died of consistent and prolonged overwork recently. This consists of priests who have made burningly their own the insight of the Abbé Depierre, who thus defined the great evangelistic need of France : " The Church must be reconstituted locally ; in the factory, in the living quarters of the people, in the places where the men work." He meant that people cannot be converted apart from their environment, and that divine grace is intended to redeem a whole industry corporately not less than the separate souls of the men who work in it. The priests of the *Mission de Paris* are themselves workers, not works' chaplains. They work at the benches alongside the men, and they depend on the wages they earn. Their lives are workers' lives, and they learn to see things as other workers see them, using every opportunity which comes their way to exercise their priesthood in the factory or canteen, and in the life of the street outside. Again, it is a work heroic but not assessable, but it is not possible that it should be without effect. It is not surprising that the most illuminating and thorough of the accounts of the spiritual condition of the French industrial worker and the most realistic reports of the evangelistic situation in the great French cities should mostly have been written by priests of the *Mission de Paris* ;

and it is significant that the most celebrated of these should have the title *La France Pays de Mission*?

But these men do a specialised job, and it is neither possible nor desirable that the great body of practising Christians in France, clergy and laity, should try to follow them. Specialised ministries will always be necessary, but they must operate on the assumption that the ordinary routine work is always being done, and the routine or the basic average of Christianity in France as in England is the life of the parish. England cannot be converted without its parishes; nor can France. This is naturally realised as much in France as in England, and there has therefore been a great deal of taking stock lately of the position and needs of the French parochial system. The specialists of the missions to the French working class have been saying uncomfortable things about the life of the French parish church. They say that they simply cannot see the sort of people among whom they live and work—the man at the lathe in the Renault factories—fitting happily into the life of the French parish church. Some of them have even canvassed the idea of setting up an entirely new kind of parochial system to cater for the industrial workers. This challenge has been taken up by the spokesmen of the parishes, who have been carefully analysing the problem from their own point of view. They admit that the French parish church has become too congregational, an organisation content to minister faithfully to those who come to church, but forgetful that it is a mission to every living soul in the parish. In other words they want to get into the bones of the priests and laymen in the parish church the conception of parochial ministry instinctively accepted in England, that the parish church is responsible before God for every single soul which does not refuse its ministrations. This conviction has been put most neatly by a phrase in the New Year (1947) pastoral letter of the Archbishop of Toulouse, Cardinal Saliège, "The Rectory as a ceremonial enterprise is being replaced by the parish as a living community, in whose life the faithful take an active part. If all the rectories in our diocese attain to this standard, then a big obstacle to the propagation of the Faith will have vanished."

The Protestant Churches in France must not be left out of the reckoning, for they too are most active. They, too, have their home mission movement, the *Mission Centrale Évangélique*, whose speciality is the holding of vast open-air meetings where people of all kinds testify to the faith that is in them, and apparently are heard gladly by large crowds of passers-by. There is a great Youth Movement for Protestants, called *Cimade*, founded at the beginning of the war by a brave girl, Madeleine Barot, who gave her life to serve the prisoners in the notorious Vichy concentration camp in the Pyrenées. *Cimade* works mostly by the method of cellular expansion, roughly after the manner of the communists. In addition to this there is a flourishing centre of the International Fellowship of Reconciliation at Le Chambon in the Haute Loire, where members of many of the non-Roman Catholic Churches of the world are working together in harmony to bring Christ to men of every European nation in the two prisoners of war camps near by.

It would be possible to continue for a long time compiling lists of Christian activities in France. But what do they all amount to in terms of the great struggle for the soul of France? They are evidence that the Christian cause in France is being faithfully served, and served with enterprise. They show that French Christians are not afraid of self-

criticism. They declare that Christianity in France is very much alive. Beyond that it is all a question mark, but a question mark of reasonable hope. It is not over-simplifying the issue to believe that the conflict between Christianity and Communism is one more form of the eternal conflict between good and evil. If it is, it will be subject to the set conditions of all such conflicts in the past, of which the first is that in the early stages of the conflict evil is nearly always triumphant. Isolate any moment in the course of such a conflict and look at it as it seems in that moment alone, and one invariably gets the impression of a triumphantly energetic and resourceful evil doing as it likes with the good cause and its rather futile defenders. That is the impression. But it is a false impression. It is not really like that at all. In France one can point to the elements of a potential Christian strategy, but not to any strategic plan. No doubt it is better so in the long run, for a Christianity which is true to itself is always a very long distance affair.

ROGER LLOYD.

AMERICAN IMPRESSIONS.

THE more I feel that I am decidedly an European the more I know for certain what we owe to America. No emigrant could have drawn a better lot during the war than we did. We lived four of the five years in the most beautiful gardens of California, in an Italian climate to which we were used, and my literary work went on without interruption. I went on lecture tours to Universities, to War Ministries, and once even to Congress, and was thus able to fight against the barbarians and for freedom by means of the written and spoken word. And as I enjoyed the confidence of some distinguished leaders, above all of the President, I was in a position to try to strengthen the influence of certain ideas. Added to it was the friendship of five or six distinguished men and women, Americans by birth, who showed us the best qualities of their nation, and also the dark sides, and who gave us a lot of information which cannot be found in the streets or in newspapers.

What I found best across the sea is the open naivety to which the inherited spirit of co-operation is coupled and which still seems to contain a few remnants from the age of the pioneers. That every, or ever other, car which sped along the highway suddenly stopped and offered help when I had a break-down on the road can only happen in America. That nobody, not even men of the highest rank, show any kind of snobbism in that country, that they behave as naturally as they are born and only suffer unaffected people, is typically American and facilitates every kind of social intercourse. They are a people without affectation, which can hardly be said for any nation of Europe. As far as business was concerned, that is to say, my dealings with publishers, agents and editors, I found them decidedly tough but always honest, the ideal being not "gentleman" but "efficiency." The hard punishment of someone who, while going for a walk in California, picks an orange, without being authorised to do so, seems to be a relic from the days of the pioneers and has a lot to be said for it, although it seems to contradict the secret admiration which Al Capone enjoyed, who could at long last only be arrested for tax evasion. Both these extreme cases could not happen in Europe. On the other hand, I have also seen corruption flourish in other countries: democracy

does not put an end to it, it only appears in different forms and different people gain by it. It was rampant in the republics of antiquity, and democrats who maintain that it is typical of dictatorships make as ridiculous a statement as those who uphold the contrary. Since nothing is so difficult to understand for a guest who studies a foreign country as corruption and sex life, I do not dare to pronounce a definite opinion on this point, although I believe that there is less corruption in England than in America.

What struck me as greater in the United States than anywhere else is the wish to be generous. It is, however, tied closely to publicity which rules the entire public life and often also private affairs. The man who is paid to extract money from the guests of an official dinner for some charity; the half-hour in which several thousand dollars are collected; that lemon-squeezer which drains the last drops under official pressure and which does not exist in other countries in the same form: these are intolerable for us. In the end, however, the millions are collected, the donors are mentioned in public and photographed when they hand over the cheques, and thousands of destitute people receive assistance. It is important to note here that a country of extreme nationalism which deems itself superior to Europe in every way will spend those millions as willingly for Europe as for its own citizens. The Lord who weighs human motives and the philosopher who analyses them may come to different conclusions; the philanthropist, who has seen starving children and torn shoes, will not be able to blame the donor.

The fact that the American over-estimates himself can be forgiven on account of his naivety. As he does not believe, and does not know, that his level of education is inferior to that of his European counterpart; as he mistakes in good faith technical progress for culture, deems three bathrooms, eight towels and faster trains and aeroplanes to be the aim to be achieved by humanity about 1950, he thinks the treasures of Europe somewhat quaint and antiquated and recognises neither their beauty nor their inner value. One could recently hear that from remarks made by soldiers. On a poster advertising a brand of honey I saw a wide highway with a tiny shrub growing on its edge from which the bee had apparently always gathered its honey. The striking thing is here that no American finds this funny, for the whole splendid life of mankind is for him represented by the superb highway with cars in full speed with which the honey has nothing to do. This poster catches the eye much more than a garden in full bloom from which the honey came could ever hope to do.

This shows the profound difference to Europe, although our walls are also disfigured with posters. The worship of success, which is nearly identical with the worship of the dollar, is so great in America that it is deemed to be of decisive quality. When one of my publishers tried to prove the value of one of my books in public by the fact that he had spent 10,000 dollars on publicity I felt like a courtesan whom one tries to make attractive, not by showing a picture of her beauty, but by naming the sum which rich men pay for her favours. Here again the American naivety is at the bottom of it all, for in Europe everybody will keep quiet about the sums he spends on publicity, will even deny having spent anything at all, instead of broadcasting it. The way in which we lecturers were introduced to our public by well-meaning professors, clergymen or lawyers, who enumerated the editions of our books, that is to say, stressed the statistical element instead of the

spiritual, is a custom to which a foreigner can only gradually adapt himself.

Among the national misconceptions which the Americans, like all nations, have about themselves I found three especially striking: "We are a young nation," "We have no classes of society," and "We are the most modern nation." The truth is that 170 years have passed since the revolution and that, therefore, the American Republic is the second eldest in the world; that the difference between the standard of living of an oil magnate and a worker in the oilfields of Oklahoma, both of whom I visited on the same day, one in a kind of palace, the other in a corrugated iron hut, is unsurpassed in any other country in our time; and that his country was only yesterday the most backward as far as social legislation is concerned and that it was only forced by the national emergency of 1933 to make the most elementary reforms, the most important of which had been carried out half a century before Roosevelt in darkest Prussia by Bismarck, a reactionary junker and dictator. The Americans believed until recently that charity was an equivalent of social justice.

Equally surprising is it for us Europeans to come across the colour prejudice of the white population. Before giving a lecture in a negro college in one of the Southern States I was greeted in the lounge of the small hotel at which I stayed by two professors; out of habit I asked them to sit down, an act which earned me a severe reprimand in truly Prussian fashion from the white proprietress. When I declared my intention to leave the hotel at once, rang up the two professors and asked them for other night quarters, if possible with them, they thought at first that they had misunderstood me on the telephone. The day I spent later with the negro President, his self-assurance, education and cordiality made a deep impression on me. But when I asked him what he would do if his recently-born baby daughter should want to marry a white man in twenty years' time, he said in a whisper: "I would shoot her."

Success and movement, those two aims of almost all Americans, lead all people who believe in them in our time to a superficial life which overshadows, if not absorbs, the spiritual life and hampers the birth of a national civilisation. They do not know that all art and science and even most inventions come from their mother country Europe, and not only those of past ages but also those of to-day, and that they with their gigantic means and their co-operative generosity only develop, improve, simplify, reduce costs or collect in their institutes and museums what they receive from culturally superior Europe. They really do not know, and they cannot believe, that the Sorbonne with its old-fashioned, dirty premises, that the crooked and dark laboratories in which Pasteur, Curie and Branly made their important discoveries not only in the past, but also Oxford, where Fleming only yesterday invented Penicillin, stand for the civilisation of our time and that the magnificent institutes of the Rockefeller Foundation are compared to them what the Empire State Building is in comparison to the Acropolis of Athens.

The value of figures is so exaggerated that their imagination is constantly occupied by the greatest battle in history, the greatest president, the richest man, the highest building, the longest swimming-pool; when a bridge collapses the large-size headline in the papers run: Five Million Dollar Bridge Collapsed. There is, therefore, less room in their imagination for the phenomena of love, nature and death

which rule the life of the European ; motor-cars, sport and hospital take their place in America as a rule. That love is an art, of which wooing and expectation are the most interesting features, that nature can be enjoyed and studied without the means of sport, and that death is an enigma, those fundamental ideas of the Europeans are alien to the Americans. The most intelligent and the best among them know it very well and either mourn or ridicule their solitary knowledge. This naivety of grown-up children has something pathetic because they simply take success and wealth for the aims and content of life, because the driving force of all those thousands of students is to obtain a diploma which will lead to a good job. When I asked presidents and professors of colleges, of which I visited over thirty on a lecture tour, how many per cent. of the students were there to gain knowledge of nature and spirit, the answer was without exception a smile or the figures : " One or two." Now, when motor-cars, radio and cinema, the three most dangerous means of amusement in our generation, have got a hold on the imagination of a whole nation, when thus movement has become the ideal and collected thought the exception, the life of the individual and of the family must necessarily become more and more superficial. Of the old ideals, love, idyll, literature, music, which are also on the decline in Europe, only one has survived in America and that is God, about whom there is much controversy but who enjoys also much worship.

Unfortunately this strongest pillar of their spiritual life is being shaken at present. We and our friends here laughed very much about a book, the great best seller of 1946/7, in which an American clergyman pleads for the establishment of a new American God who should not be " monarchist " any longer but " democratic," should not be " Our Father " but " Our Partner," and whom we do not need but who needs us. The wide national success of that book, which with us would have been reviewed under " Comics," shows what point a people can reach between laughter and self-reliance, which has supplanted transcendental thought by statistics and believes that eternal truths can be found by voting.

For the last twenty years I have been receiving letters from unknown readers of my books from all parts of the world and the best of them have come from the United States. The so-called little man to whom the grand, partly motorised, libraries deliver all the books he wants to read, writes to the author and asks him questions ; he and the soldier represent the best types whom I found among Americans. The educated man reads frequently only the book reviews or has the contents of the ten latest books related to him at his club in forty minutes. He has no time to read, not because he wants to make money all day long, for he works, in fact, shorter hours and less hard than his European counterpart, but because he drives about in his car and is occupied with " relaxation " in the company of his wife or girl-friend, with the radio turned on and lying, if possible, on the beach, surrounded by newspapers and magazines, the pictures of which enable him to get excited about things which have either nothing to do with him or at which he can laugh.

The inquiry after one's state of health which every American addresses to his acquaintances every morning is in itself kind, and eccentrics, like myself, who cannot bear to be spoken to in the morning do not really count. The danger lies in the fact that he demands the answer : " I'm fine," that he may, as I know for certain, dismiss an

employee who frequently gives a misanthropic answer or replies that he suffers from indigestion, that his sister had just died or that he had lost money on the Stock Exchange, because he cannot stand negative truths of that kind.

Because the American is happy in his illusion that life consists of reaching one climax after another, which he calls "progress," he lives only one life, towards the future, while we poor Europeans, who also strive after money and success, have two lives, one looking towards the future and one looking towards the past. In no American home, except a few old houses in the Southern States, have I seen the portraits of the owner's ancestors on the walls, but everywhere about a dozen photographs of the children. While we remember those gone before us, those invisible ones, and hold them present in their pictures and in anecdotes, record history not only for the State but for the family too, celebrate important data in the lives of our parents in some way, I cannot recall an American who even knew these data; he drives his car up to his mother's grave so that he need not walk the short distance from the churchyard gate. On the other hand, he wants to see his children's pictures as well as the children who are daily around him, and in his pride to have begotten them he brings them up to what he calls free self-expression and which strikes us Europeans as bad manners. I took an appointment as professor on a Western University for a year, which meant hard work and little pay, in order to study the students, and they taught me much more than I taught them.

On that occasion, as on scores of others, I was surprised—and many emigrants whom I asked were as surprised as I was—to find how slow the famous American speed was. A nation of which millions can afford to spend thirty to sixty minutes daily at the barber's does not exist in Europe. I observed the typists in the War Ministries, in lawyers' offices, in doctors' consulting rooms or in banks and came to the conclusion that three of them achieved the same amount of work between them for which in Europe one girl would be employed. This is not meant to be a reproach. It only shows where specialisation leads to. Thus I was told, in one of the largest hotels in New York, that a missing part on the lock of my trunk could not be replaced and would I not rather buy a new trunk? Everything which is organised on a mechanical basis, as the construction of a motor-car or an aeroplane, processes of production which I was fortunate enough to see on the spot in peace and war, are, because of their technical organisation, quicker than anywhere else; but everything which is not made by machines but has to be done by human brains or made by human hands is much slower.

How much the American can achieve I have seen in Germany towards the end of the War, where the calm, the patience and the cheerfulness of the American soldier struck me by contrast to the familiar roughness of the Prussian soldier. There, where his understanding of love, history and culture were irrelevant, where he became *once more a pioneer*, I thought him classic. The German burghers watched with amazement when the victorious foreign invaders built a bridge across the River Neckar without shouting, without abusive language, even without commands; and in spite of all that their bridge was as good as those built by German soldiers under threats and shouting.

That that nation unanimously decided for war only on the morning after Pearl Harbour I have seen from close quarters and observed in all classes of society. That up to that date half the nation had been

averse to participation in the war I could understand only too well ; the conclusion that England would fall without their help and Germany begin to threaten them across 3,000 miles of ocean could not be drawn by everybody ; hundreds of members of Congress, who should have known better, denied the existence of danger. How could the man in the street fathom it ? So they went to war in order to defend themselves against an insidious attack from the West and a threat from the East ; not to save " democracy " or even Great Britain. If in November 1940 some reactionary politician, who might have had friends of friends connected with the I.G. Farbenindustrie in Frankfort, had been elected President in Roosevelt's place, and if the Japanese had not made a surprise attack, the whole history of the War might have been different. All this does not alter the fact that the Americans have saved Europe's freedom ; in the same way their craving for publicity does not alter the fact that they are giving millions to Europe. For that the gratitude of every European is due to them, mine for example, not only because I am a Jew and would have seen the destruction of the last remnants of my tribe in Europe, but also because our garden in Switzerland would otherwise have formed part of a German *Gau* and we would have been banished from it.

EMIL LUDWIG.

Ascona.

THE CHALLENGE IN GREECE.

NOTHING could have so demonstrated the futility of M. Sophoulis's appeasement policy in Greece, outlined to me in a two-hours' conversation I had with him at his home in Athens last June, or laid bare so convincingly the Slav-Communist conspiracy against " that last surviving bastion of western democracy in South-eastern Europe "—to quote Mr. Sumner Welles—as the desperate, full-scale attack by rebel forces against Konitza and its political implications. Operating for the first time as an organised, concentrated military force, and using field guns and heavy mortars, " General " Markos's guerrillas aimed at capturing the town in order to give substance to the Communist chief's claim to having set up a " Free Government " in Northern Greece, and in order to establish a " status of belligerency." At present they hold only villages, scattered over a wide and sparsely populated region. Happily, this ambitious assault failed, but had it succeeded there is little doubt a situation of great international danger would have resulted. Without justification, Russia and her satellites would in all probability have recognised the bandits as " legal insurgents," and one of the material consequences would have been an even greater flow of arms and supplies across the frontier. There is the strongest possible reason to suspect that Tito and Dimitrov, the Yugoslav and Bulgarian dictators, awaited the outcome of Konitza before committing themselves further, with the approval of Moscow. It was not only the augmented and re-equipped Greek Army which was being tested in this attack ; it was British and American reaction to bolder Slav intervention in Greece, and the whole authority of U.N.O., whose " watch-dog " Commission saw the battle in progress, that was being put to the severest test.

Not without good reason have London and Washington taken the view that the proclamation by Markos of a " Free Government," with

the subsequent attempt on Konitza, constituted the most dangerous development so far in the Communist pressure on Greece and Slav consolidation in the Near East. I recall the statement made to me by M. Papandreou, then Minister of the Interior, last summer that if international peace were to be preserved Britain and the United States would have to assume "an open responsibility" in Greece. It would be fatal to regard the guerrilla war as "a local Balkans affair." His warning to-day sounds ominous and significant, just as the high hopes expressed to me by M. Sophoulis, who believed he could bring peace to Greece by a policy of appeasement and amnesty, are now shown to have been based on wrong assumptions. In other words, in emphasising to me that there was "an internal situation of which the northern neighbours had taken advantage," he conveyed the impression that solution of the internal problem would automatically solve the external question. Nothing could be clearer to-day than that, so far as a political solution is concerned, the Communists would be content with nothing less than a dictatorship of their own brand at Athens. This also is the objective of Moscow, Belgrade and Sofia.

During the period of the amnesty declared by the Sophoulis coalition, from September 14th to November 14th of last year, 9,066 rebels gave themselves up. The Prime Minister, at the end of the first month—the decree was originally intended to last for a month—announced that the Government's offer had met with response "on the part of a great section of those who had been carried away by artful Communist propaganda, or constrained by it through fear of violence." That the response was doomed from the start, however, may be gauged from the message sent by *The Times* correspondent from Florina shortly after the amnesty proclamation was issued, stating that brigade headquarters there had been advised by outlying units that the rebels were paying as little heed to the new offer as they had done in the previous offers of pardon. Anyone reading the proclamation, let alone surrendering, was threatened with death.

At the time I was in Athens the strength of the "Democratic Army" was variously estimated at from 15,000 to 20,000 men at the most. Although reports said that 25,000 to 30,000 men were behind the Christmas Eve attack against Konitza, this total was apparently grossly exaggerated, as a Greek Government communiqué after the relief of the town stated that the rebel force making the frontal assault numbered "more than 3,000." Probably the total number of guerrillas mustered for the engagement did not exceed 10,000. Here, however, it is important to note that the real sinews of war for the bandits lie, in inexhaustible strength, behind the frontiers of Greece's neighbours, and though the Greek Army is entitled to the glory of the relief of Konitza it would be foolish to regard it as anything but a tactical gain and a temporary frustration of the Communist plans. The nefarious and coldly calculated aim of the Greek Communists, with the approval and backing of the Slavs, is to wage a war of exhaustion against the Greek State so that, in course of time, complete economic and social collapse will occur. This can be achieved by carrying on the banditry as heretofore, operating as bands of 50 to 500 or more men, raiding villages and farms, and replenishing food supplies from the countryside. Already more than half a million peasants are in flight through the terrorism exercised. Salonika and Athens are crowded with refugees, and the population of the capital has swollen from a million to 1,750,000 as a result of the world war and the guerrilla strife. Agriculture is seriously hampered,

and further starvation for the Greek people would bring about demoralisation. It is not essential to the success of Markos's plans to hold a large town, though such a development would facilitate Moscow's designs.

M. Sophoulis's appeasement policy, however, was worth the experiment for reasons other than exposing the Slav-Communist conspiracy and the hollowness of the pretence of K.K.E. willingness to participate in a more broadly based Government. Said the veteran Liberal leader earnestly to me: "It would take a long time to suppress the rebellion by force of arms, during which time not only the Army but the people would suffer the consequences of the strife, with refugees all the time making their way from one territory to another. Besides, if at the end of many months the rebellion was suppressed, the abnormal situation would not come to an end because of the passions aroused by the struggle. Thus the people would be divided for a whole generation."

The formation of Markos's "Government," followed by the attempt on Konitza, was but the reflex of the failure of the Foreign Ministers' conference, just as the revival of the Communist International followed on the frustration of the Soviet bloc at Lake Success. Russia turns away from the West to pursue her foreign policy unrestricted—so far as she dare at present. As the *Manchester Guardian* has commented: "Threatened by a small but ruthless revolutionary movement within and by Slav ambitions without, Greece has become the very heart of the international storm, the chosen battleground between East and West." Greece stands as the chief stubborn obstacle to the Soviet defensive system in the Eastern Mediterranean. She is neither Slav nor Communist. Russia's anxiety to cover her southern approaches has always been obvious, and whether dealing with the Germans, as in the early days of the war, or with the Allies, she has consistently pressed her claims in regard to this area. On the other side of the Straits are Turkey and Persia, forming the eastern wing of the approaches to the Black Sea. If Greece were forcibly brought within the fold the Asiatic countries could no longer resist. If this happened, the whole balance of power in the Middle East would be transformed, with momentous consequences for Britain and America.

Only with Greece and the Greek isles and harbours securely within their grip would the suspicious rulers of the Soviet Union feel secure. So long as Greece remains independent and tied politically to the West—and it is to the West that the Greek people feel bound by culture and tradition—Russia will be haunted by the nightmare of American warships in Greek seas and British and American airfields in Anatolia. She will feel that she is constantly exposed and threatened. Russia, we know, is far from desiring war at present, whatever her future intentions may be, but fear is a goad to precipitate action which often culminates in war. It is the Greek association with the West, and the geopolitics and strategy involved, that make the Greek situation so dangerous. The stakes are tremendous. If Greece is lost to the West, the consequences may be fateful for mankind, the tragedy irreparable. Greece is the heritage of all humanity, yet it is not merely Greece for which the opposing titanic forces contend, but for the very soul and spirit of the world at large. In an astonishingly frank statement the Soviet delegate, Malenkov, at the inaugural meeting of the Cominform, declared that the battle between Communism and the Capitalist States had been joined. During last century, and particularly during the period of Salisbury,

Britain opposed Russian expansion, whilst Russia challenged our strategic, political and commercial interests in the Near and Middle East. There was, however, no conflict, and our firm attitude gained Russia's respect. It is true that Britain's power has declined, whilst Soviet Russia's has grown immensely, but the balance is more than redressed by the great power of America. A strong stand now against encroachment or aggression may save everything, whilst hesitation or weakness would certainly, sooner or later, lose all. That is the choice.

The further action of the British and American Governments in face of the challenge by the Slavs to the Charter and the decisions of the United Nations Assembly may be known by the time this is in print, and it is to be devoutly hoped that the "open responsibility" urged by M. Papandreou will have been fearlessly assumed. The dangers of "non-intervention" or a hesitant, vacillating attitude on the part of the two great democracies were forcefully stressed by Professor Gilbert Murray in a recent letter to *The Times*. "Surely the worst service to peace that can be conceived," he said, "is to let the Communist Balkan Governments believe they can invade Greece with impunity, while Britain, the United States and U.N. take no action. There is a place for appeasement; but unlimited appeasement is a fatal policy, because it leads aggressors to greater and greater aggressions and then inevitably breaks down. If the Balkan Communists invade Greece there will be, sooner or later, another European war, and the sooner they know it the better. Would either of the world wars have taken place if Germany had not been assured that Britain and America would not fight?" It is only too true that what is happening in Greece to-day bears a very striking and sinister resemblance to the Spanish civil war, which was regarded as a prelude to the world upheaval in 1939. The question may well be asked if Greece is destined to play, in the struggle between East and West, the part played by Spain just a decade ago in the struggle with the Axis. There are the strong rumours of an "International Brigade" forming behind the Græco-Albanian frontier; there is the sham "secessionist" movement trumped up by the Yugoslavs and the Bulgars regarding Greek Macedonia, and, if U.N.O. failed to deal adequately with the situation, there would be a fatal and tragic weakness comparable to the old League of Nations. There is a signal difference, however, in the Spanish parallel: Whilst Russia was on the side of the constitutional Government in Spain, she is supporting the insurgents in Greece.

In the final analysis, it is certain that the Greek problem, which is the world's problem, cannot now be settled mainly from within, though wise statesmanship and an enlightened policy at Athens will do much to unite the nation against the Communists, Greek and Slav alike. Apparently confused and confounded, as M. Sophoulis commented, by the Government's appeasement measures, it seems palpably obvious, from Markos's letter to *The Times* and a delegation of E.A.M. which called upon the Premier shortly afterwards, that the Greek Communist Party, for the sake of international appearances and in order to impress the delegates to the United Nations Assembly, had decided to return to their old tactics of conciliation, based upon participation in the Greek Government, with a view to new elections. But M. Sophoulis had very much in mind the previous experience with E.A.M. when they promised to support his Government in the elections of March 1946, but within a few weeks finally boycotted the elections because it became clear that by legal means they could not hope to gain power. The international

body which supervised the elections, declared to be "the freest ever held in the Balkans," estimated Communist strength at 9.3 per cent., or 15 per cent. as an outside maximum. Moreover, like the rest of the Greek people, he doubtless recalled that for the same reason the Communist members of the Papandreou Government resigned on the eve of the rebellion in December 1944, abandoning legal political means for a revolutionary fight in the mountains.

Methods of peace and conciliation having failed, the aged Premier intends to be as tough with the rebels, whom he described to me as "downright bandits," as Greek courage and British and American aid will allow. "We must all realise," he told a parade of troops at Salonika, "that Greece has never had to suffer what she is undergoing to-day. Guerrilla warfare since the Liberation has cost Greece as much in lives and destruction as the enemy occupation during the war." Externally, the despatch of United States Marines to the Mediterranean, where a fair-sized American naval force continues to cruise, will undoubtedly have a steadying effect in the present situation. It may be that every such step taken by the U.S. in the interests of world peace is construed by Moscow as a further threat to Russian security, but the Truman policy is not to be condemned or disparaged on that account. A display of force seems to talk to the rulers of Russia, in their present temper, more persuasively than soft words of argument and reason. Nothing the democracies have said at the conference table has diminished Soviet suspicions of us; history and events may yet prove that the strong hand now, though it increases the suspicions of the Russians, is the only way to gain not only their respect but their trust; perhaps afterwards their co-operation. As M. Kanellopoulos said to me in Athens, if democracy is to survive, it cannot meet potential aggression by means of its usual methods of conciliation and compromise. It must, for the time being, adopt the methods of the totalitarian régimes, though its aims be peaceful and conciliatory. As the Americans have expressed it, the policy must be one of "aggressive strategy" in the interests of world peace.

THOMAS ANTHEM.

LUXEMBOURG: OASIS OF CALM AND COURTESY.

WITH experience of the shoddiness, subservience and shortages common in so many corners of Europe, it was a relief to visit the tiny Grand Duchy of Luxembourg for a holiday towards the end of 1947. For the 300,000 citizens nestling in innocence of public rancour among the forests of the Ardennes over an area of 999 square miles are far from shoddy, far from subservient and lack any pretensions of costly sophistication. There is plenty of food and comfort in Luxembourg, an oasis of cosiness and calm courtesy. The infectious springiness of gait among the people in the impressive if midget capital, frank pleasantness towards political opponents, all contrast strangely with manners over the French border or in the neighbouring kingdom of Belgium, where supporters and opponents of Leopold exchange stares with anger suitable for a more imposing cause.

Magnificent limousines intended originally for wide and well-made stretches of continental road in the United States are parked on portions

of the modest pavements of Luxembourg city. They are left, even at busy times, outside crowded restaurants and cafés, where ample personages gracefully toy with three or four ample cream cakes before enjoying a helping of ice cream worthy of comparison in 1947 with the quality at the Grand Hotel, Stockholm, or Shepherds, Cairo. The splendidly-mannered shop assistants seem ever busy putting down on the counters, from shelves visible to the patrons, endless supplies of bottles desired locally, or popular in Scotland, Belgium, France, Holland and Scandinavia. The prices of locally-produced champagne and still wines, as well as an endless variety of liqueurs of superb quality, are surprisingly low, and the more tempting to pockets unable to budget for the slightest escapism from Cripps (then Dalton) Austeria. The butchers', bakers', grocers' stores are crowded, and full, shelf on shelf. The chocolates bring cruel reminders of certain establishments in the West End before 1939. Lovers of America's most notable product, fruit salads and fruit juices, can stare at the tins well unto satiety.

Luxembourg measures 67 miles at the longest, 37 miles at the widest, and lies between Belgium, Germany and France. Its constitutional monarchy is a choice of the people, more than half the 127,000 voters on the lists having decided in 1919 in favour of the then reigning Grand Duchess Charlotte, of the House of Nassau. About 16,000 out of the actual 90,000 who voted favoured a republic, and 60,000 were for economic union with France. But France rejected the proposal, and so the 22,000 who wished economic union with Belgium had their idea accepted, in a treaty signed on May 1, 1922, for fifty years. The Duchy's history begins in the tenth century under the local counts of the Ardennes. In 1940 its independent existence temporarily ended, for Hitler incorporated the country in Germany, and his gauleiter forbade the teaching of French in the schools, the use in public of the French language, and the exchange in public of French greetings long accepted as part of the Luxembourg patois or dialect. Invaded for the second time inside a quarter of a century by the Germans, the Duchy was freed at the end of 1944. The people are now relentlessly but joyously rebuilding economic life, public buildings, workers' homes, farms, hotels, schools, gravely damaged or destroyed during the last desperate offensive by Runstedt at the end of 1944.

The Duchy enjoyed a coalition government, with left-wing participation, until a recent crisis over the costly (nationalised) railways brought down the Minister of Transport, a Socialist, who is said to have promised aid to the gentlemen who threatened a strike for better conditions. The administration, minus Socialists and Communists, is again led by Dr. Pierre Dupong, Premier since 1937. The Duchess consulted, as provided, the chairmen of the Chamber of Deputies, of the State Council (in which her husband, Prince Felix, of Bourbon-Parma, is a member with fourteen others, chosen for life by the sovereign), of the political groups, and of political parties in the Chamber. A new coalition followed, with four Social Christians and three Patriot-Democrats.

Dupong holds the portfolios of Central Administration, the Exchequer, Epuration (cleansing up Quislings), labour, social services, mines, social benefits; Dr. Josef Bech, for long Foreign Minister, also controls external trade, viticulture. M. Nicholas Margue looks after education, culture, arts and sciences, agriculture. M. Eugene Schaus supervises justice, internal affairs, physical education. M. Lambert Schaus has an assortment of portfolios, the army (standing

force of 1,200 since Liberation, with 800 as a token occupation unit in the French sector of Germany), tourism, the State police, commerce, industry, supplies of raw material and food. M. Alphonse Osch is concerned with the delightful State thermal establishment in lovely Mondorf, also with public health, war damages, repatriation of prisoners of war in Russian camps for Germans and elsewhere. Public buildings, house reconstruction, transport, electricity are in the care of courageous M. Robert Schaffner, son of a Catholic blacksmith, who proved one of Germany's thorns during the war as a leading underground resister. He knows Auschwitz, Buchenwald, Terezin, took part in the death marches in Czechoslovakia and Poland, but possesses an almost unique sense of proportion.

I listened to the Premier in his modest office, outside which a queue of deputations waited to argue over the demands likely to be made by the Civil Service for higher salaries to offset the anticipated end of subsidies of meat, bread, butter. Others spoke of Luxembourg's first post-Liberation strike, in the industrial south, among the heavy workers. As I listened to the callers I pondered on the Duchy's sanguinary past. Seven centuries ago the Countess of Ermesinde gave the town its first franchise, a Charter of Freedom. In 1443 the Duchy was united with Burgundy. In 1482 it went to the Habsburgs, in 1555 to the Spaniards, in 1684 to the French, in 1698 to the Spaniards. The Austrians won again in 1714, and the French in 1795. At the Congress of Vienna Luxembourg was tied to the Netherlands dynasty as a duchy, but in 1839 its independence was fully restored. In 1890 it chose its own dynasty.

Dupong, who used his exile years to learn English fluently, was educated in Paris, Berlin and Fribourg. He entered Parliament in 1915 and the Government in 1926. He is deservedly proud of his introduction of social legislation which League of Nations experts acclaimed as among the most progressive in Europe. In January 1940, he told me, the Government secretly decided to resist the Germans in the event of invasion, and prepared to withdraw abroad. The Luxembourgers lacked a single soldier outside the Company of Volunteers and a school for gendarmes. Token resistance took the form of closing iron gates at frontiers. At 11 p.m. on May 9, 1940, Bech heard from a fellow guest at dinner (in the French Legation) that the latter's gardener, a member of the Fifth Column, had been mobilised that evening. Invasion was due at 5 a.m. Bech telephoned Dupong and the sovereign, who was asleep in her castle at Colmar Berg. They all met in the Duchess's palace in Luxembourg city at 1.30 a.m. At 4 a.m. the Duchess, her consort and children, several leading ministers and their families, led by Dupong, left for the French side of the frontier. At 7.30 a.m. the first Nazi tanks approached and the principals' long exile began, through France and unaccommodating Spain. Some went on to the United States of America, others to London.

Meanwhile, Luxembourg came under severe oppression, and the gauleiter ordered mobilisation of the young men into the armed forces. Luxembourg lost 4 to 5 billion francs in assets. When the Luxembourgers returned they discovered enormous quantities of worthless notes. The Germans had changed the francs at the rate of ten for a mark; the Luxembourgers, on recovering their home, at five francs a mark. War damage is estimated at £150 million and until last September the State had spent £10 million in making reparation. Luxembourg hopes that its claim for a strip of German territory, between Vianden

and Echternach, will be viewed favourably when reparations are finally settled, for this land is wanted to complete a big scheme of electrification.

Coal comes now principally from the British Zone of Germany and costs 300 per cent. more. But supplies are short, and the country known in Napoleon's time as the Department of Forests has resorted to the use of timber. How long can that continue? From 1842 till 1918 Luxembourg was in Zollverein relations with Germany and coal supplies did not worry it. The Germans ran the vast iron and steel industries mainly for themselves. Economists pointed out to me that the *per capita* production in Luxembourg iron and steel foundries is twenty times greater than in the United States. Before the war Luxembourg was seventh largest producer of iron and steel in the world (for the benefit of French, Belgian, British and local combines). About 15 per cent. of the capital was local. Of 30,000 workers no fewer than 4,500 were Polish, Italian, German. The little guarded frontiers enable Germans to enter the country "illegally," I was assured by a parliamentarian and others. Before the war 14,000 Italian workers in the south were considerably provided with notices for children in their own language.

The end of food subsidies and the likelihood of deficits on the nationalised railways for a long while to come promised headaches. The Government rashly undertook to make good the war damage suffered by the people, but payments are few and far between. In 1938 the budget rose to 354 million francs, with the income fairly level. Expenditure in 1945 was placed at 1,792 million, in 1946 at 2,372 million, and in 1947, meteorically, at 3,416 million. The need for Marshall or manna is obvious, with the revenue rising from 38 million to 2,200 million since the Liberation.

Dupong and I discussed de-Nazification. Fewer than a thousand cases were reported, and several hundred remain to be investigated. Three death sentences were ordered and carried out. The main collaborator was a school teacher. Head of the Fifth Column, he escaped to Germany and was captured by Allied troops. (I thought sadly of the insoluble difficulties experienced by the Yugoslavs and recently by the Czechoslovaks in tracing war criminals and quislings in Central Europe's occupied zones.) About 2,000 Luxembourgers who were in Hitler's forced legions remain untraced in Russian camps. I was glad to hear in a splendidly managed bank in Wiltz of the official who fought against Tito, at the orders of the Nazis, being fêted so soon as his Partisan captors, "terrific soldiers," discovered that he was a Luxembourger.

Schaffner described the heartrending task of deciding in places where sixty-eight houses were urgently necessary to build sixteen, where eleven were wanted to grant two or three. I told him, as an instance of Luxembourg courage and resolution, of the youthful director of the Hôtel des Ardennes, in picturesquely situated Esch sur Sure, who had returned to find his father's house razed, and within seven months had seen a modern hotel stand in its place, with rooms with private baths and other luxuries of continental grandeur.

Then I listened, inside the astonishing Radio-Luxembourg palace, to a notable's complaint that French is almost wholly ignored by the young; that in Parliament the "new" language, Luxembourg-*ois*, is heard more and more often, and that the orthography makes him tearful. The radio station stands in a lovely park, one of the city's best, and its equipment is worthy of imitation in certain quarters. But even in this

Eden 'I heard of sorrows, about the coal shortage and the long speeches. And then, with boundless courage, I crossed the French frontier on a journey to a celebrated diplomatist's mansion outside Monte Carlo. The stay with the highly cultivated Dr. Guillermo de Blanck was highly enjoyable. But the drive down to the Mediterranean and back made me long again for Luxembourg, oasis of cosiness, calm courtesy and food and drink—*on* the counters.

GEORGE BILAINKIN.

THE AMERICAN ZONE.

THE establishment of Bizonia under the paramount economic control of the United States element has made the development of the U.S. zone of occupation in Germany a matter of special interest to the British taxpayer. For, important as this recent measure may be to the German inhabitants of the territories thus combined, vital as it may be to the future of the European continent, if not of the entire world, its immediate appeal lies in the fact that here is a policy designed to relieve the British and United States Treasuries from the unpopular burden of having to support Germany with considerable monthly payments of millions of dollars or pounds sterling. As such it soothes the nerves of any potential isolationist who, at present, looks upon the occupation in the manner of a recent American cartoon entitled "Der Fodderland," which depicts a cow, Germany, being fed by Uncle Sam and milked by Russia's Molotov, who complacently exclaims: "I'll just sit tight."

The U.S. zone of occupation in Germany represents an important factor in American foreign policy, and the actions of the Military Governor, at present General Lucius D. Clay, are bound to affect vital American interests. Here is one prominent American in the unique position of wielding great power and influence from behind the Iron Curtain. America's outpost in Europe has become so important that the decision has now been made to terminate War Department control of the occupation and make it the direct responsibility of the State Department instead. General Clay can claim for himself the historical distinction of having originated and executed an occupation policy in Germany which is designed to maintain American interests in Europe by economic reconstruction of the area occupied by United States troops, the only policy by which continued American participation in the occupation can be guaranteed for any length of time at all. The U.S. public might support a healthy and productive Germany which, by being well off, is immunised against Communism; it would never countenance a military frontier guard in the wastes of a no-man's-land Germany. Between Potsdam and London General Clay has been the driving force behind this American policy. While he was Deputy Military Governor under General McNarney the conditions of Potsdam were fulfilled as far as possible. Since he assumed the position of Military Governor and Commander-in-Chief European Command the transformation of Western Germany into a healthy economic unit has begun.

The American effort to fulfil the various demands of the Potsdam agreement has been more thorough than that of any other nation. In some respects it probably went farther than was good for the continuation of a healthy civil life. To mention the example of denazification: an immediate arrest list was drawn up of any bar the most innocuous Nazi office-holder or member of any of the affiliated organisations. The

internment of public servants went so far that in many offices no trained officials were left at all. For a while the U.S. zone was run by comparatively inexperienced and frequently changing military personnel supported by ignorant but politically acceptable Germans. As this happened at a time of bitter want and hunger, and as those who had been politically persecuted by the Nazis received most favoured treatment, the conditions for ever-spreading petty corruption were thus created. To this was added the strengthening of the Nazi appeal to the vanquished population caused by a complete disregard of individual Nazi records or local conditions. Nominal Nazis who had only joined the party to retain their jobs and protect others—and there were some of that category—complained bitterly that now, finally, American occupation policy had achieved their conversion to Hitlerism. The general public expressed its disapproval in the first elections, in which the Nazis were not permitted to participate, by voting against the Military Government sponsored officials in both Bavaria and Wuerttemberg-Baden. The elections themselves were a clear token of American determination to create responsible democratic institutions in their part of occupied Germany as soon as possible. The U.S. zone had a system of local and *länder* governments before any other. Having thus created some German political machinery the responsibility for denazification—war criminals excepted—was put into German hands. The result was a German "Law for the Liberation from National Socialism and Militarism," promulgated originally in the three main *länder* of the zone, Bavaria, Wuerttemberg-Baden and Hesse, and at a later date also in Land Bremen, which, unfortunately, appears to be nothing but a German effort to kowtow to the victors by going still farther than the original German requirements. As a law it defeats its own ends. It created such a great number of cases to be tried by local German denazification boards that it would take years to get through, and it turned out to be very difficult indeed to find suitable personnel to serve on these boards. Complaints about arbitrary and corrupt decisions continue in great number. In many cases the situation has become so ridiculous that responsible persons now pray for the end of denazification.

American amnesties for minor offenders had results which well illustrate the difficulties encountered in occupation policy. They were intended to relieve the pressure upon the German denazification boards, and there had the desired results; they demonstrated, however, as well that ultimately, German law or no German law, all responsibility rests with the American occupiers. As such they helped to undermine the position of the elected German officials. There is much shoulder shrugging among German Ministers and State Secretaries who comfort themselves with the thought that the occupation Power can be blamed for anything that goes wrong. A typical illustration of this point of view was recently provided by the Bavarian denazification Minister and leader of the Bavarian Reconstruction Party who, accused of black-market activities, quietly disappeared without leaving a trace other than a letter to the authorities that he still was on Bavarian territory. He felt that the times were such that a public official might easily walk out without worrying about responsibility towards office or party. Other American efforts to fulfil the conditions of the Potsdam agreement were far more successful than the experiment in denazification. The technique remained the same throughout: to make the Germans themselves responsible for the laws which would execute the demands of the agreement. Even in cases where Military Government laws were

issued German supporting legislation has been much encouraged. Of these the Decartelisation Law—which has also been promulgated in the British zone—has been particularly near to many an American's heart, for here, and against considerable resistance, has been created an anti-trust law far more forceful than similar legislation in the United States. The law is proof of American determination to create an economy of small and independent enterprises from State or trust control. The story is told that when former President Hoover came to Berlin and interviewed members of the Economics Division, Office of Military Government U.S., one official said: "Mr. President, the following are the main obstacles to the economic reconstruction of Western Germany: Denazification, devaluation of the mark (meaning lack of currency reform), de-industrialisation (the dismantling of factories and limiting of industrial production) and decartelisation." Hoover, pointing to a draft of the decartelisation law, replied: "I think this is excellent legislation, and it has my full approval."

Initially the Potsdam agreement was the sole guide for American occupation policy. The U.S. administration made honest and far-reaching efforts to fulfil the agreement. The development of international affairs, which led to an increasing tension between the United States and the Soviet Union, naturally also had its repercussions on occupation policy. Indeed some of the problems on which the two nations could not agree were the outcome of conditions in occupied Germany. Here indeed is the battlefield on which the cold war is fought, and the age-old differences between West- and East-Elbian Germany have to some extent been revived in the tension which not only exists between these two occupation powers but also between "Amzone" and "Sovzone" Germans. While Pieck and Grotewohl, the leaders of the Communist-controlled Socialist Unity Party, advocate their brand of one-party rule and a revival of the Bismarckian unification of Germany under dictatorial East-Elbian leadership, the *länder* governments of the U.S. zone continue in uneasy coalitions unable to produce outstanding political leadership but developing the art of political compromise. It is, consequently, not surprising that the main effort of U.S. occupation administration has ultimately been directed towards political re-education. General McNarney created a German youth movement which enables German youngsters to mix freely and on an equal basis with occupation troops and to share in some of their privileges. American ideas of law and politics are not only imposed on the zone by legislation but are demonstrated in clubs and schools. General Clay's famous "goldfish bowl" policy has not failed to have its effect upon a population which was used to hearing about changes in its high command only months after they had been made. Secretary Byrnes' visit to Stuttgart, the occasion of his well-known address, was, at least to the German Minister-Presidents, an impressive demonstration that their opinions are taken seriously and accepted as if they had both power and responsibility.

This makes it clear that occupation policy must ultimately be directed towards giving the Germans under U.S. control self-government. Democratisation and re-education will fail miserably if the Germans are not given full responsibility for reconstruction. The token four American divisions in Europe would then concentrate on security and constabulary duties, and military government be reduced to purely advisory or veto duties. Since the failure of the London conference it has become clear that only an independent Western Germany which can

treat with other nations on an equal basis, and receives benevolent supervision and support from the United States, can maintain the American interest in the European continent. It has thus been accepted as a fact that the danger of a revival of German militarism has been eliminated, and that the wave of pro-Nazi demonstrations which was caused by the strict application of denazification procedures has been neutralised by the creation of better living conditions and the acceptance of Communism as the common danger in which the United States acts as Germany's champion. However, as regards the creation of better living conditions the improvement has hardly been noticed by the Germans. Last year's poor harvest—all the poorer for lack of fertiliser in the U.S. zone—the difficulties of fair distribution of food-stuffs when most officials can be relied upon to be corrupt, the marked difference between town and country, industry and agriculture, and lack of sufficient transport facilities, have combined to outbalance some excellent planning and the building of foundations for permanent recovery. To this must be added that most Germans do not know how much of their food comes from the United States or has been paid for directly by the occupying Power, because too little propaganda has been made informing the population of these important facts.

Nor has Communism been accepted as the common danger everywhere in the zone. In fact, the number of members of the Communist Party is at present on the increase, a clear indication that more is required as an alternative than has been given or promised so far. And many of those who accept Communism as the sole remaining danger are Nazis who feel that here indeed is justification for Hitler's policy. Serious Nazis find it convenient these days to maintain that their creed was based solely on anti-Communism. There is thus preserved a spirit of unrest and despondency which drives many into the arms of Communism while others are encouraged in the propagation of Nazi creeds and Fascist ideals.

It follows that, should the partition of Germany become an accepted fact, even if only for a short time, this Western Germany—which in many respects can well be called U.S. Germany—must receive support and encouragement beyond what is being provided at present. It should, for instance, become part of a Western European customs union by joining Benelux and concluding similar trade agreements with France and Italy. Only such economic independence and Western European interdependence would create the healthy living conditions which represent the American goal in occupation policy. Mr. Marshall's statement that: "Dollars will not save the world—but the world to-day cannot be saved without dollars" is well in line with the ideas of many American administrators in Germany that they hold responsibility for America's outstanding investment in Europe, and that the Western German mark might ultimately be Europe's most valuable currency because it will be dollar backed.

HENRY G. DITTMAR.

EIRE'S GENERAL ELECTION.

EIRE's general election of February 4th, 1948, was the "after-math" of three by-elections. In November 1947, in two of those by-elections there were four, and in the other five, candidates, including nominees of Sean MacBride's New Republican Party, Clann-na-Poblachta. Election was by means of the single transferable vote,

with a clear majority—these being single vacancies—necessary for success. In all three cases the Government (De Valera) candidate headed the poll, but in two constituencies the New Republicans were returned, and in the third Fianna Fail (De Valera) retained the seat only with the help of preferences transferred from the defeated New Republican and Labour candidates. Had these by-elections been on the first-past-the-post majority method, as in England, the Government would have held all three, each on a minority vote. The single transferable vote, however, made it possible for those voting to show that, whilst there was everywhere a considerable volume of support for Mr. De Valera, in two cases he did not have the backing of the majority, and for the majority to secure their due representation.

Perturbed by these rebuffs, and concerned at the success of the New Republicans, Mr. De Valera—although a general election was not due for about eighteen months, and he still had a clear majority of fourteen—secured a dissolution, appealed to the country in the interests of “strong” government to renew his over-all majority, and was critical of P.R., complaining that P.R. made it difficult for any party to secure a clear majority. Mr. De Valera in the early days of Sinn Féin supported P.R., on the ground that it is just, and retained it in Éire’s constitution when this was revised in the 1930’s under his government. But this is not the first occasion in a general election that he has created suspicion of a desire to dispense with P.R. Such suggestions have always aroused widespread alarm and opposition throughout Éire. Therefore, what influence did P.R. have upon the 1948 election and its results?

Six organised parties, *plus* Independents, entered the field. In two constituencies candidates of three parties contested; in the remainder at least four and frequently more parties had candidates. Under any majority system of election the New Republicans, with nominees in all forty constituencies, would have had great wrecking value. With constituencies each returning three to five members by P.R. quotas, the *Irish Times* comments: “The election results have proved that the system of the single transferable vote makes for stability rather than chaos. . . . The threat to political and economic orthodoxy, constituted by Clann-na-Poblachta, has been largely removed by the electorate.”

The Clann’s leader, Mr. MacBride, in Dublin South-West, headed the poll, nearly 2,700 votes ahead of the second candidate, a Fianna Fail rival. In bidding to become the Government at its first general election the Clann ran ninety-three candidates. It secured 14 per cent. of the total poll, but only 7 per cent. of the seats (173,166 votes; ten seats). In many constituencies its candidates between them polled well below a quota, and failed to secure representation. Thirty-one of them forfeited their deposits. Some candidates of other parties, including Fianna Fail, also lost theirs. Fianna Fail (De Valera) secured 42 per cent. of the votes, and 46 per cent. of the seats. With the exception of the Clann, the other parties show even closer approximations of seats to votes.

In Éire parliamentary seats are redistributed every ten years. In 1937 Mr. De Valera increased the number of constituencies returning three members only, and further increased such constituencies to twenty-two in all in 1947, thus restricting the opportunities for minorities to obtain their just measure of representation. In the 1948 election, for the first time even in any three-member constituency, in Galway South, owing to the automatic return of the Speaker as one of its three members, only two others had to be voted for, and all three seats were secured by Fianna Fail. But in no other constituency does

any one party monopolise the representation. For example, in Galway West (three members) Fianna Fail secured two, Fine Gael one; in Leix-Offaly (five members), Fianna Fail obtained two, Fine Gael one, Labour one, and an Independent headed the poll, with 14,369 first preferences—the highest individual poll in any constituency. Further, all parties, with an occasional exception—including a former Fine Gael Deputy Speaker—secured the return of their leading personalities. Such results are in marked contrast to the defeat of many leaders, and the entire suppression of minority opinion at election after election, in large areas in Great Britain, under the single-member majority system. This widespread, all-party representation, and the assurance that leaders will normally retain their seats, is especially valuable in Eire.

The complete returns showed Fianna Fail remaining the largest party, with 68 members against 79 others. Mr. De Valera thus failed to retain his over-all majority. In view of the heavy adverse vote of first preferences against Mr. De Valera (Fianna Fail, 553,917; others, 768,496), General Mulcahy, leader of Fine Gael, the largest Opposition party, expressed the view that there was a mandate for a change of Taoiseach (Prime Minister), and stated his willingness to co-operate with other parties in forming a Government. This invitation was accepted by all except Fianna Fail, and led to an agreement that Mr. John Costello, of Fine Gael, who had taken no part in the civil war, should be their nominee for Taoiseach. Mr. De Valera, who had lost no time in announcing that "his policy would be unchanged," was also nominated. The Dail, after rejecting Mr. De Valera by 75 votes to 70, elected Mr. Costello by 75 votes to 68.

Mr. Costello's government comprises members of four parties and one Independent. Mr. De Valera's hopes of another very early election are, however, hardly likely to be realised, because it is clear that the majority in the Dail feel "they should do their best for the country without having general elections too frequently." And that view is not without some support amongst Fianna Fail deputies also.

A noteworthy indication of the excellent team spirit in which the new Government sets out on its task, was given by Mr. MacBride, who, speaking in support of Mr. Costello's nomination as Taoiseach, said, "Clann-na-Poblachta could not claim to have received a mandate from the people to repeal the External Relations Act. This would therefore remain in abeyance. . . . On other matters he was prepared to co-operate with other parties in giving effect to those portions of their policy on which there was common agreement."

The progress of this inter-party Government will be followed with keen interest in Eire and elsewhere. Mr. Costello will be encouraged by the general approval with which his appointments have been received. He will no doubt have to create some precedents in procedure, and to exercise considerable patience and tact in holding his mixed team together. In that connection, it may not be amiss to mention the success of the Scandinavian countries in meeting a similar situation.

Lord Simon of Wythenshawe, in *The Smaller Democracies*, dealing with Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Finland and Switzerland, says: "The system of P.R., leading to minority governments, means that no party can have entirely its own way. . . . I have always been rather strongly against P.R., on the ground that the British two-party system was the best way of producing a strong government and good leadership. . . . But nobody can deny that P.R. in the three Scandinavian countries has worked at least as well, and probably indeed better than

any other system of election has worked in any democracy. . . . Certainly in Sweden at the present time (1939) it is showing itself consistent both with full and free democratic discussion and with effective leadership." Many other practical examples could be quoted to refute Mr. D. Valera's dictum that coalitions are necessarily and always weak. After all, it was from a coalition British Government that he, in 1921, secured the treaty which gave Eire the home rule which during the past sixteen years he has developed into its present independence.

JOHN FITZGERALD.

THE CLASSICAL BACKGROUND OF SHELLEY.

SHELLEY found in classical culture many ideas and institutions with which he could sympathise. He found in Athens the devotion to liberty which inspired her to fight the overwhelming numbers of the Persian army. He found clemency to the fallen, and the reality of democracy. The exalted and fastidious morality of Plato, his Greek prose of such quality it seems farcical to deny it the name of poetry, filled the place in his mind of the religion he had abjured. To no poet since the time of Milton did classical literature mean so much. He read, he says himself, the Greek dramatists continually, particularly it seems, Aeschylus and Sophocles, and, under their influence, wrote "Prometheus Unbound" and "Hellas."

The action of "Prometheus Unbound" begins a little before the end of the action of the "Prometheus Bound" of Aeschylus, the only surviving play of the trilogy, and is continued according to the prophecies of Prometheus. But though there are many elements taken from Aeschylus, such as the overthrow of Zeus by his son, what is striking is the difference between the two pieces of writing. Shelley throws himself into the cause of Prometheus and humanity with fervour and abandon. He uses the story as a vehicle for the expression of his own convictions, his own outlook upon the world. It is in accordance with Shelley's own belief in non-retaliation that Prometheus is made to repent his curse on Zeus with the words "I wish no living thing to suffer pain." He has, however, understood the Greek teaching that the agent must suffer and the sufferer learn. This is surely the basis of the lines in "Julian and Maddalo":

Most wretched men
Are cradled into poetry by wrong
And learn in suffering what they teach in song.

What he cannot do is to express his convictions through the medium of action to show up dramatically the injustice of Zeus' behaviour as Io, in the Greek, is shown innocent and suffering at the hand of Zeus. According to Aeschylus, the earth suffers with Prometheus and Shelley makes such use of this sympathy of the physical world with human progress, that the passages where he writes of it overweight the poem. Into the "Prometheus" he has brought something of the material he used in the "Daemon of the World." In the "Daemon of the World" there is the same close connection between physical nature and human progress, as, in a Golden Age, man lives without toil, animals of prey hunt no longer and the earth brings forth without blight or disease. Asia's journey in the winged car is like that of Ianthe. And the theme of the Golden Age constantly recurs in Shelley. It is to the classical god

and the classical conception of a Golden Age that Shelley returns, attacking Christianity and pointing out its failures. For instance, the chorus greet Prometheus as one who will overcome the ruinous aftermath of love :

Though Ruin now Love's shadow be,
Following him destroyingly,
On Death's white and winged steed,
Which the fleetest cannot flee,
Trampling down both flower and weed,
Man and beast and fowl and fair,
Like a tempest through the air ;
Thou shalt quell this horseman grim,
Woundless though in heart and limb.

He is to be the saviour of mankind against God. They have seen the death of Christ in a vision and that it will leave a path of ruin and suffering in the lives of men. The " Prometheus Unbound " is not so much a play as a statement of faith, and apart from the foolish substitution of Prometheus for Christ, a magnificent statement of faith of a poet of " religious and meditative imagination." It was written, he says, for two or three persons only.

Shelley combines a Euripidean love and support of humanity with an Aeschylean appreciation of the superhuman, of the necessity of seeing life against a background of gods and principles. And he, whose imagination so constantly gave spiritual life to physical nature, could not but appreciate the loveliness of Greek mythology, of the gods and goddesses, each representing their especial part of life and physical nature. He takes from Greek mythology and Aeschylus, Prometheus, Apollo, Jupiter, Mercury, Hercules, Oceanus. Asia, Ione, Panthea are Oceanides, that is, daughters of Oceanus. In the " Prometheus Bound " the daughters of Oceanus form the chorus, without being given separate names. For the eagle, who would with difficulty be brought into a play, Shelley substitutes the Furies from the Eumenides, paraphrasing actual passages such as the simile of the wounded fawn. But the Furies are properly the Avengers of Murder. Their chief and dreadful characteristic is that they pursue. There is no need to pursue Prometheus. He cannot escape and they are less effective as torturers of Prometheus than the eagle. Shelley had a sense of principle, none of character. He cannot quite sustain the characters of the Greek gods who were, in Greek plays, written of according to their own proper characteristics. They become like his own Spirits of Air and Earth and Mountains, and they become practically indistinguishable from each other apart from in so much as they are friends or enemies of Prometheus.

Upon the head of Jupiter Shelley piles every possible sin. All the sorrows of man are traceable to him, and when Demogorgon (whose origin in Greek myth is too debatable and uncertain to discuss here), succeeds him, a Golden Age, like that of Saturn, returns, and the play ends with an act entirely composed of lyrical poetry. The whole piece of writing, with the undramatic lyric, the gorgeousness of scenery, the lyrical ending, is rather like the masque than the compactness and restraint of tragedy of Greek form. Ben Jonson wrote a masque, " The Golden Age Restored." Whether or not Shelley was influenced by it, he knew about masques, for in " King Charles I," Scene II, 173, he says " 'Tis but the anti-masque."

The same general criticisms of lack of tension and undramatic lyric apply to " Hellas " where he takes the Persae for his model. Shelley

has missed entirely the dramatic magnificence of the appearance of Dareius' ghost. His Jew makes a poor substitute, and again he makes the play a vehicle of his own convictions and hopes for mankind, spoken for the most part in direct undramatic language. Apart from that, he is constantly trying to express the feelings and thoughts of the mind in beautiful imagery. He described himself as "formed if for anything . . . to apprehend minute and remote distinctions of feeling whether relative to external nature or the living beings which surround us, and to communicate the conceptions which result from considering either the moral or material universe as a whole." These are not the faculties of a playwright. The one is too fine, the other too philosophic.

Beautiful as his choruses are, he cannot arrive at the Aeschylean grandeur of style. "Hellas," lines 729-32, have been suggested by lines 758-60 of the "Agamemnon" of Aeschylus, and, fine as they are, they have not the Greek conciseness and dignity. Only one poet, and he is little known, has been able to suggest in the English language something of the grandeur of Aeschylean lyric. Sir William Alexander, Earl of Stirling's choruses from his play "Dareius," particularly, have something of the slow restrained grandeur of the Greek. In spite of his avowed admiration, there are few obvious traces of Sophocles in Shelley's poetry. It was probably the "Œdipus Tyrannus" which influenced Shelley to write the "Cenci." The phrase "steep Heaven," occurring more than once, is reminiscent of Aias' address to Apollo, "steep Heaven's charioteer," and the chorus in the "Prometheus Unbound" about the nightingales and the ivy reminds me a little of the famous chorus in the "Œdipus Coloneus" about Athens. The chorus in "Hellas" (line 648 onwards) is an adaptation of the chorus in "Œdipus Coloneus," line 1081, and the play is headed with the previous line. There are doubtless more parallels of the kind but the stately simplicity of Sophocles, like marble moving, is impossible of imitation, and the passages are rewritten by Shelley into his vague, poetic, lyrical style, with something of the "wailful sweetness of the violin."

Shelley's greatest poem is probably "Adonais, the Elegy upon the Death of Keats." The first line is from Bion's "Lament for Adonis," which Shelley himself translated. The poem is a lament in classical style, what might almost be called a processional lament; that is to say, the different mourners are mentioned in turn so that they pass, as it were, in a procession and the poem becomes an expression of public rather than personal grief. It is a poem of the same type as "Lycidas," as distinguished, for instance, from Victor Hugo's poems of personal grief for his dead daughter, to whose grave he goes, his eyes fixed upon his thoughts. Theocritus' "Fifteenth Idyll," including its *Hymn to Adonis*, also influenced Shelley. The Hours are brought into it as goddesses and Shelley loved to personify the Hour. The Spirit of the Hour comes into "Prometheus Unbound," but again, the Spirit of the Hour is less of a classical deity than a creation of Shelley's mind. One objection to calling Keats Adonis is obvious. The name is inevitably connected with the tale of Venus and Adonis, of Venus' love for a young man and her sorrow for him when he was killed. Shelley does not wish any suggestion that the connection between Adonais and Urania, who mourns for him, was of Pandemian or vulgar love. Yet, however he came to use the name Adonais for Keats, whether by mis-reading or deliberate alteration, some conception of whom or what is meant by Urania will be of help in understanding Adonais.

Shelley was probably influenced by Milton in his choice of Urania as

a patroness of poets. In a fragmentary poem, "Milton's Spirit," he says, "I dreamed that Milton's spirit rose and took From life's green tree his Uranian lute." He had, therefore, noticed Milton's predilection for Urania. In "Lycidas" almost alone the conventional Muse is invoked. ("Lycidas," 56) In the "Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity" (verse iii), "Comus" (515), "Paradise Lost" (Book I, 6; Book III, 19) Milton speaks either of the "Heavenly Muse" or of Urania, the English version of the name. He demands a higher source of inspiration than the Nine Muses. Consider the opening of Book VII of "Paradise Lost," and, again, she is invoked as the Celestial Patroness in Book IX, line 20. It is interesting that Milton describes his Muse as conversing with Wisdom, for in Diotima's fable in the "Banquet," Love or Uranian Venus, the inspirer of poetry, seeks Wisdom, the most beautiful of all things. Thus Milton's conception of the Muse of Poetry is like Diotima's description of Uranian Venus in the "Banquet." In the "Phaedrus," Urania is the second of the Nine Muses. The passage says, "these we know (Calliope and Urania) being the Muses who having Heaven for their special sphere, and words both divine and human, pour forth the gladdest strains" and it seems likely that, though here Urania is mentioned as one of the Nine Muses, Milton, invoking "the meaning not the name,"—one is reminded of Aeschylus' chorus in the "Agamemnon to Zeus,"—might from Platonic writings, feel himself justified in thinking of Urania, whether the Venus Urania of the "Banquet" or the Urania of the "Phaedrus," as a higher source of poetry than the Sacred Nine.

As Shelley translated the "Banquet," there can be no doubt of his ability to get at the evidence in Plato, and Urania, in "Adonais," is, I think, the Heavenly Muse of Milton. That is why it is Milton who is mentioned in verse iv. His Muse that wept for Milton must now weep for Keats, and, being a Muse, will be the "most musical of mourners." The theme of the poem is the lament of the Heavenly Muse for the youngest of her children, finishing with a development of the epigram upon Hesperus:

Other Greek gods and goddesses and nymphs are not brought into the poem but personifications typical of Shelley, of Dreams and Adorations and other poets who come to mourn Keats. "Adonais" is a poem of incredible beauty, made of something the same material from which "Lycidas" is made, classical poetry, descriptions of natural beauty and lyrical sorrow. It is the masterpiece of a master.

In one of his letters, writing about Epipsychidion, Shelley says he will write a sort of Symposium of his own, to explain his real meaning. "Epipsychidion" is a very difficult poem, and lacking the explanation—for Shelley died before he wrote it—I think the best thing is to see if any light can be thrown upon it, by a further reading of the "Banquet." Diotima makes a distinction between Venus Pandemos and Venus Urania, between vulgar love of the body, and Heavenly Love. The lowest manifestation of Heavenly Love which can, however, be developed into Poetic Inspiration or into Love of Wisdom, the highest love of all, is the love of a man for a wiser and better man than himself. According to Plato, only Pandemian Love can exist between man and woman. In an unfinished allegory, "Prince Athanase," which was at one time to be called "Pandemos and Urania," Shelley intended to write of a young man falling in love and finding the object of his love to be the unworthy or Pandemian Venus, whereupon despairing, he was to die, and Urania kiss his lips as he was dying. It is Alastor, as it were,

Platonised. Shelley believed, I think, that the ethereal and Heavenly Love could exist between man and woman. In his "Arts of the Athenians" he points out that Athenian women were left uneducated. The love of a woman would be, therefore, for a Greek, love of a less noble object. Shelley takes the modern and romantic view that a man is made nobler by his love of a good woman. "Epipsychidion" is based, not on the same story as "Prince Athanase," but on the same outlook. Shelley writes to a beloved lady whom he knows he may never reach, for whom he has an ethereal love intended, I think, to resemble that described by Diotima in the "Banquet," a love not of the body but of the soul. There is usually a cleavage in Shelley's attitude of mind when writing his longer classical pieces, and when writing his exquisite personal lyrics, but the words

I can give not what men call love
But wilt thou accept not
The worship the heart lifts above
And the Heavens reject not . . .

is the lyrical expression of Shelley's conception of the first stage in following Venus Urania.

Apart from his constant study of the dramatists and Plato, he had general knowledge of Greek literature. Ozymandias, for instance, can be traced to "Diodorus Siculus," the chapter upon North Africa, Book I, 46, where the tomb in Egypt of King Ozymandias is described. It is a splendid affair and there is an inscription on it, a literal translation of which is, "I am Ozymandias, King of Kings. If any man wish to know how great I am and where I lie, let him do better than any of my works." If it is genuine, Diodorus is probably translating from Egyptian.

It was towards the end of his life that Shelley wrote his great lyrical pieces, such as "The Skylark," "The Cloud," and the "Ode to Night." They are purged of the least dross of propaganda if so base a name can be given to Shelley's enthusiastic poetry on liberty and non-retaliation. They are poems expressing the soul of a poet, not writing under alien influence. Whether his classical training was necessary before Shelley could produce those poems or whether his knowledge of the Greek dramatists led him to attempt writing for which he was not wholly fitted and his Platonic readings to attempt metaphysics; and thus he was deflected from writing pure lyric, of which he is indubitably a master, cannot be said. Even in his juvenilia there are beautiful lyrical pieces and it is difficult not to begrudge the time upon not quite first-rate speeches and some of the verses of the lyrics in the plays that are neither dramatic nor good poetry. Shelley may have been stimulated by Plato. He could sympathise with and enjoy Socrates' love of virtue and Plato's essentially poetic way of life. He could extend to Plato a sort of emotional realisation of the Platonic way of life, rather than true intellectual comprehension of his reasoning. If the verses in the "Triumph of Life," where Shelley says he knew

That I had felt the freshness of that dawn
Bathed in the same cold dew my brow and hair . . .

are intended to refer to Plato's doctrine that the soul recognises beauty in this world because it has known it before, Shelley is completely mistaken in his interpretation. It is not particular beauties which the soul has seen before it is born but the idea of beauty of which it has had

experience. Moreover, in a rejected fragment of "Epipsychidion," Shelley writes,

How Diotima, the wise prophetess,
Instructed the instructor (Socrates) and why he
Rebuked the infant spirit of melody
On Agathon's sweet lips which as he spoke
Was as a lovely star when morn has broke
The roof of darkness, in the golden dawn,
Half-hidden and yet beautiful.

It is the poetry of Plato which Shelley loves and not the philosophy. Agathon's speech is not philosophically consistent. That is why he is rebuked by Socrates.

Much remains to be done in elucidating particular references of Shelley to particular deities and writers, an obvious reference in "Hellas," 987 is to the passage in Xenophon's "Anabasis" where the defeated Greek army reaches the sea. I have not, in this short article, opportunity to go further into the matter and I have not dealt with Shelley's translations nor touched upon the influence of neo-Platonism, but I think the general influence of classical writing upon Shelley, whether for good or ill, and I am inclined to think it was for ill, will be as I have described.

ELIZABETH MELDRUM.

FINLAND REVISITED.

A GREAT deal of vagueness exists about Finland in other countries. Even in Scandinavian states like Norway and Denmark—not so much Sweden—I met politically minded people who imagined the Finnish Republic as a sort of Balkan country with corresponding terror and Communist autocracy. The impression I gained during a stay of six weeks was different. I was neither obliged to report to the police during that time nor did I have any dealings with any other authority except the rationing office, which granted special allocations to foreign journalists. My impressions were not confined to Helsinki. I visited all the larger towns and went eastwards *via* Imatra to the new Finnish-Russian frontier and northwards as far as Kilpisjaervi, a three-days' journey from the capital and two from Rovaniemi, near which Lapp place the borders of Finland, Norway and Sweden meet. All parties, inside or outside the Government, enjoy full liberties. Meetings of Conservatives and Liberals proceed without disturbance even in smaller places. The Press has wide possibilities for criticism, and editors never complain about limitations in this respect. If, as happened recently, a Helsinki paper attacks the Communist Minister of the Interior, M. Leino, in the most tactless and insulting manner, he has not the right to ban it. All he can do is to sue the editor for libel, as in any Western country.

Minor blemishes there are: for instance, the Press was banned from a sensational trial concerning the secret police, which was held *in camera*. This Leino-controlled secret police is an established fact. An inquiry among several party leaders as to its main activities produced the following results: (1) Spying at all political meetings, especially of the Social-democrats; (2) endeavours to enlist employees in party offices as spies or to smuggle its own agents into those organisations;

(3) tapping of telephone lines. It appears, however, that fear of the secret police is not unduly great. The leader of an Opposition party who is at the same time a high Ministry official made some violent attacks on Leino and the Communists—with his office door wide open. I have seldom heard so much open criticism as in Finland.

Hardly anyone loves the present Government but every sane Finn regards it as a necessity. It is even predicted that the present system will remain after the elections in July 1948, no matter what the result. The Cabinet of M. Pekkala forms a green-red coalition of the Democratic League (Communists, Socialist-Unity Party and other Left-Radical groups), Social-democrats and Agrarians. Of a total of 200 seats the Democratic League holds over fifty, Social-democrats and Agrarians forty-eight each. Yet there exists no solid coalition any more than a solid opposition. The latter seems far more interested in individual questions, such as controls in industry, than in opposing the system in principle, whilst the former is divided by differences between Agrarians and Social-democrats, arising from the constant desire to stabilise either wages (in the case of the farmers) or prices (in the case of the Socialists), but not both.

The Communists describe the Social-democrats as the chief enemies, at least in private conversation. The majority of the Social-democratic faction find themselves very often in opposition to the Government. Claiming that Pekkala had picked his Social-democratic Ministers without consulting their Executive, they do not feel unconditionally bound to the Government. The Social-democrats as well as various members of the Opposition name Zhdanov as the godfather of the Cabinet. Some abortive efforts were made by the Agrarians to effect changes in personnel. For example, they would have liked to see in the place of Mauno Pekkala M. Faggerholm, a Swedish-Finnish Social-democrat, now President of the Diet. Their wish remained unfulfilled, as that for reduction of the allegedly disproportionate influence of the Communists, though its extent is frequently exaggerated. There are very few Communists in the Central Offices, in the Ministry for Economic Affairs, or in the very important Ministry for Education. The educational system is based on Western principles. The only material change is that anti-Russian passages have been eliminated from the textbooks.

Though the Communists gained some successes they have in the meantime lost a number of supporters.* The main reproach made by their enemies is that they are trying to prejudice Radio Moscow and official Moscow circles by false reports about non-existent anti-Russian tendencies. It is naturally hard to ascertain to what extent this allegation is justified, but the general atmosphere is not pro-Russian. In conversations with wide circles of the population an animosity can often be found far exceeding the natural grudge against a victorious and reparation-demanding enemy and which can only be explained by deep-rooted historic causes. Up to the highest, most responsible and realistic authorities, the second war against Russia, following as it did only fifteen months and ten days after the end of the first, is universally regarded as an elementary necessity. To the average Finn they represent not two wars but one indivisible conflict. Even as objective a scientist as the Swedish Finn Dr. Hornborg, who tried during the war to elucidate England's position, holds this view. He does, however,

* During the municipal elections in December 1947, the Communists had considerable losses, while the bourgeois parties gained in strength

condemn the fact that the Finnish Army penetrated a single step beyond the old Carelian frontier, though not all are sufficiently realistic and politically mature for such a realisation. It would nevertheless be misleading to talk about a dangerous anti-Russian trend. Responsible political circles, even in the Opposition, genuinely desire friendship and active trade relations with the great neighbour. According to Faggerholm only madmen could want anything else. If individual politicians display sharply anti-Communist tendencies, this should by no means be confused with anti-Russian feelings.

The desire to be on friendly terms with Russia makes the Pekkala Government a necessity, since he enjoys Russian confidence and managed to establish a harmonious relationship with the Control Commission which withdrew some time ago. The Communists are trying hard to improve their own position, for instance, by openly supporting illegal strikes damaging to the national economy, but there is no indication that they are thinking of terminating the coalition, aspiring to autocracy, or establishing a people's front on the Balkan model. Hertta Kuusinen, wife of M. Leino and the brain of the Communist Party in Finland, emphasised to me that she was in favour of continued co-operation with the other important parties. This fascinating woman, the daughter of Otto Kuusinen, "President" of the Soviet-Carelian Republic, stresses Finland's independence whilst at the same time admitting the Communist society to be the ultimate aim. It is not clear how she means to reconcile these two ideas. She herself professes her inability to visualise such a society and claims that even Marx had lacked a clear conception of it.

Moscow did not make it too difficult for the Finnish parties to desire a good relationship. The Commission was tactful and all but invisible. Paragraphs in the peace treaty laying down penalties for any delays in the reparation deliveries were never invoked, for any such relatively small delays were invariably due to factors outside the control of the Finnish Government. Russia granted a two-year moratorium in the reparation payments and, what was perhaps still more important, agreed to a favourable adjustment in the nature of goods delivered, thus enabling Finland to send more goods for which she need not import raw materials. The return of Carelian property was handled in a not too ungenerous way. Russia renounced $3\frac{1}{2}$ billion Finnmark,* and the transit concession through the Porkkala region greatly helps to speed up the rail traffic between Helsinki and the important harbour and industrial town of Turku, the usual embarkation port for ships sailing to Sweden. For every train passing through this area (the view having been obscured by wooden shutters) the Finns pay a fee of 50 dollars. They receive 5 million Finnmark per year for the "lease" of Porkkala. During the trade negotiations in Moscow mutual trade has been further intensified. Finland's main interest lies in deliveries of grain; in fact, she is so dependent on grain imports that Germany used this as her trump card in exercising pressure during the war.

'President Paasikivi, who describes himself as a Liberal Conservative, pointed out to me that the Russians had never attempted to interfere in any way beyond their legal rights laid down in the peace treaty. He is a realist—a rare gift in Finland. He regards her as a Scandinavian country and is fully conscious of the strong historical and traditional ties with Sweden. Himself bilingual, his first wife was a Finnish Swede, whilst his son, who was killed during the war, was married to a native

* 540 Finnmark = £1.

Swede. This personal friend of Stalin, whose ability to deal with the Russians is second to none and who, incidentally, used to be a Professor of Russian, thinks any Russian intentions of expanding at the cost of Finland out of the question. In his opinion Russia's sole interest in Finland is strategic. In the event of a conflict, in which he did not believe, she would take up arms against any power which would violate her territory on the march against the Soviet Union. Not all Finns, however, feel as secure as their President. Possibly they overestimate their own importance in fearing a sudden attack from the East. Russia has turned the newly acquired province of Carelia into a huge military compound, virtually uninhabited by civilians. The former population of Carelia, numbering 400,000, has evacuated. On the other side of the last Finnish barrier one sees a deserted village; the fields are unploughed, no smoke comes from the chimneys on houses and factories.

Vaino Tanner's popularity is characteristic of the political atmosphere. Serving his prison sentence, he has just finished translating a book by Laski and has filed a law-suit for libel. The sentence against Ryti, Tanner and their friends is universally regarded with distaste and as a national sacrifice required by the terms or the interpretation of the peace treaty. Since public opinion in Finland recognises only *one* war, starting with the Russian attack, it denies that any Finns are responsible for the war.

The Finns are often regarded as unrealistic, and this may have something to do with their exaggerated sense of loyalty which asserts itself also in private life. One never loses Finnish friends, difficult as it is to make them. The population behaved with exemplary loyalty towards its Jewish citizens. Repeated demands for discrimination measures, partly put forward by Himmler himself, were bluntly refused. This No-Front, headed by Field-Marshal Mannerheim, embraced nearly the entire nation. No less profound, on the other hand, are the feelings of solidarity with their German brothers-in-arms of yesterday. Films showing the horrors of Belsen and Buchenwald have certainly left an illuminating impression, but Germany still commands strong sympathies and German continues to be spoken by many people. Even in Lapland, which was literally obliterated on Hitler's orders, the victims, instead of making bitter accusations, were rather inclined to excuse that action as "necessitated by total war."

Sweden's popularity is not commensurate with her manifold relief efforts, though many Finns are very appreciative of their neighbour's generosity. Great sympathies are reserved for America. For one thing, it is the traditional emigration country, with 300,000 Finnish Americans representing 10 per cent. of the Finnish people. Secondly, of course, the U.S. act as a counterweight to Soviet Russia. The fact that Finland will not be allowed to benefit from the Marshall Plan clouds the internal atmosphere constantly, owing to its practical extent and possibilities being overrated. Occasional visits and lecture tours by Americans meet with an enthusiastic reception. The number of atom-bomb fans, on the other hand, is very small. The Finn does not want another war, if for no other reason than that he feels certain to be involved.

In Finnish eyes Great Britain is not a victorious enemy but a liberator. Her prestige does not equal her popularity because the causes underlying the present crisis are not always understood. A British passport, even an English word, though its meaning may not be grasped, have assumed a magic power which opens doors and hearts. Ignorance about Great Britain, aggravated by the partial intellectual

blackout during the war, is skilfully and successfully counteracted, particularly by the active work of the British Council, which has even gained the interest of Sibelius. Similarly, the British Information Office makes full use of all the possibilities afforded by a country within the Russian sphere of influence.

The economic contact between Great Britain and Finland is no less fruitful. Having been the principal buyer of Finnish goods before the war, England headed the list in 1946. Russia followed, then came Denmark, Sweden and America. In imports it was again Britain who occupied the first place. Trade with the Soviet Union is now to be developed, though there is no question of monopoly. The text of the new trade agreement was published one day before the communal elections. Under this agreement Russia has pledged herself to supply 350,000 tons of grain, which will almost balance the deficit, and Finland also expects to receive orders for her metal industry, which has been greatly expanded for reparation purposes, as soon as all payments have been made. A cultural agreement provides a fitting frame for the trade pact. It has so far not been possible to conclude a defence treaty since this requires the assent of the Helsinki Parliament. The loss of Carelia deprived Finland of a rich agrarian province whose industries (many of which worked for export) and water-power works made valuable contributions to her welfare. Finnish reparations to Russia represent 6-10 per cent. of the national income. In view of these losses and burdens, Finland has made a remarkable economic recovery. In 1944, the index figure of the export industry had fallen to 40 per cent. of 1935. By 1946 it had risen to 64 per cent., and in the first six months of 1947 to 78 per cent. The home market industries showed a still more favourable development, as they were less affected by the territorial losses.

The Finn is a hard worker, firmly rooted in his native soil. Even amongst the intellectuals there is only a small minority who look to South America as a possible refuge rather than an emigration country. On the whole, the opposite reaction may be found. Thus, all the grave warnings of the authorities could not prevent a mass return of evacuees from Sweden and the South of Finland to their destroyed homes in Lappland. Almost without exception they preferred a miserable existence in ruins, caves and holes to a safe and more comfortable life away from home. No one who has not seen the marks of German vandalism with his own eyes can imagine the extent of the devastation. Even huts in the middle of the forest, ten miles away from any road and without the slightest military value, were razed to the ground. Reconstruction started immediately. As a rule the new houses are being built on the sites of the old. Here and there one can find a charred chimney sticking out of the ruins next to the new house, or a rusty stove. The large resources of timber (in contrast to Finmark in Norway) speeds reconstruction. Rovaniemi, Lappland's capital, has also suffered total destruction. Of 600 houses, only nine were left. 60 per cent. have now been rebuilt or rather reconstructed. I stayed at a huge luxurious hotel, just completed, of which two years ago not even the foundation stone had been laid. The State and private enterprise work in close co-operation in this reconstruction effort, the former acting more in a guiding capacity.

A new land reform, necessitated in the first place by the Carelian refugee problem, provides for a further reduction of medium-sized property and also deals with neglected estates and those owned by people living in towns, or by big companies such as sawmills, forestry

concerns, etc. There have been very few instances of socialisation after the war. The Bank of Finland, on the other hand, had already been nationalised and placed under the control of the Riksdag in the 'seventies, and alcohol is a State monopoly. The State, moreover, has large interests in the copper and chemical industries. Last, not least, it owns 40 per cent. of the forests, under a regulation from the year 1542 to the effect that "all uninhabited forests are to belong to God, King and Crown." Proposals put forward by Left Radicals to nationalise concerns with a capital of more than 50 million Finnmark have little support.

Throughout Finland the Black Market has become a national institution from which also Ministers and M.P.s obtain supplementary rations. Prices are surprisingly stable. In the South of Finland a cup of real coffee costs 150 Finnmark, but in the North, where it is smuggled across the Tornio River from Sweden, along with many other scarce articles, one pays only 15 Finnmark. The price for a good meal in a Helsinki restaurant is 400 Finnmark (excluding drinks and sweets). Meat, sausages and eggs have been taken off the ration and are now sold on the White Market. In many cases, however, prices are higher than the former Black Market rates. Inflation of prices is perhaps too strong a term, but serious crises are the order of the day. The internal difficulties, which on several occasions very nearly caused the overthrow of the Government, are the direct result of the impossibility to stabilise prices, salaries and wages, or at least to establish a certain balance between them. The strike wave started in August 1947 with an unorganised strike of the dock workers at Turku, who demanded equal pay with their Helsinki colleagues. A settlement was finally reached through the personal intervention of President Paasikivi. On September 23rd, the trade unions threatened a general strike, and again it was the influence of the President which eventually achieved a compromise, resulting in a 12-15 per cent. increase of pay. In spite of this there were protest strikes against this agreement and further unorganised strikes which seemed to be Communist-inspired. During September and October the negotiations with the farmers reached a critical stage. It was claimed that prices for industrial products had risen disproportionately, and that agriculture was made unprofitable by the high wages payable to farm workers. By the end of October the national distribution centres were already threatened with a boycott in the supply of grain and butter. At last, however, a compromise was reached. The last strike, and perhaps the most justified, was that of the civil servants who form the modern proletariat in Finland, their standard being far below that of the workers. The charwoman of a grammar school, for instance, earns more than its headmaster. In every crisis it is always the strong, venerable personality of the President which solves the conflict and restores the peace. His authority is based on the realisation that no one else could have steered the country out of the turmoil of war with so comparatively little damage. Though less effusively acclaimed than Marshal Mannerheim, Paasikivi's popularity is built on more solid ground.

A. J. FISCHER.

IS OUR CONTINENT TO BECOME A DESERT?

FROM what point of view are we to regard the felling of forests? Are short term interests to prevail? Or is account to be taken of Europe's future and of the part played by forests in their beneficent relation to soil and climate, to agriculture and industry? Nature demands a heavy price if her unalterable order is disregarded. Vast areas of desert and of steppes bear witness to this in our world to-day; the deserts of North Africa and of the Near East; deserts in Central Asia and in China, the steppes of the Don and the Volga; tracts of sand dunes in Germany herself show the result of deforestation in centuries gone by. In the U.S. alone one third of the total agricultural area has been lost in the last few decades. Is mankind then incapable of learning by experience? Scientific research in many parts of the world have confirmed its lessons. In Java, to give one example, the erosion of one hectare of denuded land was found to carry away 50-300 tons of earth.

When the functions of the forest cease, soil and climate, agriculture and industry all deteriorate. Forests encourage rainfall, the cool air rising from them causing clouds to condense. The resultant moisture is stored in the soil. Experiments prove that on open ground evaporation proceeds at six times the rate which prevails in woodland. The forest acts like a sponge which sucks up great quantities in the periods of heaviest rainfall, and conserves them for gradual release to fields and rivers in the dry periods. Destruction of the forest robs Nature of her regulating powers. Rainfall may then cause flooding, erosion, laying waste of land, and in subsequent dry periods a serious deficit of water. A critical situation may then arise, as in many parts of Germany now. Thus in the Lower Rhine district the average level of the river has now sunk. Deforestation inevitably causes a decline in the level of water in the subsoil, while peaty soil gets more waterlogged. In the Hamburg province, as a consequence of deforestation in the Eidelstedt district, surface streams and ponds have dried up. Houses with inferior foundations now show cracks—for which at first the local waterworks were ignorantly blamed. In the district of the waterworks at Bostelbek the water level was one metre higher a year ago and is still sinking. The local water supply is endangered because the existing pumps are not adapted for a much lower level. In the Hamburg-Harburg area the water level has likewise sunk, although the drain on supplies is far less owing to the fall in industry. In Berlin, on the other hand, where the requirements of thousands of householders and industries have ceased, the peaty soil responds with a rise in the subsoil water level, the equalising effects of the forests and Tiergarten being now lost.

Britain's sea-girt position secures damp climatic conditions which cannot be compared with those on the Continent, but in Germany we are faced with the spectre of an increasing sterility of the soil and loss of food supplies. Nor do British people appear to understand the effects of deforestation on industry or they would realise that the rôle of the Ruhr in the reconstruction of Europe, as intended by Mr. Bevin and Mr. Marshall, cannot be fulfilled if the programme of the British timber business and other interests are to be carried out. The world calls out for Ruhr coal and must therefore realise that each ton of hard coal needs .03 cubic metres (raummeter) of pit props. Even an output of 220,000 tons per day requires a daily supply of 6,600 c.m. of pit props, or

1·98 million c.m. of pit props for 300 days. That, however, is not the whole story. The reports of the Ruhr Valley Conservation Association state that for such deliveries no less than 2·5 c.m. of water are required per ton of coal. The very existence of the industry of the entire Rhine-Ruhr district depends on its water supply. For 1 ton of coke 5 c.m. of water are required ; for 1 ton of pig-iron 10-22 c.m. ; for 1 ton of synthetic petrol (gasolene) as much as 75-95 c.m. For this provision of water the Rhine hardly counts. The coal area extending about 100 kilometres from West to East, only borders on the Rhine for a few miles. Almost the whole of this Ruhr area has to depend on rainfall both for industrial and domestic needs. In years of high production the drain on the River Ruhr rose to a milliard c.m. in one year, of which almost half was pumped over to the Emscher-Lippe districts, or was lost in other ways. This water supply was only made possible through the conservation of rainfall effected by the extensive forest areas in the upper part of the Ruhr, which ensured the river an adequate supply ; forests of pines and deciduous trees soaking up water in the rainy periods which during the summer gradually oozed into the river.

In spite of the equalising action of the forests the volume of water flowing down the Ruhr fluctuates between 2,200 c.m. per second when the river is swollen to a minimum of only 6 c.m. in dry summer months. Experts found dams to be advisable, and of these twelve now exist, with a storage capacity of 263 million c.m. Unfortunately this is no longer sufficient to safeguard the requirements of the Ruhr mines in dry periods and especially in those of increased industrial activity. Further destruction of the forest area would have disastrous consequences for the mines' water supply. The Ruhr Association has addressed a memorial on this subject to the Military Government.

In considering this source of danger for Germany and the Continent it is essential to note the first indications of the drying-up of rivers. The average annual depth of the Rhine at Dusseldorf, 2·72 m. in the period 1907-1916, sank in the period 1927-1936 to 1·82, and in 1941-1946 to 1·38 m. The west European transport system for which Rhine traffic is important is bound to suffer. The Brit. Federated Home Timber Association demands an annual German delivery of 5·6 million cubic meters of pinewood. Owing to the demands of other zones, these deliveries for England have to be met almost entirely by the British zone ; and as the quality required has mainly to be drawn from trees of eighty years' growth the price to be paid is very high. Of former (1944) stocks of about 18 million c.m. (festmeter) in the British zone later requisitions have caused about 5 million to disappear. The remaining 13 million c.m. would only yield about 6 million c.m. of dressed timber. The British demand rate of 5·6 million c.m. would almost exhaust the above quantity at the end of a single year. Moreover, this removal of the older trees, e.g. in the Harz region, speeds up the rate at which the snow melts, for the larger trees give it greater protection ; this in turn causes risk of flooding in the spring, and at the same time reduces the water supply for the summer afforded by percolation.

For the British people there arises a very practical consequence. The destruction of timber stocks in the British zone (and the same applies to other zones) would frustrate the Bevin plan by which Germany's industry was to be restored and Germany enabled to pay for imports of raw materials and food. She is the most destroyed land in Europe. In the British zone alone the replacement, or repair of 2·9 million destroyed or damaged dwellings would require 15 million c.m. of dressed

timber. Of this quantity at least one third is required in one year to meet the export demands of the British. Such exports, moreover, are on a self-defeating basis ; the wood is taken as raw material instead of being used for finished goods such as furniture, or even for semi-finished goods such as boards, or veneers which would bring in many times more dollars. Further causes of waste lie in the highly uneconomic rough and ready methods of felling, carried on largely by Canadian woodman, particularly in the Harz country ; and again in the use of portable British saws with very wide teeth which waste up to 40 per cent of the wood obtainable.

The domestic fuel policy for 1946-7 was even more disastrous for German timber stocks. The Military Government forbade the use of coal for domestic purposes in order to increase the quantity for export. The disastrous result was the felling of no less than 7 million f.m. of good building and other timber (in addition to the 3 million f.m. of legitimate firewood), i.e. no less than one-twentieth of the total stocks of over forty-year-old timber in the Brit. zone. In the Hamburg Stadtpark alone no less than ten times the annual increase of trees were destroyed in one year, whilst in the Sachsenwald many areas were totally denuded as a result of official orders for firewood, in addition to the reckless felling carried on by the freezing population. From a total timber supply in the British zone of 160 million f.m., 18 were cut down in 1946, i.e. 8 f.m. for timber and 10 for use as fuel, so that in one year alone timber stocks were reduced by 11 per cent.

Reassuring statements by Mr. Hynd, and more recently by Mr. Bevin, that afforestation was being attended to in the customary way have unfortunately been at variance with the facts. Evidence from one forest district shows that, despite German protests and official assurances, British troops felled 115-year old pine trees reserved for seed purposes at the rate of 200 f.m. per day till none was left.

In spite of ever more urgent warnings from the German side, timber exports from the British zone rose steadily from 77,836 c.m. in March 1947 to 151,364 c.m. in June. When even seed trees are not spared a danger is created which may one day affect the whole of Europe. On the other hand England still has at her disposal in the Empire a wealth of highly valuable tropical forests compared to which German forest areas are a negligible fraction. German forestry experts would gladly help in the task of their scientific exploitation in accordance with the "permanent forest" principle. However difficult the problems of skilled labour in the tropics, of hygiene, and of transport, their solution would be amply repaid in view of the present danger of creating in Central Europe a treeless steppe.

HANS ACHIM VON DEWITZ.

By kind permission of the author, and of the editor of *Die Zeit* I have translated and shortened the above article. Our rake's progress in using up the capital values of German timber is such that they seem likely to be actually exhausted within a few years ; in North Rhine-Westphalia by 1950, according to a German estimate. Germany's timber resources have already been halved by the loss of the Eastern Provinces. In the British zone area 80 per cent. of pre-war wood requirements were imported or brought in from other areas. German requirements were reckoned at 1 c.m. per head, of which one quarter was imported. Now the supply is only one-fifth c.m. per head, and a vast export is demanded. Of Germany's few raw materials timber, coal and

iron are by far the most important. Most of her larger industries, mining and food production included, depend upon the survival of forests. Transport services and rebuilding affecting the survival of millions of people are held up by timber shortage. Meanwhile, Germany's future as a wealth-producing and tribute-paying country is destroyed by our policy and that of our allies. Trees are being cut down ten to twenty years too soon. Re-planting, if still possible, becomes vastly more difficult and expensive; the processes of erosion will not wait for us.—D. F. BUXTON.

VALENTINE'S DAY.

ONE of the most delightful of Lamb's essays is that on "Valentine's Day," replete with his inimitable fancy and flavoured humour. In his time, he wrote, "those charming little missives, cycled Valentines, cross and intercross each other at every street and turning. The weary and all forspent twopenny postman sinks beneath a load of delicate embarrassments not his own." In the thirties Winthrop Mackworth Praed, in his gracefully witty way, composed a "Song for the Fourteenth of February" and carolled:

Apollo has peeped through the shutter,
And awakened the witty and fair;
The boarding-school belle's in a flutter,
The twopenny post's in despair.

In 1841, when the cheaper rates introduced by Sir Rowland Hill were first in operation, over 400,000 valentines passed through the post. Ten years later it is recorded that a thousand pounds' worth of artificial flowers were used in one week for valentines, satin was bought in quantities of 5,000 yards at a time, and the bill for lace paper for one firm alone came to £3,400. It was the year of the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park, and a mammoth valentine was on show there, which had taken skilled workers a fortnight to make, a card six feet high covered with wreaths made up of thousands of leaves, the elaborate bead flower designs then popular filling their centres. On February 14th, 1856, the Post Office delivered 618,000, and on the same date in 1870 the total had swelled to 1,545,755. That was the mid-Victorian heyday of valentines. The spice of mystery was a prime element in their popularity. A valentine achieved its purpose only when the recipient intuitively guessed the identity of the sender, though with proper coyness protesting otherwise, heart-pierced by the same arrow from Cupid's bow. Anonymity was carefully preserved. To attract customers some busy stationers for days before the anniversary specially engaged clerks with superfine penmanship, who made any necessary entries on the valentines and addressed the envelopes, to keep the secret in those days before typewriters.

A typical Victorian pattern was a decorated card headed "A Message of Love," holding a mauve, a green, a pink, and a yellow bow of ribbon, and displaying the rhymes:

If through life with me you'd rove,
Send me back this bow of mauve.

If love for me lies in your heart,
This green bow sent will do its part.

If of me you's fondly think,
Send me back my bow of pink.

If for me your love is cold,
Send me back this bow of gold.

When the Ballarat gold fever was at its height, an enterprising firm dispatched to the Antipodes a special line of valentines for spendthrift miners who had struck lucky. Some were two feet long, adorned with artificial flowers, painting on satin, and all manner of gorgeous ornament, and sold for £10 or even £25 apiece. Lovely and costly valentines used to come from Brazil. In a convent, lonely and remote among the mountains, the nuns, never themselves heart-fluttered by an amorous missive, with patient fingers and delicate taste decorated valentines sold for charity with the pressed petals of brightly hued flowers and tiny feathers from birds of brilliant plumage, producing veritable works of art.

"Hail to thy returning festival, old Bishop Valentine!" cried Elia. "Great is thy name in the rubric, thou venerable arch-flamen of Hymen—Immortal Go-Between!" What Bishop Valentine had to do with the matter baffles scholars to explain. It was a pagan festival long before that unfortunate saint came to an extremely painful end, being—so legend has it—beaten with clubs and then beheaded. The association with his name seems to have been a mere accident due to the coincidence of the date of his festival. Possibly the Roman Lupercalia, a very ancient pastoral festival of fertility, celebrated in February and maintained until nearly the end of the fifth century of the Christian era, had something to do with it. At any rate, it distressed some sedate churchmen. "To abolish," runs an ancient biography of the martyr, "the heathens' lewd, superstitious custom of boys drawing girls' names in honour of their goddess, Februa Juno, on the fourteenth of the month, several zealous pastors substituted saints' names in the billets." Vain was this attempt to change the character of the observance from amorous to pious sentiment, but from Roman goddess the festival was transferred to Christian bishop:

Spring after spring, as was most meet,
Juno the coming harvest blest;
Give her worship, and lambs would bleat,
Fat be the flocks, and filled the nest,
This year's corn be a palimpsest
On last year's stubble. But see decline
All her might to a saint confessed,
Even the good Saint Valentine.

We surmise, however, that originally the classical queen of heaven had no more to do with the matter than the priest and martyr. It was a primeval festival of spring, when a young man's—and a young woman's—fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love. In a fine sonnet entitled "St. Valentine's Day," Wilfrid Scawen Blunt told of a day's hunting on the Sussex weald, when the first prophecies of spring appeared:

In bush and stone and hill and sea and heaven
I seemed to see and follow still your face.
Your face my quarry was. For it I rode,
My horse a thing of wings, myself a god.

To be young and in love on Saint Valentine's Day, whether a poet mounted on a blood mare or Sam Weller in the parlour of the Blue Boar, painfully penning "Except of me Mary my dear as your valentine," is to be heir of all the ages, since ever men and maids grew fond as the old earth rolled round toward the spring. Chaucer told the truth of it when he wrote of "Nature the Vicare of the Almighty God" declaring a statute that all the birds should select their mates on Saint Valentine's Day:

Seynt Valentin that art full hye on-lofte
Thus syngen smale foules for thy sake,
Wel han they cause for to gladen ofte,
Sith ech of hem recovered hath hys make.

The pretty rural superstition that on this day birds choose their mates set Drayton and Herrick and Gay and others penning pleasant verses, and moved one poet to a stanza of peculiar charm—John Donne. This poetic gem, in a song for the marriage of Lady Elizabeth and Count Palatine on St. Valentine's Day, is too little known:

Haile, Bishop Valentine, whose day this is,
All the aire is thy Diocis,
And all the chirping Choristers
And other birds are thy Parishioners;
Thou marryest every yeare
The Lyrique Larke and the grave whispering Dove,
The Sparrowe that neglects his life for Love,
The Household Bird with the red stomacher;
Thou makest the Blackbird speed as soon
As doth the Goldfinche or the Halcyon—
This day more cheerfully than ever shine,
This day which might enflame thyself, old Valentin!

Not Chaucer but John Lydgate soon after him, five centuries ago, was the first to refer to the custom of choosing a recipient for a demonstration of tender sentiment:

Seynte Valentin! Of custome, yeere by yeere,
Men have an usance, in this region,
To loke and serche Cupid's Kalendere,
And chose theyr choyse, by grete affeccoun;
Such as ben move with Cupide's mocioun,
Taking theyr choyse as theyr sorte doth falle:
But I love oon whyche excellith alle.

The earliest known valentine, in the sense of a sentimental missive, belongs to the fifteenth century, a flowery effusion penned in the Tower of London by Charles de Valois, the Duke of Orleans, who was taken prisoner at Agincourt, and remained in captivity in England for a quarter of a century. He was not an illustrious figure either as warrior or statesman, or his grievous fate would be better remembered, but he had some talent for turning out the courtly ballades and graceful rondels of his age. In his valentine he depicts Youth coming to him early on Saint Valentine's Day, chiding him for sleeping too long and bringing him an invitation to the Temple of Love. It is quite in the vein of later valentines with their couplets of sweet kisses and tender blisses, fond love and gentle dove, wounded heart and Cupid's dart. Besides the kind of lottery of love which was for centuries a feature of the festival it was supposed that the first unmarried person of the other sex not of the same household whom one saw on the morning of the

day was a destined wife or husband, a fancy to which Ophelia in the play alludes in her song :

Good morrow! 'tis Saint Valentine's Day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your valentine !

At some time or other it became customary to send a gift to the person selected, by lot or otherwise, as a valentine. This reached its zenith among the " smart set " of the Merry Monarch's day. A married man was not less likely than a single one to be chosen, and was expected to requite the honour by a substantial present. The Duke of York being valentine to Miss Stewart, we read in Pepys's diary, " did give her a jewell of about £800, and my Lord Mandeville, her valentine this year, a ring of about £300."

Valentines, it appears, were either chosen by lot the evening before or by challenge to the first person of the other sex on the morning of the day. Mr. Pepys was amused by his wife, awaiting the arrival of her valentine, holding her hands up all morning, " that she might not see the paynters that were at work in gilding my chimney piece and pictures in my dining-room." When Pepys took Miss Batten for his valentine, he was " up early and to Sir W. Batten's," he wrote, " but could not go in till I asked whether they that opened the door was a man or a woman, and Mingo, who was there, answered a woman, which, with his tone, made me laugh." The diarist, as each anniversary passed, ruefully reckoned what it cost him. He bought his " cosin Turner " one year " a pair of green silk stockings and garters and shoe strings, and two pairs of jessimy gloves, all coming to about 28 shillings." When he was his wife's valentine, at a cost of £5, he consoled himself with the reflection that he must have spent as much upon her in any case. It was no doubt in anticipation of some relief for his pocket that Pepys commended the new fashion, which he first observed in 1667, of substituting " mottoes " for presents, declaring that the innovation " might be very pretty." This custom continued, but not on any scale of immense popularity until the early years of last century. Then began many an amorous youth to cut a piece of paper into an intricate design—the crude beginning of lace-trimmed valentines—and write in the centre some tender rhymes. Very minor poets produced collections of verses, from which suitable lines could be culled to be copied out. The rustic swain took what Blake called " a rural pen " to inscribe some such distich as this :

Roses are red and violets blue,
Sugar is sweet, and so are you.

Stationers began to supply sheets of best-quality paper printed with appropriate designs, embossed and coloured. On Saint Valentine's Eve, a writer in the *New Monthly Magazine* recorded, " all the rising generation who feel that they have reached the age of indiscretion, think it full time for them to fall in love, or be fallen in love with. Accordingly, infinite are the crow-quills that move mincingly between embossed margins." From these missives evolved Victorian valentines, simple and dainty or elaborate and gorgeous, in all their variety of application of the traditional symbolism of true-lovers'-knots, wedding bells, cupids, hearts pierced by arrows, roses and forget-me-nots. Sam Weller, on his way through the City, bought an admirable

valentine, consisting of "a couple of human hearts skewered together with an arrow, cooking before a cheerful fire," a "male and female cannibal in modern attire . . . approaching the meal with hungry eyes," a "decidedly indelicate young gentleman in a pair of wings," and a representation of the spire of the church in Langham Place. It cost Sam one and sixpence, and it was while signing it "Your love-sick Pickwick" and addressing it to "Mary, Housemaid at Mr. Nupkins's, Mayor's, Ipswich," that he uttered that counsel of caution: "Never sign a valentine with your own name." Even Saint Valentine's Day was grimly fateful to Thomas Hardy. In *Far From the Madding Crowd* it was the thoughtless dispatch of a valentine to Farmer Boldwood by Bathsheba that initiated the train of events leading to dire tragedy.

In the seventies there arrived comic satiric valentines, broadsheets with highly coloured pictures of fat policeman or greasy cook, emaciated giant or bulbous-nosed scarecrow, some lines of insulting doggerel beneath the caricature. A typical specimen depicts an unfortunate man riding upon a goose, with a legend beginning:

Goose upon goose, you ill-looking Brute,
You never will me for a Valentine suit.

These atrocious travesties helped to kill the true and proper valentines. As last century drew to a close the custom of sending the tributes of tender homage greatly declined, and during the first decade of the present century they almost entirely disappeared. Twenty years ago, after more than a generation of desuetude, the modern revival began, reproducing the prettiness and playfulness, daintiness and sentiment of Victorian missives while avoiding their occasional absurdity and eschewing their extravagance, continuing to grow until the outbreak of war, though never attaining anything like the former popularity. In 1936 the Post Office introduced telegraphic valentines, messages delivered on forms with gay decoration of appropriate symbolism, a facility withdrawn from 1940. The accompanying return of the coarse and vulgar mockeries was to be deprecated, a form of Victorian humour more general refinement of taste should not wish to imitate.

ANTHONY CLYNE.

CHILDREN NEED SIMPLICITY.

CHILDREN, even when quite young, are often unnaturally clever these days. Modern conditions, acting as a species of forcing-house, thrust this cleverness on them. Mechanical contrivances are all about them and everywhere there is a tendency towards over-elaboration and complication. There is in no sense a feeling of security in all this complication. It rather tends to remove poise and stability. Cinema and radio have carried out a twofold function. They have spread before our children a wide-open world. At the same time they have taken away the old familiar landmarks and made the world into a place of lost boundaries. So much has been written of the reduced function of home in the lives of children of this generation that there is no need to add to it here. The only point that need be stressed is this: instead of being a centre of attraction, the home is tending to become more and more a centre of distribution outwards. Home activities are

largely lost to our children. Their interests are focused on so many activities outside. This change-over from centripetal to centrifugal movement results in a feeling of amazement tending to confusion. The consequent sense of insecurity craves for some sort of encirclement, for the satisfaction of being "inside a safe place."

It seems to me that the only corrective is to be found in a reversion to simplicity. And that reversion is by no means easy to bring about. Of simplicity it may be said that it blows where it lists, and no man knows from whence it comes or whither it goes. It is, in fact, an extremely incalculable quality and cannot be provided as one provides food or medicine, nor can it be forced on to the mind of a child from without. One thing, however, is at least clear: the right conditions can be supplied, when there will arise a possibility of the generation of this needful simplicity, for without right conditions it is little likely to be evoked. So intangible is the simplicity that I am urging that it is perhaps impossible to apprehend it from direct description. Anyone who has ever tried to pick up mercury after it has been spilt knows how impossible it is. The silvery fluid is there, yet as soon as it is touched it eludes one by separating into balls. To re-collect those balls one must try an indirect approach. Hence it is that certain incidents I have witnessed form a better means of conveying my idea of simplicity to a reader than a long diatribe on simplicity itself.

During the war I lived on the outskirts of a small north-country manufacturing town. It was built in a hollow, and out of it one could quickly climb into fresh green hill country beyond which the Pennines showed clearly. It was the custom of one gang of young boys, ranging from eight to eleven years old, to make Commando raids up a certain hill-slope, charging some of their number already put into ambush behind some clumps of bush and gorse. The fierceness of these raids was almost incredible, accompanied as they were by every kind of weapon the boys could lay hold of, and by every sort of noise that could be imitated, from that of machine-gunning to groans of the dying. The time came for iron railings and gates to be removed as salvage from the gardens and parks in the district. In some way the boys got possession of several iron railings with heavy points at the ends. These became weapons of war. Another factor became active in the raids. A few girls joined the gang with the boys. They never took part in the actual fighting, but they were allotted the task of being nurses. They ran with the boys, right into the worst of the *mêlée*, but their garb proclaimed to all what part they had to play. They were dressed in white overalls and had bits of white stuff tied round their heads. The red cross was clearly marked on both head-dress and armlet, and to make matters even more realistic there were splashes of red on their overalls suggestive of blood. I have seen one of these raids in full swing on many a summer evening as I walked over the fields to enjoy the fresh air. To all intents and purposes the children were beside themselves. Yet on my return, not so very long after, I have seen, more than once, those same children sitting or lying on the grass, boys and girls alike, making daisy chains.

This simple act seemed to wipe out, leaving no traces, the furious destructive attitude of their savage raids. They enjoyed what they were doing, and did it without self-consciousness. Some of these daisy chains were even taken home for mothers to see, or for younger brothers and sisters. The whole occupation partook of just that simplicity which I am trying to convey as one of childhood's essential needs. Had the

raids been conducted up those banks and slag-heaps which form part of the pottery towns less than twenty miles from the place of which I write, there would have been no calming and æsthetically satisfying influences at work. The incentive would rather have been to throw bits of slag about or handfuls of dust. Without conditions for its germinating, simplicity would have failed to come into being. Even with the right conditions no touch from outside but might have dissipated it. Best to say nothing to the children, unless they spoke first, best to pass on without even a smile unless it first came from their side. All they needed was to be undisturbed. That the children enjoyed their raids I do not question, but it was an artificial and to a large extent vicious pleasure, fed by their unnaturally increased knowledge of modern methods of conducting war. Their energies, had circumstances been different, could just as well have found outlet in a game of hide-and-seek or hare-and-hounds. But the enjoyment of the raids was of a wearing quality, it took virtue out of the children in a very marked degree. The daisy-chain making provided the antidote. It did more, it rested their uneasy spirits and softened their outlook on what was at that time a very frightening world.

I said that children are often unnaturally clever these days, but this cleverness is not necessarily of the type that means progress at school. Indeed, it is the result of a set of very different processes from those necessary to success in school life. It depends on unrelated patches of knowledge received by the visual and aural centres of the brain from cinema and radio. So quickly are these impressions received that children's minds become over-stimulated by their reception. And this over-stimulation not only wearies the mind but at the same time accustoms it to short quick-flitting methods of acquiring information, so that concentration for any considerable length of time becomes impossible. Everyone is aware that even learning by rote requires concentration, while logically thinking out a problem requires even longer and more intensive concentration. It is impossible for any child to become a "student" unless the mind is allowed adequate periods of recuperative calm. Such periods are not necessarily vacancy or stagnation. They may involve occupation and interest, but they will be tainted by no species of strain, nor by excessive stimulus from without. It is strange what simple things can provide satisfying interest to the minds of children who are equally capable of taking an interest in things that are far from simple. Again, an illustration from an actual incident can best make clear what I mean.

Just before the war I came into close contact several times a week with a small form of young boys in a preparatory school. They were not more than six or seven years of age and should really have been in charge of a Fröbel, or similarly, trained mistress. As it was they were taught by the ordinary masters of the school, more or less as the older boys were taught. They had none of that freedom and spontaneity in their lesson-time that is associated with the work done in a kindergarten. They had, in fact, missed out the "baby stage" almost entirely, under the mistaken impression on the part of their parents that they would be "more manly" as a result and even "get on better" as far as lessons were concerned. One morning I read to these small boys a cutting I had taken from a daily paper. It was of a hitherto unpublished Grimm tale, said to be the shortest fairy story in the world. They were delighted with it. Here it is :

Hen found a little key in the dunghill, and Cock a little box. The box

was unlocked and in it lay a little short fur-trimmed red silk coat. If the coat had been longer so would my tale.

Apart from the fact that with one consent they changed *dunghill* into *farmyard* "because the box might get dirty in the dunghill," and shortened the story still further by ending it at *red silk coat*, "because the last bit had nothing to do with it," they accepted it as something worth listening to. They quickly learned their own version of it by heart, and, as I had reason to find out later, they remembered it for years. Almost as soon as they had finished curtailing the story they wanted to lengthen it again, not by comments like that of its author, but by inventing a variety of adventures for that "little short fur-trimmed red silk coat." Better writing, better spelling, and better "composition" were eventually done by the development of that simple story than anything else the boys had up to that point attempted.

They did not always want to be "schoolboys," they wanted much more to be just children, finding in activities suitable to their age-group the poise and interest that they required. It is not only in schools that children are forced out of the simplicity that their nature demands. Here I see, in this little seaside resort where I live, parents in their mistaken kindness forcing on their children gifts far beyond their power to enjoy. Model aeroplanes and "motor cars that will go" are given to children who are far more interested in watching the seagulls or in digging a channel which the incoming tide will eventually fill. I have even heard a mother say to a little boy of three or so, "Don't bother looking at that. It's only a seagull. Look at that aeroplane flying low over the sea."

Simplicity does not necessarily connote foolishness. It can give rise to unexpected contemplation and to a wisdom based on serious thought. Those same little boys who derived such pleasure from their silk-coat fairy tale were one day plunged into a very deep discussion. We had been walking past the old Abbey garden, where there was a museum of strange old-world contrivances. One of the exhibits was a man-trap. "What is that?" one of the boys asked me. "A man-trap," I replied. "And did they once use them to trap men?" "Yes," I answered. "But it might kill them. Why did they use it?" So I explained as well as I could. Then the talk veered to present-day modes of punishment, and a conclusion was reached, couched in childish terms it is true, that has troubled many a penal reformer. Degradation not only comes to those who suffer punishment, but also to those who carry it out. "If you kill a man, then you get killed. You get hung," one boy stated. "Yes," said another, "the hangman does that, and nobody does anything to *him*. If I was a man I should hate to be a hangman. Supposing I was a daddy, too! How could I go home to my children and sit down with them to tea?" Children have great possibilities. Let us aim at giving them the opportunity for those possibilities to develop.

WINIFRED GRAHAM WILSON.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

DEVALUATION AND NEGATIVE POLICIES

A QUESTION that cannot yet be answered convincingly to all concerned—the verdict of history being not yet decisively given—is whether the remarkable state of general disorder throughout the world is due simply to the aftermath of two world wars or to the usurpation by political governments of too great a power over every department of human activity? Logically the two causes are interwoven; for it was the wars that enthroned the governments as universal dictators: but there is something to be gained from a recognition of the results produced by swollen political power, no matter how it originated.

One of the present difficulties is that so many people suffer from the planning complex—as for instance Mr. Attlee, who takes it for granted that governmental planning in the widest scope is a factor in life that has come to stay and is good in itself; and Sir Stafford Cripps, who is consumed by a raging thirst for it—that whenever things go wrong, as they go wrong with impressive regularity, they unconcernedly attribute the fault to the conditions produced by the wars, and plunge incontinently ahead into further planning and further resultant disorder. It is so easy to call “heads, I win; tails, you lose,” that the planners are undismayed; and as the last war ended only three years ago it is not yet universally recognised that history has convicted them of their folly. For instance, in Great Britain, where the Government consists of Socialists who control the whole economic activity of the country, and where the sorely tried people pay more and more for less and less, the by-elections with only one exception have maintained the Government's majority, though in a reduced form. The Government can always be supported by the reflection—which indeed is fashionable in Socialist circles—that if things are bad, they would be worse under the Tories. Yet the issue does not primarily lie between Socialists and Tories. Though the Tories do not suffer from it as badly as the Socialists—and this is their real case against the Socialists—yet they, too, are infected in a lesser degree with this modern political disease. The disease is rampant throughout the world. In the present phase of the age-long conflict between Christ and Cæsar, Cæsar is winning battle after battle. It is of the utmost importance that what we call grandly political philosophy should face the question whether many of our troubles are not traceable to the attempt to achieve by political agency what cannot be achieved thereby: in short, whether the politicians have not got beyond themselves?

Two recent events have given a relevant illustration of the destructive and negative tendency of what the fashionable jargon calls a planned economy. On January 25th it was announced from Paris that the French Government had decided both to devalue the franc in its official controlled rate and to permit and recognise a free rate. That decision was taken, and persisted in, despite objections made to that part of it which concerned the free market both by Great Britain and by the International Monetary Fund. The second event took place on February 4th, when the British Prime Minister made a statement to the House, which was simultaneously issued as a White Paper, to the effect that inflation, the rising cost of production and the consequent danger to the purpose of the export drive could be countered only by the immediate prohibition—then and there announced as a Government

decision in policy—of any further rise in wages, salaries or profits, except they be accompanied and justified by a corresponding increase in production. "To sum up," said Mr. Attlee at the end of his statement, "if general increases in profits, salaries or wages take place without more goods being made available, no one can obtain any real benefit except the black market operator; the rest of the community has to endure the dislocation and hardship which inevitably accompany inflation. The alternatives now before us are therefore either a general agreement by the people to act together upon sound and public-spirited lines, or a serious and prolonged setback in our economic reconstruction, accompanied by a persistent low standard of living."

Let the broader implications of those two governmental decisions, the one French, the other British, be considered in their background and correlated with the general state of affairs at this time. It is to be observed, first, that this modern orgy of governmental planning has concentrated wholly upon cutting things down. Mr. Gaitskell's recently reported confession, or boast, that in the cause of fuel economy he has only one bath a week, is an entirely fair epitaph to the enterprise of *Strength Through Misery* that is the virtual slogan of Socialism In Our Time, at any rate in its present phase. Before long Mr. Gaitskell's planning will no doubt drive him inexorably along the bleak and unwashed way to such a pass that if he gets one bath in a month, or indeed in a year, he will be as lucky, as miserable and as logical as a planned economy permits. In the case of the franc, there is something to be said for recognising and realistically accepting—as do the British Government and the International Monetary Fund—that the actual value of the franc in relation to the other currencies is what in effect it is. There is no objection therefore to the devaluation of the official rate. It is the free market, or, to call a spade a spade, the black market, that gives the rub. It is a departure from realism to imagine that the French Government's offer to ban dealings in the pound except at the official rate is going to prevent such dealings. What government ever controls the black market its own restrictions have excited into being? To cut out the technicalities, what the French Government really hopes for is that the black market itself will give so powerful a stimulus to French exports that France will beat her competitors to the goal; just as the Italian Government followed up the official devaluation of the lira in January 1946 by permitting a free market, which enabled exporters to exchange a proportion of their receipts of hard currencies at twice the official rate.

That is a selfish policy, menacing the whole system of stabilised international exchanges and of trade, based on Bretton Woods, and tempting other governments to take their part in a competitive, disastrous and self-defeating devaluation of currencies. Such selfish and planned impulses, in finance as in other fields of human activity, do defeat their own object, because, in finance as in other enterprises, God's laws are watertight, and the mystery which ordains that we get, not what we grab for ourselves, but what we give, invariably operates. Italy found in 1946 that the advantages she snatched were short-lived. France will find—the more so because her exports consist mainly of luxuries, not of necessities—that the harm she does to others will be inevitably shared by herself. The very first lesson to be learnt in the cultivation of common sense—and this is a hard lesson to learn in politics where the element of human decency and the operation of the human conscience are largely dissipated—is that the world and its

inmates are made by God, that God is infallibly good, that His laws cannot be violated without disaster to the violator and to others.

Now governments, those impersonal, exclusively intellectual and almost exclusively materialist organisations which sit down to think out what is selfishly best for themselves or for their nationals, start their calculations by leaving out the most relevant factor. Small wonder their answers are almost always wrong. They can be right only by accident or by miracle. They produce such things as wars, chaotic international exchanges and trade, in their stride; and then they panic and start a new process of miscalculation by cutting down everything to the bone, or to one bath a week. What governments do not apparently understand is that the grace of God, that mainspring of all human welfare, operates through the individual. To crush individual enterprise, initiative, dignity, freedom, pride, and to compress his scope and opportunity, is to frustrate at the source the very hope and possibility of human welfare. Some planning, of course, in the collective sense, is an elementary necessity, as every individual knows, for it is a matter of common sense, for instance, that the water supply and other common and general services must be organised; but common sense equally prescribes that common needs must be the absolute criterion and limit of political planning, and the competence of individual freedom and initiative must in no way be circumscribed. International exchanges, for instance, are the automatic index of international trade. They cannot be artificially "planned." You might as well in the middle of an icy blizzard announce to all and sundry that the weather is fine and hot. These artificial methods of pretending—it is nothing else—that a particular currency in its international value is, or can be by "planning" be made, different from what it is, are a childish form of self-deception: or what we mistakenly call childish, for no child would be so silly. The modern spread of tyranny, that is of governmental dictatorship which goes by the euphemism of a planned economy, plunges from one miscalculation and disaster into another; and we find ourselves in a ghastly retrocession of competitive undercutting and cutting down: a process of gradual dissipation and loss of the amenities provided by God for our use, the condition laid down by God, and ignored by ourselves, being that we accept them under God's own direction as to technique.

This particular example of governmental interference in such affairs as can prosper only if left to the natural interplay of cause and effect is not characteristically socialist in the party sense. During the recent war, when the Government in Great Britain was led by a Tory, something like a revolution in high finance was carried through almost without notice from the public. The control of the bank rate was forcibly wrenched from Threadneedle Street to Downing Street. In the past the Bank of England has acted as the world's main safeguard against disease in international finance. When unhealthy inflationary tendencies in credit became apparent the bank rate was put up, the punters were squeezed, and the bubble deflated. The bank acted objectively and with a majesty of authority that was reflected in every financial capital of the world. It did work of essential benefit, radiating from the City of London to every corner of the earth. The bumps and slumps, the booms and depressions were no criticism upon it, any more than a patient running a high temperature is a criticism upon the medical profession. The vagaries of finance were due to faults in human conduct, just as disease in the physical body is often traceable to errors

of judgment or of behaviour in the patient. The bank was the doctor. During the war the financial doctor was nationalised, just as the physical doctor is now threatened with nationalisation. Control of the bank rate was switched to the Treasury. Now the Treasury is not objective in its outlook. It is subjective, self-centred and political in motive. When the war-time Government was spending money in a rake's progress to bankruptcy the overruling political consideration was to keep the bank rate low at all costs, to keep money cheap, to borrow on the cheapest terms, possible or impossible. The machinery of the bank was thus bent, as many other decent things in life are being bent, into the purposes of the political tyrant. We have yet to reap the harvest of that particular wild act of virtual Socialism, perpetrated by a Tory Government.

The French Government has now, by a combined devaluation of the official franc and the setting up of a black market in francs, actuated by a selfishly competitive motive, added to the general dislocation and chaos. It may be that one day the political planners will be actuated by wisdom, vision, restraint and a humility which recognises the insufficiency of man and his dependence upon God-given direction; but that time is not yet, and in the meantime we are at their mercy, so far at any rate as our unhappy material lot is concerned.

The second instance referred to above of the negative and destructive tendency in these politically planned economies is Mr. Attlee's woe-begone attempt to dam the surge of enterprise, as reflected in wages and profits, in order forsooth to counter inflation. Therein is reflected the panicky condition of mind which would bid the tide to pause. Prosperity is the full unimpeded earning of profits by everybody, to everybody's impartial advantage. There is no reason why workmen should not get more pay, nor businesses make more profits. There is no one who is not benefited thereby, because the spending of the wages and profits makes the merry wheels go round the faster. But what of production, wail the export planners? Except for the planners themselves such a question could not arise. In a free society the production would come first, and wages, salaries and profits would directly depend upon it. The planners put the cart before the horse in their normal technique of deciding *ex cathedra* that the cart must be, and thereby is deemed to be, in such and such a place; and when they find that they have forgotten the horse, they begin nagging, dragooning and threatening him, and cutting down his feed. The horse in this analogy is the individual human being, with the difference that he is a being with reason and initiative, who alone is competent to do the job, if left to it.

At this present time we are passing through a crisis of civilisation. The as yet undecided issue is whether the masses of people everywhere are to become robots or pawns shoved about by theorising and threatening politicians or whether the sterling goodness and responsibility of the human individual is to retain its initiative. The continuance of the first method is bound to perpetrate the muddle, disaster and negative repressiveness which are our present lot, because it is the second method that answers incontrovertibly to the plainly indicated technique of individual initiative and competence implicit in God's grace, which flows through the individual. True, the individual in the past has fallen down, and by his greed and selfishness has himself betrayed his trust, especially in the modern surge of scientific industrialisation. But, if we cannot prosper on the true basis, still less can we prosper on the wrong basis. It is for the individual to be "converted" to a better

quality : not for governments to suppress him and thus to eliminate the very chance of improvement.

CHAOS AND ITS REDRESS

The issue emerges as the old struggle for human freedom in a new form. When President Truman on January 7th last sent his message to Congress on the State of the Union, he went to the heart of the matter in his first sentences. "We believe," he said, "in the dignity of man. We believe that he was created in the image of the Father of us all. We do not believe that men exist merely to strengthen the State or to be cogs in an economic machine. We do believe that governments are created to serve the people and that economic systems exist to minister to their wants." Now why is it in 1948 that so elementary a truth needs to be shouted from so high a house-top and in so solemn a setting? Is it true, and if so, how comes it that the freedom and dignity of man are again at stake; and what precisely is the tendency of these prevailing world-wide conflicts? It is possible to detect an unfolding pattern if we take the broad view. The present excess of political tyranny is one extreme in the swing of a pendulum. Half a century ago the free individual misused his freedom, and many of those who had fortune and privilege (and therefore responsibility) abandoned themselves to the enjoyment of the privilege (and forgot the responsibility). They were guilty of injustice to those who were dependent upon them. The mills of God, being exact and not always slow, have ground down the privileges. In the process the wood has come to be obscured by the trees, and men have failed to observe that what was wrong was not the competence but the evil performance of the individual. The pendulum has swung into an opposite mistake, which proposes the thesis that the world is a chess board and the players the politicians. The incidental disorder has been of a magnitude that is bound in the end to suggest the truth that the middle point of the swing is the answer. The old-fashioned Liberal (now, of course, out of the picture) will come back into the picture when the excesses have died down: for it is the combination of individual initiative with the necessary minimum of State interference that solves the problem. The very havoc of our present lot may in the end drive us into liberalism in the human sense and into Liberalism in the political sense, even though what we call political Conservatism is indicated as the driving force now available to us: for the tyranny must first be brought down.

In the meantime we may reflect upon certain outstanding features of a hectic half-century of experience. The resourcefulness of the human spirit is such that even disorder, when widely spread and prolonged, can become acclimatised, as it were, and taken for granted, even though the pity of it never cease to trouble our mind and our conscience. What in the first impact was abnormal becomes normal when chronic. During the past fifty years we have experienced such a process. In the first decade of the century the preliminary rumblings of the storm were felt throughout Europe, the Balkan disturbances being a recurrent source of anxiety. Be it noted that the anxiety was felt, and deeply felt, by informed and thoughtful people. The normal thing was an ordered international relationship, conducted through the normal channels of a professional diplomatic service. The undercurrent of foreboding afflicted the politicians with a chill of horror, even though the masses of people were in large measure untouched and wrapped in blissful ignorance. The shock caused by the murder in 1914 of an

Austrian archduke did not reach those ignorant and unsuspecting masses until the general conflagration thereby soon to be started burst upon their horrified minds. The disorder then let loose has never been arrested nor controlled. It has spread to every corner of the world, has caught up in its havoc every sphere of human activity, from religion to high finance. It is catalogued, advertised and accentuated by a wireless service of news that adds horror to horror almost as soon as it is perpetrated. Whereas in 1914 there was accepted without comment a firm basis in international affairs, with a series of firm governments, stable social systems and general prosperity, to-day by contrast an opposite state of affairs tends to escape notice, because in its turn we have become accustomed to it: namely, to a general state of flux in world affairs, where little can be taken for granted except universal instability. The disturbing thing is that our flesh no longer creeps. There was something symbolic both of human nature and of these present times in the complaint made by children, evacuated during the war from London, that they missed the sirens and wanted to get back to the excitement. Just as poison in the physical body, for instance alcohol or nicotine, creates a craving for more of the poison, so in the body politic disorder creates a sort of craving for more. That is one reason why, unfortunately, our flesh no longer creeps, as we hear the news from Palestine, from Eastern Europe, or from Japan. The cry "wolf, wolf," is no longer heeded, hardly even heard.

The question arises: can flux and chaos themselves constitute a sort of safeguard against a formal breakdown in the relationships? When the essential relationship has collapsed, no one worries about the form. What we used, before 1939, to call a war of nerves is no longer possible. The threat or the fear of war loses some of its sting when there already is in effect a state of war. There is war between Russia and the rest of the world, though it is conducted, not in the quaint heroics of marching armies, but in a rodent propaganda and intrigue that seeks to undermine the enemy by sedition and cultivated discontent. It is thus incidentally to be seen that in the general devastation national frontiers in the old sense have themselves been brought low. Signor Togliatti in Italy, Marshal Tito in Yugoslavia, M. Thorez in France, are the modern equivalent both of spies and of commando raiding parties dropped behind the enemy's lines; but they operate openly within the national framework and by the weapon of national politics in the invaded country. When Hitler in 1939 marched into Poland, the world became promptly ablaze with martial intent, and the street lamps were blacked out. To-day the war is conducted in cafés and on political platforms, the only black-out being the disappearance by liquidation of such men as the conqueror fears in the countries he has already overrun.

And in those countries other difficulties crop up, as they crop up in all aggressions, whether the armies advance by open physical war as of old or by the modern method of political tyranny: there are jealousies and incompatibilities in the high command. In the old days a general might be relieved of his command by orders from above; in the new, a similar, if more tortuous, method is adopted. Mr. Stalin, as one of his victims, the late Mr. Trotsky, has chronicled in detail in his posthumous book, is a past master in removing uncongenial henchmen in his own country, and he applies the method in the outpost countries. A conflict of prestige, for instance, having arisen between Marshal Tito of Yugoslavia and Mr. Dimitrov of Bulgaria for leadership in the Balkan

campaign, the issue is promptly decided by a *Pravda* article, which criticises Dimitrov and thus simply enthrones Tito.

These things, however, create little excitement and attract little comment in the general maelstrom. The world wends its way, acclimatised to disorder, not looking far ahead, and bent upon such business as the spread of political tyranny and bureaucratic frustration still permits.

But there is another and a far more important aspect of the matter. Though some people are hardened, many are stirred by the experience. The individual human being is finding after all that his dignity and freedom are God-given assets that the political boss, despite his swollen head, cannot confiscate. Politics, these modern politics, representing as they do the fleeting triumph of a materialist Cæsar over the eternal sovereignty of Christ, are being defeated by their own excesses, which no longer frighten, and are already losing their grip upon, that impregnable citadel of the human heart which sustains the children of God. Human beings tread among the ruins of a collapsed, or collapsing, civilisation, and are not dismayed. There is a continuity in human resource and a spring of hope and faith that transcend the tricks of these Bolshevist materialists, and rise above the flux and chaos. The flux itself, revealing the circumstance that we have little more to lose in our material lot, acts as a nervous safeguard against a repetition of the sort of explosive catastrophe that blasted the world in 1939; and, moreover, from the happy vantage ground above the chaos we recognise both that the chaos will sooner or later be resolved, and that the eternal purpose and providence of God is a far more interesting thing to contemplate.

GEORGE GLASGOW.

February 10th, 1948.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.

A VOICE FROM GERMANY.*

The author of this important and stimulating book describes himself as a spiritual heir of Ludwig von Gerlach who, about a century ago, was one of the most influential Prussian Conservatives. Gerlach was a romantic reactionary, whose opposition to his time, however, sprang from sincere religious convictions which finally led him to oppose his old friend Bismarck. It would be easy to dismiss the author as a romantic dreamer who under the impact of the catastrophe of 1945 turned back to a political and social order for which the foundations no longer exist, and it is true that many of his ideas are naïve to the point of absurdity. He proposes, e.g. in all seriousness, that the Allies should withdraw from Germany and appoint Great Britain as a kind of mandatory power which would maintain order in Germany with a small military force. Even if it could be conceived that America, Russia and France would consent to such a solution, Britain with her recent experiences as a mandatory power in Palestine would certainly decline such a commission. It is most probably true that the vast majority of Germans would prefer an occupation by Britain to that by any other power, but the author should know that this question is not decided by what Germans may desire but by the present distribution of power in the world, which even Britain herself cannot change.

The book is divided into two parts of unequal length and value: the first is an analysis of German history, while in the second the author tries to point the way which, in his opinion, Germans should tread in future if they want

* Constantin Silens, *Irrweg und Umkehr*, Verlag Birkhäuser, Basle, 1946. About 12s.

to avoid the errors of the past. As is the case so often in treatises of this kind, the diagnosis is much sounder than the proposed therapy, indeed it is the analysis which makes this book such a valuable contribution to the problem of Germany. The author sees clearly what many Germans unfortunately have not realised yet: that Hitlerism was not merely a terrible accident in German history but was the culmination of a long process. The German body politic carried a particularly virulent bacillus which was bound to produce the disease of Nazism under favourable conditions. This bacillus, which the author identifies as a materialistic conception of life and an over-valuation of power as such, can be detected in much earlier periods, particularly in the era of Bismarck. The Iron Chancellor appears to the author as he did to Gerlach as the embodiment of an entirely immoral or at least amoral will to power, which disregarded Germany's real strength and was bound to lead to the *débâcles* of 1918 and 1945. This policy of Might is Right was merely the logical outcome of the de-Christianisation of German public life, which itself was the inevitable result of the industrial revolution with its rationalism and materialism. This is a fascinating thesis which should be extended to provide a fruitful analysis of the universal crisis of Western civilisation, of which the collapse of Germany is merely a symptom. The chapter entitled "Descent into Hell" is perhaps the most forceful indictment of Hitlerism, and at the same time the most convincing account of its genesis which I have read so far.

Unfortunately, however, analysis at this fateful moment of our history is not enough, and the Germans for whom this book was presumably written in the first place must look anxiously for the guidance which the author offers them. His recipe can be summed up simply enough: it is return to Christianity and the establishment of a Christian democracy. The author demands that Germany should forever renounce her dream of world domination and that the new Germany should be de-centralised and de-urbanised. He draws an attractive picture of a federalist German state whose social life should be based on small town communities rather than on big cities. His hatred of central government, clearly influenced by his experience of what centralism meant under Hitler, leads him to a passionate plea for political and economic freedom which, however Utopian in details, should be read and discussed by all to whom the problem of the position of the individual in modern society has any importance. The greatest weakness of the argument is his inability to throw any light on the problem how this beautiful dream of a Christian democracy can be realised as long as the Allies cannot agree on the kind of Germany they want to see emerge from the present chaos. All the author has to offer is a pious hope that the men in the Kremlin will realise that a sound Germany will be in their own well-understood interest. Everybody will agree when he says that chaos cannot produce peace, and his assertion that there can be no peace without justice should be constantly in the minds of the peace-makers. It is here that the author's arguments become almost painfully convincing. We fought Hitlerism because we believed in the rights of man; how can we expect a peace to last unless these rights are re-established and recognised everywhere? The author passionately rejects the conception of Germany's collective guilt as a Fascist dogma, on a par with Hitler's attitude to the Jews, and he is certainly right when he points out that by applying the principle of collective guilt in our de-Nazification policy we merely perpetuate the Nazi party as a kind of brotherhood of the prosecuted. This argument is especially valuable as it comes from somebody who recognises Germany's guilt as that of Christian atonement for the evil which Germans allowed to dominate their life. The book is one of the most important contributions to the German problem that have come out of post-war Germany, and it is to be hoped that thousands of Germans will read and ponder this terrible diagnosis from the pen of a German Conservative. It should also carefully be studied by all to whom the solution of this central problem of our time is entrusted.

REINHOLD ARIS.

JACKSONIAN DEMOCRACY.*

The age of Jackson, says Mr. Herbert Agar in his Introduction to this excellent book, was a period during which the United States Constitution was made into a more democratic instrument, and when the political parties were first organised in the modern American form. It was also the time that witnessed a confused uprising of the common people. Mr. Schlesinger, therefore, is provided with a first-rate subject for fresh and candid research. He covers the sixteen years between the electoral triumph of Andrew Jackson in 1828 and his death. Jackson was the hero of the multitude, both as soldier and politician. He defeated the British at New Orleans in 1815. The fact that this battle was fought after the peace had been signed did not make the victory or the commander any the less popular.

Coming from Tennessee, Jackson was the champion of the new West, or what to-day is the nearer Mid-West. He represented those insurgent forces which the settled communities of the Atlantic seaboard feared as certain ruin for the Republic. They saw his rise to the Presidency as the letting in of the barbarians. The architects of the American Union were conservatives. Independence is simply political severance. As India is now about to discover, it has nothing to do with social revolution or even economic change. Jefferson's dream of a rural and small-town America faded early. Industrial poverty was already a menace. Radicals were asserting that the working people were treated no less ruthlessly than in Europe, farmers and artisans were looked upon as a single class of the oppressed. The predominant question was the power of the banks, together with the conflict over paper money: the farmers and working men were for hard coin. Imprisonment for debt was a bitter grievance. In the popular mind the banks stood for the rule of the rich and the subjection of the farming regions to the Eastern States. Throughout Jackson's double term in Washington this explosive business bedevilled politics and all personal careers, and it may be said to have afforded a major test of the Presidency. His veto of the Bill renewing the charter of the Bank of the United States was a resounding event.

In a series of animated chapters Mr. Schlesinger deals with the new movements as they affected New York, Boston and Philadelphia, the last-named city being the implacable centre of hostility to Jackson's banking policy. He follows out the disruptive force of Jacksonian democracy among the political leaders and such important authors and publicists as Fenimore Cooper, Bryant the poet, and George Bancroft the historian, while not overlooking the anxious detachment and suspicion of Emerson and his friends. We have new and vivid portraits of Webster, Henry Clay and Calhoun, whose ascendancy in a country of intense political activity is not easily realisable in present-day America. Mr. Schlesinger's American readers, like those on this side of the Atlantic, may find particular interest in the facts he brings out concerning the abortive Working-men's Party and the European influences woven into the many strands of Jacksonian democracy. Fourier, Cobbett and Robert Owen all played their part. And there is a familiar modern sound in the saying of Frances Wright, the fiery evangelist of equality who persuaded Frances Trollope to launch out upon her American adventure: "The people of the world have but one cause."

S. K. RATCLIFFE.

THE ART OF ARCHITECTURE.†

The title of the book expresses the authors' point of view. In contradiction to current contemporary trends, architecture for them is not only a function of material needs but an art; their main interest therefore lies in the

* *The Age of Jackson*. By Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. Eyre & Spottiswoode. 21s.

† *The Art of Architecture*. By A. E. Richardson and H. O. Corfiato. Hodder and Stoughton. Revised edition, 52s. 6d. 299 plates.

aesthetic and emotional appeal of buildings. They lay stress on the significance of composition, and bring to the whole development of architectural history great knowledge as well as wide sympathy and appreciation. The comprehensive scheme of the book supplies the basis for a sense of proportion and a considered judgment. When so many civilisations are compared they are not only revealed in their richness: Certain permanent values and architectural problems are equally seen. There exists in architecture the conflict between rigidity of balance and axial freedom, whilst the harmony between the whole and its subordinate parts has to be maintained. On a more material level the importance of circulation, leading to the vital points in the design, has to be considered, whilst the structural necessities of supporting and weight distributing compounds are vital. The book gives a survey of architecture in all periods and countries, including our own. Although the specialist may dissent in some instances, the picture of architectural evolution is truly balanced and commands respect. The work, lavishly illustrated by photographs and drawings, is a guide to the evolution of architecture and, as such, to history.

HELEN ROSENAU.

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A South Down Farm in the Sixties, by Maude Robinson (Bannisdale Press, 8s. 6d.), is a new impression of a charming little book published in 1938. It is the story of a well-to-do Quaker farmer and his large family, told with complete simplicity and sincerity. The main impression it leaves on the reader is of happiness and contentment in circumstances of social and intellectual isolation which would bore most people of our sophisticated generation to tears. Brighton, it is true, was only six miles away, but the little village of Saddlescombe lived its own rather Spartan life without distractions or amenities of any kind. The tempo was slow but the moral foundations were solid. Miss Robinson's loving picture of her mid-Victorian childhood will delight the social historian and will be of special interest to members of the Society of Friends. The quiet old world is gone forever, but it has not a few lessons to teach.

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The Hakluyt Society has published, in celebration of its centenary, a commemorative volume, *Richard Hakluyt and His Successors*,* edited by the Society's president, Dr. Edward Lynam. The first part of the volume is in substance a review of English travel literature from Richard Hakluyt to the foundation of the Society in 1846. Dr. James A. Williamson has contributed a valuable sketch of Richard Hakluyt and his publications, based upon the research of Professor George Bruner Parks and Professor E. S. R. Taylor. There is a short account of Samuel Purchas by Sir William Foster, followed by a most useful historical survey of "English Collections and Voyages and Travels, 1625-1846," by Mr. G. R. Crone and Mr. R. A. Skelton. In the latter part of the volume Sir William Foster has also contributed a most interesting historical sketch of the Society, and Dr. Lynam discusses its present situation and future work. It is good to know that arrears in the issue of the serial publications caused by the war have been overtaken. The volume contains a bibliographical list of the 194 volumes already published along with a list of the most important maps reproduced by the Society up to 1946. The book concludes with the laws of the Society and list of members.

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In *The Pilgrimage of Arnold von Harff*,† Mr. Malcolm Letts has published an English translation of the edition published by Dr. E. von Groote in 1860. "His text was based on three manuscripts, and my aim has been simply

* *Richard Hakluyt and His Successors*. Hakluyt Society. Series 11, vol. 97. Bernard Quaritch. 18s. 6d. net.

† Bernard Quaritch. (Printed for the Hakluyt Society, second series, vol. 94.) £2 5s. net.

to provide an English translation of a text which has been accepted without question by German scholars and others for more than eighty years, and to elucidate the narrative as best I could." Mr. Letts has provided a critical Introduction to the narrative; and the text is well annotated, as well as illustrated by reproductions of the woodcuts from the von Groote edition. Von Harff's pilgrimage lasted exactly three years, from 1496-9. He travelled through Germany to Italy, visiting Rome and Venice, whence he sailed to Alexandria. There is a fascinating account of Cairo and of his journey to St. Catherine's shrine on Mount Sinai. Thence he travelled to Arabia and Aden. Mr. Letts gives cogent reasons for thinking that Von Harff in fact never visited India, Madagascar or East and Central Africa, but that his accounts of these places are drawn from available literary sources. There seems no doubt, however, that he toured the Holy Land and visited Constantinople on his route home through the Balkans. Mr. Letts has added greatly to the intrinsic interest and value of the narrative by constantly referring in the footnotes to the reports of other mediæval and early travellers. This volume forms a worthy addition to the publications of the Hakluyt Society.

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The centenary of the birth of C. P. Scott has provided an excellent opportunity to publish a symposium on the making of the *Manchester Guardian* and in particular the work and achievement of its great editor. In this volume, *C. P. Scott, 1846-1932*,* with its foreword by Sir William Haley, are gathered together a series of articles, mostly by former colleagues, which describe vividly and often from personal knowledge the building of the paper into a great national organ of Liberal opinion and its conduct by "C. P. S." for half a century. The biographical sketch comes naturally from Dr. J. L. Hammond; and tributes to his editorship are contributed, from different angles, by C. E. Montague, L. T. Hobhouse, W. P. Crozier and H. D. Nichols. A selection of his writings are included as illustrative of his "style and habit and thought." There are also contributions on the development of the *Manchester Guardian's* special "features," which illustrate vividly his approach to the function of journalism. The volume is completed by brief accounts of the newspaper's history both before and after C. P. Scott, including the creation in 1936 of the Scott Trust, designed to preserve its independence and integrity, to be carried on "as a public service and not for profit."

A. DE M.

* Frederick Muller. 12s. 6d.

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

APRIL 1948.

DARKNESS OVER CZECHOSLOVAKIA.

I

"THE CHALLENGE"

SOME deeds and some dates bear the stamp of finality. They mark the end of one period and the opening of another. Such a deed and such a date were the Munich "agreement" with Hitler on September 30th, 1938. He had challenged Great Britain and France and they bowed down before him. Of that deed and date the Russo-Communist seizure of power in Prague, on and after February 20th, 1948, and the suppression of Czechoslovak freedom, are ulterior consequences. They constitute a challenge which the free nations of the West could not and cannot again yield to or ignore. This time the meaning of the challenge has been quickly perceived, nowhere more promptly than in Great Britain. On March 2nd the National Executive Committee of the British Labour Party declared: "The seizure of power by the Communist faction in Czechoslovakia closes a period in post-war history. A nation conceived in the principles of liberty, outstanding in its devotion to parliamentary democracy, has for the second time in ten years fallen victim to aggression from without, aided by treachery from within." And, after speaking of the unanimity of the Czech people for three years in its will for friendship with the Soviet Union, the statement added:—"This national unity has been shattered in a week because the Communist minority in the Government, afraid of defeat in free elections, chose instead to impose a dictatorship. No clearer demonstration could be possible that Communists consider as enemies all those who do not surrender unconditionally to their slightest whims: slave or enemy—there is no third way."

Two other, and internationally more important, effects of the Russo-Communist rape of Czechoslovak freedom were soon revealed. In the United States legislative proceedings to authorise the Marshall proposals took a more rapid turn than had before seemed feasible, and opposition to the European Recovery Programme began to wither. At their conference in Brussels the British, French and "Benelux" delegates succeeded, with a smooth swiftness rarely equalled in any international gathering, in agreeing upon the terms of an economic, political and defensive pact of Western European Union. If the Kremlin manipulators of the Communist puppet-show failed to foresee these things when they sent Mr. Zorin, the Russian Deputy Foreign Minister, to supervise "the unloading of Russian grain" in Czechoslovakia, they must either have been—not for the first time—very ill-informed, or very fearful of a Communist setback in the impending Czechoslovak elections.

Amid the political repercussions, in the Western world, of the Communist "revolution" at Prague, especial anxiety was felt about its effects upon President Beneš and Mr. Jan Masaryk. These two men, the foremost heirs and trustees of the traditions which President Masaryk revived and triumphantly vindicated, were seen as their

hard-pressed defenders. What would they, what could they do to preserve those traditions? Without full knowledge of the difficulties that faced them, and of the dangers of any course they might pursue, fair judgment of their behaviour was not easy. I may perhaps claim to have known their minds, and the circumstances which surrounded them, as accurately as any outside observer. For more than thirty years ties of intimate friendship bound me to Thomas Garrigue Masaryk, and for twenty-eight years to his son. Since 1915 my relations with Dr. Beneš have been marked by affectionate confidence. If only for these reasons I felt bound to suspend judgment upon whatever he might say or do. In one respect my conviction was, and is, unshakable: His every thought and act would be inspired by care for the Czechoslovak people; no consideration of personal safety or of personal convenience would weigh for a moment with him or with his incomparable and devoted wife.

Jan Masaryk is no more. His tragic death leaves his honour untarnished. He has upheld the Masaryk tradition and preserved it for his people as a living force. As Mr. Attlee suggested in the statement issued on March 10th, Jan Masaryk "was essentially a lover of freedom, and it may well be that he could not endure to live in the suffocating atmosphere of totalitarianism when all that he had striven for was being ruthlessly destroyed." His gentle nature renders credible—amidst much that is incredible in the Communist-controlled Press of Prague—the story published in the Social Democrat organ, *Pravo Lidu*, that before he died Jan Masaryk underlined two verses, Galatians v, 22-23, in a Bible left open on his table: *But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, Meekness, temperance: against such there is no law.* This "fruit of the Spirit" was borne by his father; and, with it, unflinching faithfulness to the truth. My own surmise would be that Jan Masaryk felt he could no longer bear to live under conditions which allowed the Communist Minister of War to pretend, on the ninety-eighth anniversary of Thomas Masaryk's birth, that the President-Liberator would have approved of the Russo-Communist betrayal of every principle on which he had founded the Republic and built it up. Unable or unwilling publicly to repudiate blasphemy so gross against his father's memory, and against his own convictions, I imagine that Jan Masaryk preferred to die—perhaps in the not unfounded belief that his self-sacrifice would be understood by his people as a supreme act of devotion to their and his ideal of freedom.

Among the motives that had induced Jan Masaryk to essay the impossible task of conducting Czechoslovak foreign policy under a Communist perversion of democratic government may have been his loyalty to President Beneš and a hope that they might, together, exert a moderating influence. He may also have felt that resistance, at home or abroad, to a Government ostensibly representative of a strong minority of Czechoslovaks would be less warranted, and probably less successful, than had been the movements conducted by his father and Dr. Beneš against Hapsburg bondage or Nazi oppression. Open resistance within Czechoslovakia might either be crushed by Communist ruthlessness or lead to armed struggle. In the latter event the threat of an occupation of the country by Russian troops would be carried out. Mr. Zorin is understood to have left no room for doubt on this score. "Russian grain" would have been "unloaded" in full measure. Resistance abroad, on the other hand, must mean

ultimate reliance on the support of Western Europe and the United States. Against reliance upon effective help from France and Great Britain the memory of "Munich" cried aloud, while the failure of United States troops to liberate Prague in 1945, when they might have reached the city before the Russians, still rankled—unjustly yet bitterly—in many Czechoslovak minds. All these considerations may have weighed with Jan Masaryk and have induced him, as the least of manifold evils, to hope against hope and to stick to his post in the Czernin palace.

It is far too early to pass judgment either on his decision to remain in office with the Gottwald gang, or on that of President Beneš not to make way for a "fellow-traveller," like Mr. Fierlinger, whose readiness to obey the behests of Moscow would be unquestionable. I hesitate to analyse the hypothetical motives of the President both because I have no direct knowledge of them and because my respect for his integrity of purpose and the steadfastness of his character is too deep. He was well aware, before he left London on his return journey to Czechoslovakia, by way of Russia, in the spring of 1945, that he would not be going back to a bed of roses. He had also been given, during an earlier visit to Russia, a pointed hint of the relationship which the Kremlin wished to establish between Czechoslovakia and the Soviet Union. He was then insistently urged to spend some days at Baku, the capital of the Republic of Azerbaijan, on his way back through Teheran and Cairo. At Baku it was explained to him that the Azerbaijanis possessed practically complete autonomy. They were, of course, loyal to Moscow and the Communist system, but they were allowed to use their own language in the local Soviet, in the schools and in the Press, and to draw substantial revenues from their oil wells. Dr. Beneš was, indeed, impressed by the number of liberties the Azerbaijanis enjoyed, and by the superiority of their material welfare to the wretched plight of their fellow Azerbaijanis beyond the Persian border. But it is very doubtful whether he thought any similar relationship between Czechoslovakia and the Soviet Union desirable or tolerable. Like President Masaryk before him, President Beneš has always been convinced of the necessity of co-operation with Russia. Like him, too, he understands that the outlook of the Czechoslovak people cannot be solely, or even mainly, Eastern. Their traditions, their culture, their temperament, and their way of life are more closely akin to those of Western Europe than to those of the heterogeneous components of the Soviet Union. The true function of Czechoslovakia has been conceived by her clear-sighted leaders as that of a link, not necessarily a bridge, between West and East. In one of Jan Masaryk's vivid phrases, "a bridge gets trampled on." The welcome Jan Masaryk originally gave to the Marshall Plan was characteristic of his, and President Beneš's, desire for the union of Europe; and the curt reprimand he received from Moscow must have wounded him to the quick. Rather than bring on a crisis which must have placed him and the President in a position of serious embarrassment, he bowed to the Russian veto, doubtless in the hope that the success of Mr. Marshall's European Recovery Programme might end by mitigating the acerbity of Russian opposition to it. He did not live to see even a beginning of the fulfilment of that hope.

Now President Beneš stands alone as a defender and representative of the wider concept of the Czechoslovak function in Europe. How long he will be able to bear the strain of his isolation neither I nor any

man can guess. But I fancy that the persistent rumours of his impending resignation, which came from Prague in the first days of the Russo-Communist "revolution," were inspired by wishful thinking on the part of Mr. Gottwald and the other Communist conspirators who would have been glad to replace him by a pliant nominee. Among his many qualities—highminded shrewdness, perspicacity, devotion to duty, fidelity to principle, and thirst for precise information—his courage, physical and moral, is outstanding. Once his mind was made up I have never known him flinch from doing what he thought right. Twice in the early months of 1915 he made his way from Bohemia to Switzerland, in order to carry news to Professor Masaryk, with a passport so clumsily forged that Masaryk shuddered at the sight of it. Later in that year Masaryk brought Beneš to see me in London. Beneš's English was then inadequate for conversation, and his French worse than halting. So we talked in Austrian German, which he spoke with a strong Czech accent. As I was still, at that time, a "skilled Austrian," I was able to gain an insight into his mind that I might not have otherwise have obtained; and in less than an hour I formed an estimate of his character which his conduct has never belied. We became fast friends. I felt he was a man to be trusted absolutely. Others—notably Mr. Lloyd George—may have distrusted him because they knew nothing of the atmosphere of Hapsburg Austria, or because they could neither cajole him nor manoeuvre him into a false position. Beneš has a soul of steel, albeit steel of Toledo, not of broadsword or cutlass, temper.

While Beneš was working with Professor Masaryk abroad, his beloved wife was in an Austrian prison and in danger of execution. No word of his betrayed the anguish of his heart. After Masaryk had gone to Russia in the spring of 1917, to organise the famous Czechoslovak Legion out of Czech and Slovak prisoners of war, Beneš had often to cross from France to England, by way of Havre and Southampton, suffering acutely from seasickness on every trip. The Serbian Government had given him a passport, At Havre the British police locked him up for at least twenty-four hours each time, and took especial care to let him cross when the sea was rough. One of them told me this, adding: "We know 'e's a Haustrian. 'Ow can a Haustrian be travellin' on a Serbian passport?" I gave them a hint that availed to save Beneš from their unwelcome attentions in future. But when the story became known in Prague, Beneš said to me with a blush: "My people at home never knew I had been in prison. They rather thought I was having an easy time abroad."

Of one crisis in his life I have always refrained from speaking to him. He had told me at Prague, in July 1938, of the smooth mobilisation, two months earlier, of nearly a million men in readiness to defend the frontiers against an expected Nazi attack. Hitler had then countermanded a surprise offensive. Yet in the following September the British and French Ministers in Prague roused President Beneš in the small hours of a fatal day to tell him, under explicit instructions from their Governments, that if he should resist a German amputation of his country he would be held responsible for bringing on a European war, and must expect no help from the West. He yielded, and resigned the Presidential office. On the rightness of his decision, and on his feelings at that grim moment, I have never, as an Englishman, had the heart to question him. There are limits which even the closest friendship hesitates to overstep.

After his resignation, and careless of his personal safety, he withdrew to his country home until his nephew flew from London to rescue him, and many cases of precious documents, from certain capture by Hitler's agents. Of his fight to gain recognition for the provisional Government he formed in London during the war, Sir Robert Bruce Lockhart has told the story in a recent book, *Comes the Reckoning*. Thanks to the firm insistence of Mr. Winston Churchill as Prime Minister, and of Mr. Anthony Eden as Foreign Secretary, the obstinate pedantry of British officials was at length broken through and recognition granted. The story forms an apt, and hardly less shameful, pendant to the story of "Munich."

What right have we in the West to sit in judgment to-day upon President Benes or the Czechoslovak people? We have no such right. We have the duty of drawing for ourselves, and perhaps ultimately for them, a lesson from their present ordeal. Fortunately, as I hold, we seem to be drawing it in a spirit far removed from that which hailed the Munich "agreement" as bringing "peace with honour" and "peace for our time." The signing of the Pact of Western Union at Brussels on March 17th was a step in the right direction. Further progress is foreshadowed by the Paris proceedings of the sixteen nations interested in the Marshall Plan. Hardly less significant were the opening paragraphs of the all-party motion of influential back-bench members of the House of Commons on March 12th. They ran: "In the opinion of this House steps should now be taken, in consultation with the other members of the British Commonwealth, to create in Western Europe a political union strong enough to save European democracy and the values of Western civilisation; and a trading area large enough, with the colonial territories, to enable its component parts to achieve economic recovery and stability.

"For this purpose there should be an emergency policy designed to secure immediate and effective co-operation between the countries of Western Europe; and a long-term policy designed to bring into being a Federation of Europe."

What prospect is there that the policy thus outlined can save "the values of Western civilisation" on the hither side of a third world war? While I am well aware that events may mock optimism, I think the chance of success in withstanding the Communist offensive, without armed struggle, are now far better than they might have been if the Russo-Communist challenge in Czechoslovakia had been less promptly met. After "Munich" Hitler believed he had little or nothing to fear from the Western democracies. Even when they declared war against him in September 1939 he thought they would not reject the peace proposals he made to them two months later—according to a plan he had conceived in June 1939—and that they would leave him free to turn all his strength eastwards and to conquer Russia. He was mistaken; but while his mistake undoubtedly helped to save the Soviet Union it cost the Western democracies many years of atrocious conflict and sufferings untold. To-day the rulers of the Soviet Union, unless they are wilfully blind or are resolved to seek world domination at all costs, can have few grounds for self-deception. It is, indeed, possible to interpret their rape of Czechoslovak freedom, and their bullying of Finland, as proofs of a settled determination to launch a general offensive against the "capitalist and imperialist" West; just as it is possible (and, I think, sounder) to ascribe their provocative misdeeds to fear of a Western recovery that would show Russian

Communism to be the poor and meagre substitute for free civilisation which in reality it is. They cannot be sure that war would avail to preserve it. They may not even wish to run the risk of exposing to the test of war the doubtful cohesion of the countries they have subjugated. So they may be trying to rivet their abominable yoke on as many free peoples as they can, while they essay to undermine the Western democracies with the complicity of foreign Communists and "fellow travellers."

This latter hypothesis strikes me as the more tenable. In any event it can change nothing in the duty of the Western democracies. Their duty is resolutely to accept the challenge thrown down at Prague, and to face it in such fashion that the challengers may not venture to provoke them beyond endurance.

WICKHAM STEED.

P.S., March 21st.—The terms of the Treaty of Brussels (or Pact of Western Union), signed on March 17th, reinforced as they were on the same day by President Truman's Address to the Joint Session of Congress in Washington, leave no room for doubt that the Western democracies are determined to discharge this duty. Article IV of the Brussels Treaty runs: "If any of the High Contracting Parties should be the object of an armed attack in Europe, the other High Contracting Parties will, in accordance with the provisions of Article 51 of the Charter of the United Nations, afford the party so attacked all the military and other aid and assistance in their power."

Since this article does not specify armed attack from without, it may also be meant to cover the contingency of armed attack from within, particularly if, as in the case of Czechoslovakia, armed attack from within should be supported by a threat of attack from without. In any event the Brussels Treaty needs to be read in the light of President Truman's Address, and of the outburst of applause from both Republicans and Democrats which followed his emphatic reading of the following reference to the Brussels Treaty:

Its significance goes far beyond the actual terms of the agreement itself. It is a notable step in the direction of unity in Europe for the protection and preservation of its civilisation. This development deserves our full support. I am confident that the United States will, by appropriate means, extend to the free nations the support which the situation requires.

I am sure that the determination of the free countries of Europe to protect themselves will be matched by an equal determination on our part to help them to do so.

In this spirit Mr. Truman then urged Congress speedily to complete its action on the European Recovery Programme, and promptly to enact legislation for universal military training. And he struck the key-note of his whole Address in the words:

The tragic death of the Republic of Czechoslovakia has sent a shock throughout the civilised world. Now pressure is being brought to bear on Finland, to the hazard of the entire Scandinavian peninsula. Greece is under direct military attack from rebels who are actively supported by her Communist-dominated neighbours. In Italy a determined and aggressive effort is being made by a Communist minority to take control of that country. The methods vary, but the pattern is all too clear.

On March 19th Secretary Marshall followed up President Truman's Address with a speech to the University of California at Berkeley.

"This," he said, "is a world-wide struggle between freedom and tyranny, between the self-rule of the many as opposed to the dictatorship of a ruthless few. It should now be perfectly clear that rule based on threats and force, instead of on reason and justice, must not be allowed to spread further unchecked. We have an acknowledged position of leadership in the world. . . . We cannot evade the issue by the negative procedure of inaction."

So the Russo-Communist challenge is being taken up by the Western world. Less could not safely be done. More may not be needed—provided that Western policy and action be both circumspect and firm. It must be assumed that before the British, French, and United States proposed to Russia and Italy the return of the Free Territory of Trieste to Italian sovereignty they had carefully weighed all the possible consequences of their action, including the possibility that Yugoslavia might, with Russian assent, attempt to seize the city and the Free Territory by force. Otherwise their conduct could hardly be called circumspect. Fifty years' close acquaintance with the problem of Trieste inclines me to regard it as one of the most delicate, and potentially explosive, international issues. I hope that the three Western Governments weighed the problem conscientiously, in all its aspects, before they made their proposal.

W. S.

II

There are two versions of the events which led up to the fall of democracy in Czechoslovakia, the Communist and the non-Communist, and as in future only the former will be given in Czech history, it seems important to record once again the steps by which Czechoslovak democracy fell. They are, as every responsible statesman and commentator has already pointed out, full of lessons for those countries which still, and in some cases, precariously, retain their freedom.

The Communist version is short and simple. It was clear, they maintain, that a second revolution had unfortunately become necessary in Czechoslovakia—the word "unfortunately" is used in order to show that the Communists had seriously intended to stick by their protestations of constitutionalism and the desire to work the parliamentary régime together with the non-Communist parties, and did not regard these simply as tactics leading up to the ultimate seizure of power. The second revolution had become necessary because of the tense international situation and the rise of reaction in the Western world. This had encouraged "reactionaries" in Czechoslovakia to go back on their pledges of introducing Socialism into the country, and had even encouraged them to think in terms of a régime in which the Communists were ousted from power. It was to forestall this manoeuvre—which was proved to the Communist Counsellor of the Czechoslovak Embassy in London to be clearly linked with intended foreign intervention by the appearance of an article in the January issue of the *CONTEMPORARY REVIEW* entitled "The Coming Struggle for Czechoslovakia"—that the Communists replied to the resignation of the twelve non-Communist Ministers by appealing to "the people's will" which showed itself unmistakably to be in favour of the setting up of a new, Communist-controlled Government and National Front. Reports appearing in the foreign Press which give a different version of the events are dismissed as "hysterical," and any British concern

for freedom in Czechoslovakia is denounced as "anti-Czech" by the Czechoslovak Ambassador in London.

What really happened? There are still obscure points about the actual crisis itself. Why did the twelve Ministers resign, thus leaving the power and the initiative in the hands of the Communists? It is unbelievable that men of the political experience of these twelve would have tendered their resignations without a definite assurance, either that their resignation would not be accepted, or that their resignation would necessarily entail a general election. Did they have this assurance from President Beneš? Was this the reason for the long delay before he accepted the Gottwald Government? Why did Beneš, when he saw the Communists appealing to force through their action committees, make a reassuring statement to the country asking people to keep calm at a moment when active resistance was called for? Is it certain that General Svoboda would have led the army against him had he resisted the Communist demands? Did he subsequently refuse to speak or did the Communists not allow him to do so? Did he not have the possibility of speaking at Masaryk's funeral? What happened between Masaryk's acceptance of office in the new Government and his death by his own hand?

One can only hazard an answer to all these questions, and any interpretation of events must inevitably attempt it. The broad development of affairs can nevertheless be traced without a final answer being given. The history of the second Czechoslovak Republic began on September 30th, 1938. On that day, the day on which Munich was signed, the foundations of the first Czechoslovak Republic were swept away. On that day three bitter lessons were learnt by all politically conscious Czechs. First, that France was finished as a first-class Power in Europe, and that neither Britain nor America considered the preservation of the independence of Czechoslovakia to be in their vital interest. Second, that the existence of a large German minority within the frontiers of Czechoslovakia would be a constant threat to its security. Third, that Munich would not have been possible had there not been elements inside the Czechoslovak Government itself who preferred accommodation with the Nazis to accommodation with the Communists.

During and after the war the Czechs set about applying these three lessons to their affairs. In 1943, against the advice of the British Government, but without its active support in the event of the Czechoslovak Government taking that advice, Beneš concluded an alliance with the Soviet Union, and early in 1945 he left for Moscow with a view, firstly to reconstructing his Government by incorporating the Communists and secondly, to returning to Prague in the lee of the victorious Red Army. During the war also, the Czechs managed to persuade all the three Allies to allow the retention of the pre-Munich Czechoslovak frontiers and the expulsion of the three million German minority. Finally, having incorporated the Communists in the Government, Beneš permitted the abolition of the pre-war Agrarian Party (which had virtually controlled the Government in 1938).

All these three moves increased the dependence of the new Czechoslovakia on the Soviet Union and on the Communists, because without the active support of both Czechoslovakia was doomed. Beneš was unable to complement his treaty with Russia by any similar treaty with the British; though there was every intention of renewing the French alliance for what it was worth, I believe that the final draft of this has still not been agreed upon. It was well known that there was

widespread criticism of the expulsion of the Germans in both Britain and America, and since the greater part of the Germans found refuge in the British and American zones of Germany, many Czechs felt nervous about the future, and undoubtedly looked to Russia to prevent a return. Finally, by reconstructing his Government in Moscow, where pressure was strong both on the spot and via reports he received from home, Beneš undoubtedly overweighted his first Government with Communists.

Theoretically, the Government which was set up in Czechoslovakia prior to the first elections was supposed to be composed on the basis of parity between the four legal Czech parties and the two Slovak parties. It is true that all parties had an equal number of seats in the Provisional Parliament and, indeed, in the Cabinet. The actual importance of the positions varied very considerably, and from the first the Czech Communists controlled the Ministries of Interior, Information, Agriculture and Defence, and during the past three years they have controlled for longer or shorter periods the Ministries of Education, Finance, Social Welfare, Internal Trade, and not least, the Premiership itself, together with a very strong hold on the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. From these very strong vantage points, the Communists started at once to organise themselves and penetrate every sphere of public life. After the elections of 1946, when the Communists were revealed to control 38 per cent. of the votes, they were naturally able to demand and achieve a still stronger grip on the Central and Provincial Governments. Through their Minister of the Interior, Nosek, they established bit by bit a complete party hold over the police, so that when the crisis came there was no question of not being able to enforce their will: whole buildings were cordoned off and searched, Communist demonstrations were helped and protected and all counter-demonstrations—such as that of the students—were dispersed. Arrests were made without charge of anybody whom the Communists chose to name. The frontiers were sealed and all contact between the opposition parties was prevented. It may be guessed that police were used to isolate Beneš both from his own political friends—such as Drtina, the Minister of Justice, who was extremely close to the President but, for some reason not yet explained, attempted to commit suicide early on in the purge—and from “foreign reaction.” No Western diplomat was able to get near him either during or immediately after the crisis.

Some people have suggested that, despite his sojourn in Russia throughout the war and his known sympathies with Communism, General Svoboda was personally loyal to Beneš, and that if he had chosen to risk bloodshed Beneš could have called on the army. The facts belie it. Even before Beneš had been forced to accept the resignation of the twelve Ministers, General Svoboda weighed in with an inflammatory radio speech, clearly addressed to the so-called reactionaries, declaring that the army would never permit any harm to be done to the Soviet alliance—a harm which nobody was intending. Furthermore a steady reorganisation of the army had effectively destroyed the cohesion of that group of officers which had formed the core of the Czechoslovak Army in Britain and which undoubtedly had feelings of profound personal loyalty to Beneš. And despite the discovery of a “plot” by members of the National Socialist Defence Committee which was said to implicate certain officers who were arrested in mid-crisis, it is extremely doubtful that Beneš could have called on any section of the army with confidence.

More important still, however, during the crisis, was the Communist control of the workers' organisations and of the information services. The Prague radio, from the outset, was under Communist control as part of the perquisites of the Ministry of Information. Thus not only all interpretation of news but all news itself came only from Communist sources, and was released with the sole intention of promoting the Communist *coup*. Furthermore, through the trade unions, the Communists were able to silence the whole of the non-Communist Press within two days of the outbreak of the crisis by getting workers in the paper mills and on the printing presses to refuse to give their services to non-Communist papers. With the aid of the police they were even able to seize newspapers, as for instance *Obzory*, the Catholic weekly edited by Ivo Duchacek, one of their most hated opponents, and reissue it, as was done in this case, as the organ of the Central Action Committee.

Nor was this the only use to which the Communists put their tight control over U.R.O., the Czech T.U.C. Two other weapons against the State lay in their hands through their control of the trade unions. The first was the use of the strike weapon, which they employed to great effect, staging a token one-hour strike in mid-crisis, and threatening a general strike throughout the country if Beneš did not accept Gottwald's new Government within twelve hours. Though not officially on strike, little work can have been done in the factories in the neighbourhood of Prague throughout the crisis week if we are to judge by the mass demonstrations which were organised by the Communists day after day through the streets of the capital. Nor were these just peaceful demonstrations of unarmed workers; on the contrary, thanks to the organisation of a so-called "workers' militia," which the non-Communist Ministers had failed to prevent in an earlier struggle, vast numbers of the workers who converged on Prague in those critical days had red armbands and carried arms. It was these armed bands, as well as the police, who searched and cordoned-off buildings, requisitioned party files, discovered "plots" and "dumps of arms," barricaded the Social Democratic headquarters, and did we know not what inside till Laušman, the timid "Westerner" who had displaced Fierlinger at the previous party conference, once again changed his party line and had a reconciliation with his predecessor.

The situation inside the Czechoslovak Social Democratic Party can also not be ignored in any discussion of Communist tactics of infiltration. History will tell whether Fierlinger, the former Czechoslovak Ambassador in Moscow, first Prime Minister after the return to Prague in 1945, and long-time leader of the Social Democratic Party, is actually a Communist Party member placed in that position or simply a willing stooge of the Communist Party. At any rate, he, and his like-minded colleague, Erban, who was ostensibly the Social Democrat representative in U.R.O., were of immense help to the Communists, and it may even be revealed that the destruction of Czechoslovak freedom lies almost entirely at Fierlinger's door.

His attempt to line up the Czechoslovak Social Democratic Party with the Communists and thus divide Czechoslovak politics into a clear Left and Right, which they at no time clearly possessed until the summer of 1947, was first nullified and then foiled in a crisis which must really be regarded as the forerunner of the showdown of February 1948. In the late summer of 1947 the question arose as to the measures which should be taken to alleviate Czechoslovak farmers who had suffered in the appalling drought which had scorched the country that year. The

Communists proposed a tax on so-called "millionaires," i.e. owners of property exceeding £5,000. This proposal was outvoted in the Cabinet, whereupon the Communists let loose a violent campaign throughout the country, castigating the Ministers who outvoted it as "reactionary defenders of the millionaires," and creating considerable disturbance in the factories and the public life of Czechoslovakia. At the height of the crisis, when it was obvious that the Communist tactic was failing to cut any ice, Fierlinger secretly negotiated a separate Communist-Socialist pact which reversed the whole situation. Thanks to the uproar in his own party this pact failed appreciably to affect the immediate situation, and remained more or less of a dead letter—a reasonable compromise eventually being found on the incidence of the proposed tax. The immediate result, however, was that at the subsequent Socialist conference at Brno, Fierlinger was thrown out of the leadership, together with Erban, and the so-called Right Wing got the ascendancy in the party. It put forward as its leader, however, Bohumil Laušman, a weak man without strong convictions or much political sagacity, and it was not altogether surprising when Laušman yielded very rapidly to pressure from the Fierlinger group during the final crisis. The full details of events inside the Czechoslovak Social Democratic Party during the February *coup* are still unknown. It is obvious, however, that it completely let down the other democratic parties by not handing in their resignations at the same time. It is also obvious that the party was split because Fierlinger reasserted his position, and the two genuine democrats in the party, young Vaclav Majer, the Minister of Food, and Tymeš, the general secretary, were both thrown out of the party—Majer, for one, with considerable personal injury. The net result was enormously to strengthen the hand of the Communists *vis-à-vis* President Beneš, and to cast a spurious air of constitutionalism over their violent seizure of power.

The final crisis arose, ostensibly over several issues, but finally on one alone. Following their packing of the police, the Communists had lately sacked eight prominent police officials and replaced them with party supporters. On a majority vote the Cabinet voted for the reinstatement of the sacked men. At the last full meeting of the Cabinet, on Tuesday, February 17th, the non-Communist Ministers arrived to find that Nosek, the Minister of the Interior, was away "on sick leave," and that instead of discussing the position of the police, Gottwald was insisting on the discussion of several draft Bills—concerning further nationalisation measures, the remission of taxes on land workers and an augmentation of the salaries of civil servants—to which the non-Communists were opposed. They therefore withdrew from the Cabinet meeting, and when, on the following Friday, Gottwald still refused to instruct his Minister of the Interior to rescind the changes he had made in the police force, the twelve Ministers belonging to the Czech Socialists, Peoples' Party, and Slovak Democrats handed in their resignations—not to Gottwald but to Beneš.

Meanwhile two significant events had occurred in Prague. One was the arrival of Zorin, the deputy Soviet Commissar for Foreign Affairs. The other was the issue of a Communist manifesto which *The Times* correspondent in Prague described as the Communist Party "calling its supporters to what are in effect action stations," and suggesting that Gottwald had a right to suggest who should be the representatives of the other political parties in "a real National Front Government" of his own making.

In view of these two events, it is impossible really to hold, as the Communists now make out, that it was the resignation of the twelve Ministers which precipitated the crisis in Czechoslovakia. It also makes it more than ever difficult to understand why the twelve committed such an apparent tactical mistake as to leave the constitutional field open for the Communists. At first Beneš appears to have stood firm and to have refused to accept the resignations. "I will insist on all parties remaining in the Government and working together, whatever their political differences," he was reported as saying. Instead of calling upon all people of goodwill to follow this line, he also left the field open to the Communists and retired to his country home for the week-end, with the intention, according to one British correspondent, of "playing the crisis down." In actual fact, it played it up by allowing free reign to the Communists, who organised vast meetings in Prague, strikes in such vital factories as the Skoda works at Pilsen, and action committees all over the country and in every factory, business enterprise, Ministry, newspaper, so that when Beneš returned to Prague after the week-end, the Communists virtually had all control in their hands.

Beneš still refused to accept Gottwald's terms for a new Government. "I will not accept now or in the future," he had declared earlier, "anything which would in any circumstances mean excluding one group or the other from taking part in the Government, nor can I say that one man or another cannot return to the Government." By this time the Communists were openly declaring that never again must any of the Ministers who had resigned hold office, and were busy finding stooges inside their parties to come forward in their place. The screw was obviously put on Beneš, though what form it took we do not yet know. It may simply have been the threat of paralysing the country by means of a general strike. He was no doubt told that any call to resistance on his part would plunge the country into civil war. Some correspondents have even hinted at direct Soviet threats to march in. Perhaps it was simply that Beneš' health gave way—he has already had one stroke. Whatever the cause, he yielded and a new Communist-controlled Government came "constitutionally" to power. It maintained the façade of National Government by giving minor posts to yes-men from all parties, even the Slovak Democrats who in their own capital had been openly thrown out of the Government without any pretence at constitutional procedure.

The only independent figurehead left in the Government was Jan Masaryk, who stayed on, declaring that his place was "with his people" and with Beneš. Masaryk was the greatest asset the Communists had, other than Beneš, in their attempt to look clean-handed before the world. It was not an asset they were to hold for long. On the day after the Communists celebrated his father's ninety-eighth birthday, trying to pretend that he preached the things they stood for and to claim the Masaryk tradition as their own, Masaryk's son took his own life rather than live on to see how bit by bit the whole of his father's work was undone. At the moment of writing the Czech Communists are doing all they can to hide the frightful indictment of the régime which Masaryk's death means. And they are doing it by making the same attempt to possess Jan Masaryk as they made on March 7th to possess his father. In this they reveal that they are aware of the tremendous spiritual hold of the Masaryk tradition over the Czech people. Two rival conceptions struggle for the soul of the Czechs—the conception of Masaryk and the conception of Stalin.

The mass demonstrations which the Czech Communists organised in the week starting March 7th in favour of the two Masaryks, father and son, may seem to an English audience less significant than the demonstrations made in the two previous weeks by which they engineered the fall of Czechoslovak democracy. For the future of the régime, however, they are of no less importance. They signify the attempt to win spiritual mastery over the Czech people without which, they know, their physical domination may be as short-lived as that of the Nazis. For the second time in its short thirty years of independence a dull tyranny has been clamped down in Czechoslovakia. Hardly roused from the state of fear and apathy in which eight years of Nazi rule left them, the Czechs prepare once more to save what they can of their national heritage by outward compliance. But this time the enemy is within their gates, Czech is divided against Czech. The battle is on.

SHIELA GRANT DUFF.

III

JAN MASARYK

There was nobody quite like him. Indeed, the astonishing symbiosis of his qualities was absolutely unique. Statesman and artist ; genuine "grand seigneur" and man of the people ; ardent patriot and citizen of the world ; moving orator and clown ; ribald and sensitive ; gregarious and a hermit ; superb diplomat and yet wholly indifferent to the conventionalities of diplomacy ; athlete and pianist ; actor and cook of distinction ; a tender, sensitive soul who liked to hide behind a façade of aggressive cynicism ; boisterous and at the same time meek and modest ; proud and yet a man of profound, almost embarrassing humility ; an idealist, but full of practical common sense ; a passionate fighter for freedom, richly endowed with outstanding moral integrity and physical courage alike. He had a genius for friendship and was on the closest of terms literally with thousands of men and women of all nationalities and all social strata. Nevertheless he was desperately lonely, especially since the death of his father, whom he worshipped and who for his part simply adored Jan.

The kindness and generosity of Jan Masaryk almost amounted to weakness : he was incapable of bearing anybody any malice, unwilling ever to think of himself. I had the unforgettable experience of being close to him during the whole ghastly Munich era and I never heard him utter one word of complaint. He knew long before Daladier and Chamberlain handed Czechoslovakia over to Hitler that his country would be betrayed by her supposed friends and allies. He fought on to the last, and when at half-past six on the fateful Sunday, September 25th, 1938, he handed Lord Halifax the famous note that ended with the words : "The nation of St. Wenceslas, John Huss and Thomas Masaryk will not be a nation of slaves," that was not the dry voice of Benes speaking from Prague. That was Jan Masaryk, who ten years later was himself destined to die a martyr for his people, and it was Masaryk at his best. I can testify that early that morning, sitting up in bed with his long legs boxed crossways (as he so often liked to sit) he had penned that historical document with his own hand.

To him the drama of those days was particularly poignant. Here was his beloved father's life-work being destroyed, and for what ? Here were millions of honest, simple, truly democratic "little people," whom for so many years he had served with such selfless devotion, being driven

into slavery, humiliated and ruined. As a good European he sensed the inevitability of war, precipitated, not postponed, by this outrage. As a devoted friend of England he stood aghast at her moral and physical unpreparedness; he was also deeply wounded by the cynicism of her behaviour. Characteristically enough the thing that worried him least was the collapse of his own career or his own personal position in the future. All his energies were directed towards helping as many of his compatriots as he could. Not a rich man himself, he gave away a fortune; worked day and night to save lives threatened by the Nazi invasion or to find jobs for those who had managed to escape.

The expressions of loyalty, sympathy and moral support he got from men like Churchill, Eden, Lloyd George and many others were a great solace to him. But innumerable "friends" of happier days turned away from him, and the shabby behaviour of the then British Government seemed to establish new records of baseness every day. Czechoslovakia's gold was wantonly handed over to the Germans (and, incidentally, never returned after liberation—though even Austria and Italy got theirs back!); of the £10 million granted by the "guilty men" for the relief of crucified Czechoslovakia—ostensibly to assuage their consciences—only a fraction reached its destination while the rest was used to pay foreign bondholders or an odd collection of claimants of "Czechoslovak assets" in this country; even when the Czechs were fighting allies on Britain's side, there was strange and humiliating dilatoriness in recognising the exiled government of which Jan Masaryk was Foreign Minister.

He accepted his Golgotha with dignity, courage and stoicism. If he had done nothing else before or after that dirty period in our history, his bearing in those days should have been sufficient proof what a great man he was. He never allowed himself to be swayed by a sense of grievance or frustration. To him the words chosen by Thomas Masaryk as Czechoslovakia's official motto: "Truth shall prevail," were a genuine article of faith. Like Churchill and Roosevelt, both of whom were friends and with both of whom he had much in common, he despised the vulgar Nazi gangsters; he was not afraid of them.

The services he rendered to Britain, especially in America, were innumerable. A lesser man than he could have easily and justifiably given vent to his disgust and disappointment at the treatment he had received from the Chamberlain Government. Jan could have found a more than ready audience for anti-British propaganda or made a lot of money out of the isolationist Press. But from the first day to the last he was Britain's staunchest friend and, with the possible exception of Lord Lothian, no one ever put Britain's case better before the Americans than Jan Masaryk. He loved the British, with all their faults and virtues; he was happy in London and considered his little flat in Westminster as his real home. He was thrilled to be so closely integrated into British life at the time when this country lived "its finest hour." It was his finest hour, too, because it presented him with a unique opportunity of serving his own people—who naturally came first in his loyalties and affections—the British and humanity at large.

When, after liberation, he returned to Prague he soon found himself involved in a struggle he had always hoped to avoid. Not Communism itself, of which certain theoretically humanitarian principles of social justice were quite acceptable to him, but the totalitarian methods and hypocrisy with which Communist expansion was being promoted, revolted him and shocked him. Long before the sharp domestic and

international conflicts of 1947 he realised that a clash would become inevitable some day; and the question that never left his mind was whether his moral duty lay in withdrawing before this happened or whether he owed it to his father, to the nation and last, not least, to President Benes personally to remain at his post to the end.

It would have been easy for him to contract out gracefully, to switch to one of the many highly-paid international jobs that were his for the asking. Moreover, his health really was beginning to fail him: several heart attacks and a torn muscle in the shoulder demanded careful treatment and rest. But he felt that as long as his presence could save at least something of Thomas Masaryk's republic; as long as he could protect even just a few lives or liberties or principles, he had no right to choose the easier way. He said this to me many times in the course of 1947: in Oslo, where we were together; in Prague, where I visited him last September, finally when he was in London in December and when he hoped against hope that he would be able to snatch a week or two at his flat early in 1948 "before the show-down." He also said something else, namely that he could not possibly contemplate a third world war as the only hope of liberation, and that the thought of a new exile and a new campaign in Britain and America was more than he could bear.

During these last few meetings he cracked singularly few jokes, did not indulge in his usual banter, and seemed depressed as never before. All his friends have a rich and mostly unprintable collection of "Masarykiana," for it was part of his nature to make or illustrate a point by the most daring and juicy of similes or anecdotes. In this he excelled, yet his profanity was never offensive or vulgar. Even the venerable Professor and President-Liberator, Thomas Masaryk, who had himself a tremendous sense of humour, used to laugh to tears at Jan's stories and mimicry. He was so full of fun, so dramatic and naturally gay, so very Slav in his sudden transitions from joy to sadness, so simple and unaffected in his approach to people and things. Throughout his life he strove to give happiness, encouragement and faith, and he succeeded in the fullest measure. This is the first time he has deliberately caused pain to those who loved him—a pain that goes straight to the heart and that nothing can cure.

GEORGE SOLOVEYITCHIK.

THE CRIME OF WAR AND THE SOVIETS.

THE publication by the United States of documents of the German Foreign Office showing the course of German-Russian negotiations in 1939 is having violent repercussions, even though it merely elucidates a situation well known at least since the Nuremberg trials. During the proceedings, the defence was permitted to hand in a copy of the Treaty for the Partition of Europe. It was observed at that time, that the Court did not take it into consideration, though its genuineness was not contested. The documents show that the non-aggression pact between Germany and Russia originated with Russia, in a tentative talk on April 17th, 1939. Two days later the British Ambassador enquired of the Russian Government whether it would be prepared to give unilateral guarantees

for maintaining their independence to Poland and Rumania. On August 23rd, 1939, the Soviet non-aggression pact was signed. It could be described by friends of Russia as an act of appeasement which did not differ in principle from that perpetrated in Munich by the Western Powers. The pact was preceded on August 19th by a commercial agreement providing Germany with goods essential for waging war. It is more than likely (though history which has not happened cannot be proved) that without the certainty of Russia being a friendly neutral, furnishing essential goods to Germany, Hitler would not have dared to go to war. The French Ambassador in Berlin, M. Coulondre, reported on June 1st, 1939, that Hitler had inquired of Generals Keitel and Brauchitsch whether in a general conflict Germany was likely to prove victorious. "*Both made the answer depend on whether or not Russia kept out of the conflict.* If she did General Keitel answered 'Yes,' and General Brauchitsch (whose opinion is of greater value) answered 'probably.' But both declared that *if Germany had to fight Russia, she would have little chance of winning the war.*" It can, of course, never be proved that Hitler would have drawn back had he been sure of Russia joining the Allies. But it is quite clear that Stalin, when concluding the non-aggression pact, was fully aware of Hitler's aggressive intentions against Poland. He and Molotov were thus active abettors of the crime of war.

One can hardly accuse Stalin of duplicity for following a course fitting in perfectly with Soviet methods. The Soviets are not bound by western moral standards; they have always acted on the assumption that the end justifies the means; this is part of the Marxist creed, according to which events are shaped by forces independent of individual volition. Soviet statesmen cannot choose between good and bad means, but only between those which secure the prescribed object, which are proper means, and those which do not and are therefore improper. Had Stalin sided with the Allies, he might have prevented the war without getting anything in return for the risk he was running. Had Hitler struck, in the face of Soviet enmity, Stalin might have suffered worse than two years later and again not have got anything for his trouble. By joining Hitler and by signing the secret pact for the partition of Europe, he got a full share of the spoils, so it seemed at that time, without the loss of a single Russian soldier. He got in addition a war in which Capitalism and Nazism could be expected to destroy one another, and Bolshevism would be the lucky survivor. So he signed both the non-aggression pact and the secret pact of partition, which has been known to the public since its publication in the *Manchester Guardian* on May 30th, 1946. He started taking over his share of Poland on September 3, 1939. Thus, he and Molotov not only abetted but actually participated in the crime of war. The Nuremberg Tribunal to which these facts were made known rightly decided that the "War Guilt" of the defendants was not affected by Russia's share in it; even on the assumption that they acted at Russia's instigation, their crime was no less, for nobody forced them to be "seduced" by Russia.

The facts now amply documented should profoundly affect the reparation problem. Russia has insisted all the time on preferential treatment on account of the huge devastation she had suffered from the Nazi invasion. Yet she was not devastated as an innocent victim of Hitler's aggression, but because Moscow miscalculated, as she always did when dealing with Nazism. In the winter of 1932-33 when

a Nazi victory seemed imminent, the German Socialist party had attempted to form a common front with the German Communists. They did not waste time in going to their nominal leaders but got in touch with the Soviet Embassy. After some deliberation Moscow turned them down. For according to the Marxist *cliché*, Fascism (and Nazism to it is but the German version of Fascism), is but the stage preceding Communism, and the quicker one got through it the better. By 1939, however, the stage had apparently become permanent, the Soviets could no longer count on its rapid disappearance by trusting to the automatic working of immanent economic forces. They had to do something to safeguard themselves and thought it wiser to share the plunder. They were very well aware of the criminality of their proceedings. "To make the intervention of the Soviet Union plausible to the masses and at the same time avoid giving the Soviet Union the *appearance of an aggressor*," the Soviet Union had to find a cause for its action, said Molotov to the German Ambassador on September 10th, 1939. The justification announced, according to the Ambassador's report, was "that Poland was falling apart, and that the Soviet Union had to come to the aid of the Ukrainians and White Russians threatened by Germany."

Thanks to Hitler's military mistakes, the Soviets were saved and finally got all the lands they had bargained for and a good deal more. They have not only got reparations from Germany—whilst nearly all innocent victims of Nazi aggression so far have got next to nothing—but a large part of the seven billion dollars they so far have got away with, has been paid for by British and American taxpayers. They had to make good the deficit of their zones due to Russia's turning the resources of her zone away from them.

But there is a much more important issue connected with the recent revelations. The United States had induced their Allies to prosecute the leading Nazis on the charge "that a war of aggression is a crime and that modern international law has abolished the defence that those who incite or wage it are engaged in legitimate business." On August 8th, 1945 the four major Allied governments agreed on the constitution of the International Military Tribunal. It was to prosecute, amongst others, "crimes against peace; namely, planning, preparation, initiation or waging of a war of aggression, or a war in violation of international treaties, agreements or assurances or participation in a common plan or conspiracy for the accomplishment of any of the foregoing." "Neither the tribunal, its members nor their alternates can be challenged by the prosecution or by the defendants or their counsels."

When the Charter of the International Military Tribunal was published the United States Government may not yet have had documentary proof of Russia's participation in Hitler's crime against peace, but during the proceedings of the tribunal it certainly had become aware of it. Like the other governments it condoned a legal procedure under which one of the judges represented a fellow criminal, a party which had abetted and shared in the crime of the defendants. There can be no doubt that Molotov's share in this criminal conspiracy was greater than that of any other defendant with the exception of Ribbentrop. It is an accepted practise to let a Crown Witness benefit for informing against his fellow criminals. But in Nuremberg a hitherto unknown procedure had been adopted: a fellow criminal was seated on the bench and the defendants had no right to challenge him. He

nearly succeeded in suppressing the evidence of his share in the crime, and but for the previous publication of the proof in the *Manchester Guardian*, he might have got away with it.

It can, of course, be argued that the defendants would have been found guilty in the absence of the Russian judge, and this statement may be accepted; but it does not affect the really relevant feature of the case. The United States had insisted that the Nazi criminals should be brought to justice in a spectacular international lawsuit. It was to establish the principle that war was a crime and to show the world that it was a crime which could be punished by regular legal methods. They had opposed the far simpler methods of declaring a number of Nazi criminals outlaws and giving instructions to the military authorities to have them shot as soon as their identity had been clearly proved. Had this been done, Goering, Himmler and Ley could not have cheated the Allied hangmen. The plan was to impress the world and especially the Germans by a stern impartial procedure, subjecting actions to penal prosecution which had hitherto not been treated as crimes. It miscarried. For the fact that the Allies permitted a criminal to find his fellow criminals guilty of a crime of which he had been a leading perpetrator—if he had not actually instigated it—has affronted the conscience of all those to whom justice is not a mere formal observation of rules of procedure, especially when those rules have been drafted for a particular purpose. However just the judgment itself may have been, it was reached by methods repugnant to the natural feeling of justice of the plain man. As the Allies could not eliminate Russia from membership of the tribunal, which was impossible for political reasons, they should have adopted equally effective though less spectacular methods for meting out punishment. In any case they should not have concentrated on "the crime of preparing an aggressive war," as the two arch-conspirators, Stalin and Molotov, could not be arraigned before the Court. The American and the British Governments were hardly unaware of the facts of the case; after all the war against Finland was not a purely defensive action on the part of Stalin. They will find it hard to prove their devotion to abstract justice now that the facts are known to the public at large.

The men who induced the United States Government to include "the crime against the international community," in "judicial proceedings"—it was the driving force in the establishment of the Court—were both bad psychologists and even worse politicians. They hoped to prevent future wars by making war a crime under international law, punishable by stern international action: the severity of the law was to hold in check the motive for committing the crime. This reasoning was, of course, defective. The fear of being electrocuted may have reduced murders in the United States; it has not stopped them, for the very simple reason that the murderer hopes to get away with it. This is far easier in the political world where the would-be criminals are not a mere handful of desperadoes faced by millions of law-abiding citizens, but powerful States: they plan and start an aggressive war only when they consider themselves stronger than their intended victims. They will not be held back by the fear of having to face a stern international tribunal which will pronounce sentence of death upon them when they have lost the war: they are convinced they will win it. If they do, they may very well use the precedent of the Nuremberg trials, and sentence to death those who prepared the defences against them.

American tribunals are still prosecuting German Government officials and business men for the crime of having helped Hitler to prepare a large aggressive war. Quite a number of them are bad sinners from a political point of view, and an independent German Republic would have been justified in hanging them for high treason. Since the two leading criminals Molotov and Stalin are out of reach, these proceedings are morally not very impressive. In fact it is rather incongruous to see German armament manufacturers being accused of carrying out their government's orders for intensive armament production when it is very well known that the Hermann Goering works, which were to enable Germany to use her inferior ores for war production, were designed by an American firm which doubtless paid United States income tax on its profits. Adolf Hitler could not have shot its representatives had they refused to take the contract; but a German manufacturer who had pleaded conscientious objections to making guns would have fared badly.

The verdicts of the Nuremberg Tribunal have certainly not created a world system which cannot be upset by another war. There are more armaments and there is more war-talk to-day than during any previous peace period. There are more high-handed arbitrary political actions against weak States than the world has ever before had to put up with. But the Nuremberg trials have established a precedent which will enable the victor of any future war to hang the leaders of its victims as War Criminals. The Soviets are already trying to create the proper atmosphere for such proceedings by branding those who dare to oppose them as "war-mongers;" they are the prospective criminals to be prosecuted by a Soviet tribunal after a successful war. Fortunately the present leaders of the Western World have enough moral courage to face this risk.

M. J. BONN.

GERMAN NEUTRALITY?

THE German problem has again become a world problem. The Powers who discussed it at the London Conference of December 1947, who continued to debate it over the radio stations and by means of propaganda and counter-propaganda did so in the light of their own policies and their own conceptions of world affairs. In addition, the discussion on German matters has also become much more coloured by what the various groups and beliefs consider to be their own creeds. Christians are looking at Germany as a Christian problem, Liberals, and, likewise, Socialists and Communists, look at her through their own coloured spectacles. This may sound obvious. But in fact the entire period between the beginnings of peace-making at Teheran and Yalta and the height of the "cold war" of 1947-48 found the Allies hard at work to *isolate* the German problem. Politically, economically, and spiritually this period between 1943 and 1948—half a decade—has been determined, as far as Germany is concerned, by this grand scheme of cutting the German problem out of the living body of contemporary politics and thought.

There was a time when all the Powers appeared to favour, or at any rate to tolerate, the splitting up of Germany. At Yalta, "there seemed to be general agreement among all three that Germany should be divided

into an unspecified number of states." * Mr. Bevin has somewhat corrected this impression of the former American Secretary of State in his speech of January 22nd, 1948, when he declared that the British Government had always considered that dismemberment would inevitably start an irredentist movement causing a resurgence of a war-united Germany and that, therefore, they had welcomed the change in attitude which became apparent during the Potsdam Conference. Yet, then, there was still general agreement at least on partial dismemberment by cutting large territories out of Germany and handing them to neighbouring countries. Furthermore, the decree of unity appeared all the time precarious, considering the absolute power of the Zonal Commanders, the rigid application of Zonal frontiers which were, indeed, more noticeable than any ordinary European frontier, less easy to cross and more likely to bring about that very dismemberment which, according to Mr. Bevin, was opposed by the British Government at Yalta.

The actual process of dismemberment was so obviously running counter to the political, economic and administrative requirements that such a policy can rationally only be explained on the assumption that Germany was treated as something different from other living organisms and national units in the twentieth century. Only if all the trends of modern nations were completely disregarded, if all the traditions and historical developments of Europe were consciously or unconsciously left out of consideration, can the decisions of Yalta and Potsdam regarding Germany be understood.

This deduction is by no means derived only from the analysis of the political aspect of the problem ; on the contrary, the economic, moral and other aspects cannot but confirm it. There was no serious attempt to solve the problems which arose out of the particular measures decided upon by the Allies in regard to the overpopulated territories between the Oder and the Western frontiers of Germany. Any schoolmaster could have calculated what it would mean in terms of food, housing or clothing if 70 million people were to be forced into a territory like the one which was to be left to the Germans. On top of it came the various plans to deprive these very territories of their industrial potential, starting with the Morgenthau Plan initialled by Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill at Quebec, right up to the Potsdam Plan and its subsequent modifications in the Western and Eastern parts of Germany. Each of these plans reveals at first glance its devastating effect on millions of elderly people and children. Since it cannot be assumed that leading statesmen, in this enlightened age of ours, lack the basic knowledge which enables even a casual observer to realise the consequences of these decisions, the only other explanation is that very process of isolating the German problem from its context. Men who would have refused to harm a single child however guilty its father might have been, had not the slightest hesitation in framing policies which were bound to lead to mass starvation and consequent death for the young, the aged and the infirm.

It is, of course, a fact that politics and ethics have never been properly connected and that private and public morality do not match. Yet after having seen the triumph of this incongruity in the policies of Hitler and Himmler and after having proclaimed human ethics and eternal standards as their ultimate aim and justification, the men whose names have represented programmes for millions of suffering people

* James F. Byrnes, *Speaking Frankly*, p. 26.

could never have come to decisions of this kind if it had not been for the fact that they isolated the German problem in their own minds and souls. This process of isolating actions from the realm of universally applicable principles and rules is in itself the sign of a deep-rooted crisis. Statesmanship has merely gone the downhill way which our whole age is going. Politicians have proved by this very process of tackling problems in isolation, and without reference to a universally-recognised good, that they belong to this period of decline and disintegration.

Insofar as the discussions of the German problem during the last few months of 1947 and the beginning of 1948 have shown a definite change, this is due to a change in the whole situation of Europe and the world. The war begins to recede into the background. The schizophrenic symptoms in the mental and emotional approach to political facts begin to fade. This is by far the most important change also in the German situation. Politicians can no longer justify extraordinary decisions by pointing to the fact that, after all, they merely refer to Germans.

The London Conference has shown how far this process of reintegration has really gone. Each side has proclaimed its intention to recognise Germany as an integral part of its own world order. There is no evidence that M. Molotov on the one side, and Mr. Marshall and Mr. Bevin on the other, did not mean what they said. The fact that the two antagonistic blocs are deeply divided and engaged in a "cold war" has, however, influenced both what the participants at the London Conference said about Germany, and also what they did not say. But it is this "cold war," and not the German problem as such which has influenced these statements. This becomes clear if one analyses the various declarations which were made in the course of the London Conference in regard to German unity, German economic reconstruction, democratic revival and so on. Each side sketched a picture which fitted into the wider scheme of the bloc for which the speaker tried to win the Germans. German unity is obviously an aim of both antagonists—unity under the control of those who advocate it. In so far Molotov and Marshall were perfectly honest. It was obvious all the time that Molotov thought of a Communist-controlled Russian satellite and Marshall of a Germany which would be controlled by the Western Powers. So far so good. The question becomes more interesting if we consider how far each side would go in allowing the Germans to map out their own future. Irrespective of what has been stated in London it has become much less clear that this aspect of the matter has ever entered into the political considerations of the Powers. There is, in other words, no evidence to show that either camp has been willing so far to let go in Germany. The discussions in Lancaster House never even touched the third possibility of a neutralised Germany not controlled either by the Western Powers or by the Soviet bloc.

It is, of course, stated by the Soviet propagandists that M. Molotov is perfectly honest when he insists on German unity, and, likewise, the claims of Mr. Marshall and Mr. Bevin are supported by equally ardent propaganda. There is every reason to believe all of them, for each side still hopes to merge the whole of Germany into its sphere of influence, and neither side has any illusions about the state of mind of the Germans and the stage in historical development which Germany has reached. Neither side could afford to come out openly in favour of a dismembered Germany. Therefore it is futile to go on witch-hunting and to try to analyse the real intentions of either side as regards German unity.

Whatever their intentions are, they all have become subject to the general trend of historical and psychological development and, therefore, are simply forced into claiming German unity.

At the same time the London Conference offered a unique opportunity to study both the methods the Powers are using to achieve their aim, and also the conditions on which they would be prepared to acknowledge German unity. As far as methods are concerned M. Molotov, being in the weaker economic position, has played the political and propagandist card, while Mr. Marshall has proudly relied on the expected effects of the Marshall Plan on German recovery west of the Elbe, and has therefore underlined the economic aspects of unity. M. Molotov, convinced that Western capitalism would inevitably lead towards chaos and misery, missed no opportunity to build up the myth of an all-powerful friend of the Germans in the East who was already in favour of satisfying the strong nationalistic longing in Germany. Mr. Marshall, however, tried to avoid the nationalistic line and underwrote the liberal trends which the Anglo-Saxons hope will attract the terror-scared masses all over the world. In short, each side studiously built up its own ideology and prestige, and tried in this way to diminish the chances of its opponent. In this process M. Molotov showed himself the much cruder and less polite propagandist whose offensiveness may have been partly due to the desire of being understood by the broad and disillusioned masses. On the other hand Mr. Marshall and Mr. Bevin remained statesmanlike in their demeanour and, therefore, scored heavily with the more serious observers of this amazing spectacle called the London Conference.

Similarly both sides eagerly avoided any serious discussion on German unity for fear that they might be manoeuvred into agreeing to a form of unity which would favour their opponent. This was especially apparent in the behaviour of M. Molotov, who studiously refrained from discussing unity as long as Mr. Marshall and Mr. Bevin pressed ahead with their own conception of what a democratic German State should look like. It then became apparent that M. Molotov did not want to become involved in a political development which might give to Germany a form of liberal democracy over which the Communist minority, and through them the Soviet Union, could not hope to exert any influence. Equally, the Western Powers became extremely touchy whenever a conception of economic unity appeared on the horizon which might have meant additional American expenditure by way of subsidies to a German economy which, in turn, would have had to pay reparations to the Soviet Union. There was also a marked hesitation on the part of the Western Powers to let any form of centralised German State emerge which they have come to regard as more dangerous than a decentralised German State. This fear belongs to those irrational convictions which in our dark age are apt to cloud the thoughts of otherwise reasonable men. However powerful the arguments for or against federalism and centralism in Germany may be—and there are good arguments on both sides—one thing is patently clear, namely that the thesis of “weakness through federalism” may prove to be a dangerous illusion. During the whole of the discussions of the four occupying Powers at the London Conference, and the propagandist strife accompanying it, there has never been any serious attempt to approach the German problem on its own merits. The picture is one of strenuous efforts both on the part of the Western Powers and of the Soviet Union to merge Germany into their respective spheres of influence.

Germany has re-emerged as a world problem. The attitude of the Powers towards Germany has changed psychologically with the disappearance of the schizophrenic symptoms of war and politically with their attempt to merge Germany into their respective spheres of influence. Is it possible to avoid the obvious danger that the struggle for hegemony on German soil may gradually lead to an open conflict between the world Powers? That there is such a danger nobody can doubt who has seen things in Germany as they are. Even if the Powers kept in the background, the psychological, political and economic conditions in present-day Germany—devastated, divided, ruthlessly exploited, glibly flattered and seduced by propaganda and counter-propaganda—make for conflict. It would appear an obvious remedy for the Powers to withdraw and therefore end the division of Germany which is entirely of the victors' making. But Germany, being a world problem, is drawn into the struggle between East and West which, in turn, has led to the present boundaries of the occupation zones and the present limits of their spheres of influence. These are guarded and watched over more jealously than any historical frontier ever was. Because the Powers are afraid that their own Zones in Germany might fall an easy prey to their opponents the moment they themselves withdraw, they continue to stay, control and dictate. They dare not give up the present system of military dictatorship out of fear that a democratically expressed will of the people might mean a weakening of the occupying Powers' absolutist rights, and, therefore, in the last resort an opportunity for the great antagonist beyond the "Iron Curtain" to infiltrate into this no-man's land.

There seems to be but little hope that this dangerous state of affairs will be substantially altered as long as the present tension continues. Since there is little reason to expect a change in the present precarious balance of power between East and West, there would appear to be equally little chance of either German unity or German democracy becoming a reality. Yet just because the German problem is now part and parcel of the world problem, there is the possibility that the present solution of the balance of power might prove too dangerous to the Great Powers concerned. If that is so—and nobody in his senses would consider the present state of affairs as anything but dangerous—then there is one way of easing the tension: by interposing a neutral area between the spheres of influence. In this case what is to-day Central Europe—Germany and Austria—would be the central part of such a neutral area. There are already now clearly recognisable attempts on the part of Switzerland and Scandinavia to move towards such a neutral sphere, Switzerland, anyhow, insisting on her permanent neutrality and Scandinavia gradually developing in a similar direction. But, from the point of view of the division of power in the world and of easing the tension, these neutral patches are not wide and essential enough to act as something like a buffer between the two highly explosive blocs. Only if and when Germany is allowed to become such a neutral area is there, indeed, a possibility of erecting something like an asbestos wall between the two inflammable spheres.

In order to realise this possibility it is, of course, necessary that the changed position of Germany in the present world is recognised. To a generation which has seen Germany as an aggressive and very powerful State it must look odd that to this very State should be assigned the role of a neutral with the purpose of separating two blocs. Yet this is what the atomic bomb has done to the actual war-potential in Europe:

Germany has become the most vulnerable Power simply because her industries in the Ruhr and in Saxony cannot be defended against atomic attack. They are more concentrated than any other industrial region. They could be wiped out overnight. In a military sense Germany has ceased to be a major Power. To control her own production of atomic weapons is an easy task. Consequently, the neutralisation of Germany might prove to be a constructive way out of the *impasse*.

W. SCHÜTZ.

THE ANTARCTIC CLAIMS.

THE Antarctic Continent was not discovered until 127 years ago, and it was not till the late Nineteenth Century that its shape became known. This was due to its great distance from the maritime nations, entailing a long and expensive journey across the world, the fact that whaling was formerly carried on mainly in the Arctic, and that there were no economic or political considerations to attract attention to what was evidently a barren and inhospitable region with a very severe climate. Since the discovery, however, great interest has been shown in both the Continent and its adjacent islands by Powers great and small, due to the switching of whaling activities to the Antarctic, the desire for scientific exploration, the possibility that the vast area may contain important minerals, and the spirit of adventure into the unknown. To-day the Continent is nominally shared by six nations on a sector basis, with its centre at the South Pole—Great Britain, Australia, New Zealand, the United States, Norway and France. The Argentine and Chile have made small settlements and claims. In the past, both Russia and Germany have made expeditions and annexations, without following them by settlements. Now the Antarctic lands are entering the political sphere, and some portions may need the decision of an international tribunal for their ultimate allocation. Meanwhile, Great Britain, the Argentine and Chile have dispatched warships for the protection of the rights they claim and the re-establishment of settlements.

Although very little of it is explored, the Continent is known to be between 5,000,000 and 6,000,000 square miles in area—almost as large as Europe and the United States combined. The greater part is a high plateau, broken by mountain ranges more than 10,000 feet above sea-level, covered with snow and ice, and best described as a blizzard-swept waste. Along the coasts, areas of snow-free ground occur, but off them the ice shelf is sometimes afloat. Owing to elevation, the climate is colder than the Arctic. Vegetation is confined to patches of moss and lichens. There is no evidence of any mineral wealth except a little coal of poor quality. Only a few small settlements exist in whaling, meteorological and wireless stations. The surrounding seas, however, have economic importance. The long hours of summer sunlight, and the degree of salinity of the waters, favour the growth of plankton organisms on which crustacea feed, to support, in their turn, whales and seals.

The northern part of the peninsula of Graham Land is the only portion of the Continent outside the Arctic Circle, and is distant some 600 miles from Cape Horn. The Falkland Islands themselves are further north in 52° S., 300 miles due east of Magellan Straits. They were discovered by Captain John Davis in 1591 and have been constituted a

British Colony for over a century. The Falkland Island Dependencies comprise Graham Land and adjacent islands, including Deception Island, South Georgia, the South Sandwich Islands, the South Orkneys, and the South Shetlands, including Greenwich Island—"all islands and territories south of 58° S. and between 50° and 80° W." It is in this region that the Argentine and Chile have been staking claims, on the grounds that the Antarctic lands were formerly part of the long thin South American peninsula, and were a heritage from Spain. The other spheres of influence are the Australian, 45° E.-160° E., with a small wedge of French territory. Adélie Land about 140° E., the New Zealand 160° E.-150° W., largely occupied by the Ross Sea, the Norwegian 20° W.-45° E., and the United States area of exploration 150° W.-80° W., following Admiral Byrd's recent expedition, but not yet officially claimed.

It is more difficult to substantiate claims to territory in the Antarctic than in the Arctic, where proximity, discovery, and use all take a share. Proximity could be advocated also in the cases of the Argentine and Chile. The incidence of discovery gives a greater right of ownership, as emphasised at the Imperial Conference of 1926. South Georgia and the South Sandwich group were discovered by Captain Cook in 1775, Graham Land—the first portion of the continent—by Bransfield of Blyth in 1820, the South Shetlands by Captain Smith in 1818, and the South Orkneys by Captain Powell in 1821. Graham Land was again reached by Captain Biscoe in 1832. On the other side of Antarctica, Ross in 1841 took possession of all continental lands and islands he found, although Norway had a share in the exploration, and they are now owned by New Zealand. Between 1819 and 1821 the Russian Admiral Bellingshausen circumnavigated the Antarctic continent, surveyed the South Shetlands, and discovered Peter and Alexander Islands, but Russia has since confined her attention to the Arctic. From 1839-40 the French Captain d'Urville, in an extensive voyage, surveyed the South Orkneys, South Shetlands, North Graham Land, and, on the other side of Antarctica, took possession of Adélie Land for France. Wilkes led an exploring expedition for the United States in 1838-40. Even if the British were first in the field, many nations have participated in the discoveries. For nearly fifty years ending in 1895 the Antarctic was practically neglected. Then the Sixth International Geographical Congress pressed the claims of Antarctic discovery. This led to Belgian, German, Swedish and French expeditions, all planned and sponsored by their governments. From 1904 private individuals have also led Antarctic expeditions. Prominently among their leaders have been Amundsen, Shackleton, Mawson, Byrd and Rymill. More than 150 expeditions in all have been sent, and over half have been British. The Norwegian sector was secured by the discoveries of Captain Larsen in 1893, the chief part being Queen Maud Land. Shortly before the late war the Germans mapped a large part of this from the air, renaming it Neu Schwabenland with the idea of establishing a claim. During the war the Argentine, which has never recognised the British rights in the Falklands, extended her claim to the South Orkneys to cover nearly all the Dependencies. Since 1942 she has dispatched several expeditions to the Antarctic and founded a meteorological station in the Melchior Islands. On Deception Island she has recently made a small settlement to support a claim legally unjustified. In 1940 a Chilean decree claimed all Antarctic territory between 53° and 90° W., and now Chile is claiming Greenwich Island in the South

Shetlands, following the establishment of a meteorological station there.

Admiral Byrd, acting on behalf of the United States, led three Antarctic expeditions in pre-war days. Between December 1946 and March 1947 he has taken out another in "Operation High Jump," comprising thirteen ships and 4,000 men. The object was primarily military, using the continent as a training-ground for polar warfare, but most useful geographical and other scientific exploration was achieved. The full results are not yet known, nor what use the United States will make of them. She has not yet confirmed his annexation of Marie Byrd Land discovered in 1929. The United States has always reserved her rights in the Antarctic, without recognising the claims of other nations. She has declared that the present Argentine and Chilean claims are outside the provisions of the Pan-American treaty for mutual help. Byrd himself does not wish to see the Antarctic administered by the United Nations unless the smaller Powers have a greater share in that organisation, but he favours scientific co-operation. Neither does he believe that the Antarctic is important strategically.

International law stipulates that discovery can be recognised as giving valid title to territory only if it is followed by formal annexation supported by the discoverer's Government, and "occupancy," which usually connotes "the establishment of a suitable administration and a permanent community." Discovery gives the explorer the right, within a reasonable time, to submit a territorial claim, but it must be authorised or ratified by his Government. The mere hoisting of a national flag and the reading of a declaration of annexation are insufficient unless officially supported. When this is done, a valid title exists, in the absence of a prior claim by another nation.

Following the British discoveries, the King in 1908 issued Letters Patent under Great Seal, appointing the Governor of the Falkland Islands also Governor of South Georgia, the South Orkneys, the South Shetlands, the South Sandwich Group and Graham Land, "providing for their government as Dependencies of the Falkland Islands in accordance with the British Constitution, and including all lands in the South Atlantic south of 50° S. and between 20° and 80° W." These limits were obviously erroneous, as they included the Falkland Islands themselves, already constituted as a British Colony, and the extreme portion of the South American continent. Further Letters Patent in 1917 revised them, defining latitude 58° S. as the northern limit of British territory between 50° and 80° W. By Order in Council of 1923 the Ross Sea sector of the Antarctic was constituted a British Dependency under the Governor-General of New Zealand, between 150° W. and 160° E., south of 60° S. in accordance with the British Settlements Acts of 1887. This, however, does not concern the present claims.

An international court generally requires evidence of occupation. This is likely to be a matter of difficulty in the uninhabited Antarctic regions, where weather conditions control access. Since 1904 the Argentine has maintained a meteorological station, obtained by purchase, in the South Orkneys, and has just established another in western Graham Land. Britain also has meteorological stations in the South Orkneys, on Deception Island and in Graham Land, with a permanent settlement on Stonington Island in Marguerite Bay. British warships have recently re-established settlements at Port Lockrey in the Palmer Archipelago and in Admiralty Bay on King George Island in the South Shetlands. Chile has founded two bases, one on Greenwich

Island and the other on Graham Land ; the Argentine established one on Gamma Island in the Melchior group last year, and more recently on Deception Island. Both are challenging British sovereignty in the Antarctic, and will be supported by Guatemala and Ecuador in their claims at the forthcoming Pan-American conference at Bogota. Sea boundaries will be difficult to uphold.

Up to 1905, all the seas south of the Falklands were a waste of waters. Within ten years, the largest whaling industry in the world had been set up, including factories with mechanical power and steam whalers, to provide oil for European markets. From South Georgia the activities spread to the various island groups off Graham Land in the west Antarctic. Whaling brings money in the way of leases, licence dues and taxes, which no doubt influence territorial claims. About fifteen years ago the floating factory was introduced, lessening the number of shore bases required, with the Norwegians as pioneers. To-day, whaling is shared by Norway and Britain.

The Falkland Islands themselves form the most southern British Colony. They are 300 miles due east of Magellan Straits, the two large islands having a combined area of 4,600 square miles. In appearance and climate they resemble parts of north Scotland, and the 2,500 people are chiefly of Scottish descent. The chief occupation is sheep farming, with an export of wool and canned mutton. Since 1852 the Falkland Islands Chartered Company has been the principal trading organisation, and it now possesses a little fleet of tugs, schooners and lighters, besides wharfs, storehouses and repair shops at Port Stanley, the capital. The history of the Falklands is a romance of Empire. Davis reached them by being blown off the course of Cavendish's expedition from Plymouth. In 1593 Sir Richard Hawkyns in the *Dainty* roving commission against the Spaniards found the Falklands and called them "Hawkyn's Maidenland." After Cowley's visit in 1684 they were known as "Pepys' Island." A little later they were visited by the French, who called them "Isles Nouvelles," naming St. Louis after Louis de Bourgainville, who subsequently brought out settlers from Nova Scotia. These were bought out by Spain. Next John Byron claimed the islands by right of the earlier British discoveries. The resettled Colony lasted for five years, after which a strong Spanish expedition in 1770 caused its evacuation. Great indignation was expressed in the English Parliament and Press, and "The Affair of the Falkland Islands" was the subject of the famous letters between Dr. Johnson and "Junius." The fleet was mobilised, and Spain capitulated. In 1820 Captain Jewett of the United Provinces of South America hoisted the flag of his country at Port Louis. By 1829 Vernet, a German, had been made Governor. He was removed for an offence against United States' subjects, and subsequently a British naval expedition restored the position. The constitution of the new Colony was defined by a Charter under Great Seal in 1843. St. Louis was renamed Anson after the famous admiral explorer, who just a hundred years before had urged the establishment of the Colony for strategic reasons, but the capital was transferred to Port Stanley, which became famous in 1914 when Admiral Sturdee sent Von Spee's squadron, fresh from its victory over Craddock's little fleet, to the bottom in the Battle of the Falkland Isles.

It seems very difficult to control excessive whaling in the Antarctic or for any State to exercise authority. There is little to be gained by a division of the Continent among the Powers. Meteorological stations

are important, but need not cause political clashes. Scientific expeditions in the region are invaluable. One, sponsored by Great Britain, Norway and Sweden, is to explore parts of Queen Maud Land this year, and others are planned. Political claims at present have little value.

G. M. COOMBS.

THE CENTENARY OF 1848 IN GERMANY AND AUSTRIA.*

THE outstanding political achievement of the German people in the nineteenth century was the creation of a nation-state, and the Year of Revolutions was a milestone on the road. It is the story of a courageous experiment, of a bitter disappointment, of high-minded patriots confronted by a superhuman task. Yet it was not wholly a failure, for it formulated lofty ideals and bequeathed inspiring memories. Few historic conflicts on a wide front are won at the first attack.

The battle of Waterloo ended a struggle which had lasted for twenty-three years, and inaugurated an era in which, at any rate during the earlier phases, the predominant desire was for a quiet life, a breathing-space, the chance to heal the gaping wounds of war. The thirty-three years of peace were the longest period without a major military struggle which Europe has enjoyed for centuries. It has been called by many names—the age of reaction, the age of stagnation, the age of Metternich—but it is best described as the Restoration Era. During the first half a concerted endeavour was made by the Holy Alliance and the Concert of Europe to undo or—if that should prove impossible—to limit the work of the French Revolution. In several countries—Italy, Spain, Germany and Austria—the counter-revolution was generally successful; in England and France, happily for their citizens, it failed.

Germany after 1815, to use Metternich's contemptuous phrase about Italy, was merely a geographical expression. The German Confederation established by the Treaty of Vienna was a considerable improvement on the Holy Roman Empire, which after a thousand years had vanished like a ghost at a touch of Napoleon's spear; but it was a radically imperfect embodiment of the hopes of national integration generated by the War of Liberation. The Diet, composed of nominated representatives of the members of the Bund, sat at Frankfurt in permanent session, but that was the only organ. It had no head, no Ministers, no capital, no army, no representatives abroad; it was merely a loose grouping of sovereign states sundered by memories of bloody strife and paralysed by the rivalry between Austria and Prussia. Its story down to 1847 has been told by Treitschke in the most brilliant work ever written on modern Germany, and "the Bismarck of the Chair" exhausts his copious vocabulary of invective on its sorry impotence. The heavy hand of Metternich lay upon it. The Carlsbad Decrees embodied the static philosophy of a man who regarded the French Revolution as an odious interruption of the traditional life of feudal Europe and the *Burschenschaften* (students' unions) as nests of conspirators to be rooted out.

In the Hapsburg Empire the hands of the clock moved slowly under the paternal sway of the Emperor Francis, and under Ferdinand, his

* A lecture delivered at the London School of Economics and Political Science, February 10, 1948.

half-witted son, they almost stood 'still. Authority was shared in an uneasy partnership between Metternich, who controlled foreign affairs, and Kolowrat, who looked after the finances and decided the main issues in the domestic sphere. After the reforming era of Maria Theresa and her gifted sons' Joseph and Leopold, and after the excursions and alarms of the Great French War, it was a time of outward tranquillity if not of inner repose. Metternich knew that he was simply propping up a tottering edifice, and lamented that his lot was cast in such a dull and exhausted generation. All that can be said for him and his system has been advanced in Srbik's monumental biography and in Mr. Algernon Cecil's thoughtful study. The most balanced appraisal is to be found in Professor Woodward's *Three Essays on European Conservatism*. His best quality was his conception of Europe as an organic whole.

In the enthusiasm of the War of Liberation, and with the inspiring memory of the Stein-Hardenberg reforms fresh in mind, Frederick William III had promised his people a constitutional advance. The promise was never fulfilled. He only permitted the creation of Diets in the eight provinces which formed the Prussian State; but there was no tie connecting them and no prospect of a constitution. In Berlin as in Vienna stagnation was the order of the day. The fashionable philosopher was Hegel, who proclaimed in majestic tones the omnipotence of the State, and was accused by irreverent critics of mistaking the kingdom of Prussia for the Kingdom of Heaven. Yet the Hohenzollerns did more for their citizens than the Hapsburgs. Prussia took the lead in the construction of the Zollverein, which needed a generation to expand over the larger part of Germany and to which Austria never adhered. And there were other encouraging factors to record. The Prussian bureaucracy was perhaps the best in Europe. Justice was fairly administered, the Press was free, and the universities hummed with the fruitful activities which rapidly won for German scholarship its place at the top of the list.

The French Revolution of 1830, which substituted the Bourgeois Monarchy of Louis Philippe for the Bourbon intransigence of Charles X, produced scarcely more than a ripple across the Rhine. The eccentric Duke of Brunswick was chased away, but Prussia was unaffected. The accession of the artistic and scholarly Frederick William IV in 1840 seemed like the coming of spring. But the hopes were short-lived, for the spiritual home of the romantic monarch was in the Middle Ages, and he cherished the idea of the Divine Right of Kings as firmly as James I and Charles I. He was equally convinced that the first place in the German Confederation belonged by right to the House of Hapsburg, and that the Hohenzollerns could and should only play second fiddle. There was, however, a good deal of earnest discussion in court circles about the possibility of constitutional advance, and in the spring of 1847 the members of the eight provincial Diets were summoned to a joint meeting at Berlin. "The United Diet" was a prologue to the more representative assemblies of the following years. Conservative though it was, the majority of its members requested periodical meetings and a share in the control of finance. Neither was granted, and it was dissolved after animated debates, in which Bismarck made his début, when it had sat for two months.

On the eve of 1848 Prussia and Austria, the two major members of the Bund, lagged far behind the South German States, all of which had been granted constitutions soon after the return of peace. Weimar

under Karl August had taken the lead, to the disgust of the ageing Goethe, who had no use for democracy. Liberalism was strongest in the Rhineland, where French ideas of equality and the sovereignty of the people had taken root during the twenty years of the occupation. While Right Wing Liberals of the north, with the historian Dahlmann at their head, looked to England as their model, Left-Wingers of the south, led by Rotteck and Welcker, the standard-bearers of Baden radicalism, turned their eyes to Paris. In Hanover a constitution granted after the French Revolution of 1830 was torn up in 1837 by King Ernest Augustus, the detestable uncle of Queen Victoria, and the famous "Göttingen Seven"—Professors at the State University—were dismissed from their chairs as a penalty for their protest. While politically speaking Germany before 1848 was not, like Austria, a land of almost total darkness, there were only fitful gleams of light. Once again, as in the time of the first French Revolution, a vigorous shock from abroad was required to mobilise the liberal forces which had slowly developed during three decades of stifling control.

The earliest rumblings were heard in Italy in January, but it was the eruption in Paris in February 1848 which set half the Continent alight. When France has a cold, remarked Metternich after the revolution of 1830, all Europe sneezes. Since Guizot obstinately declined to extend the franchise beyond the narrow ranks of the prosperous bourgeoisie, Louis Philippe was evicted as easily as Charles X in 1830, and the Second Republic was proclaimed. The repercussion throughout Central Europe was instantaneous. A demonstration in Vienna on March 12th toppled down the Government; Metternich, like Louis Philippe, escaped to England, and the court fled to Innsbruck. A Constituent Assembly met, and throughout the spring and summer the constitutionalists were in control. Their principal achievement was the abolition of serfdom. The army could have snuffed out the revolt like the flame of a candle, but for the moment it was required to deal with the troubles in Lombardy and Venetia. Moreover, now Metternich and Kolowrat were gone, there was no one in the entourage of the feeble Emperor to seize the reins with a firm hand.

The authority of the Hapsburgs was challenged with equal success in Hungary which, at the opening of 1848, had no desire to break away from the Empire, but which longed for full autonomy. The students in Budapest formed a committee when the news from Paris arrived, and on March 15th they drafted the Twelve Points which became the watchword of the national movement. Their leaders were Petöfi, the poet, soon to die fighting in the war of liberation, and Maurus Jokai, later to earn world-wide renown as the Hungarian Walter Scott. The principal demands were for Parliamentary Government, the abolition of serfdom and feudal privileges, and a free Press. They were carried to Vienna by Kossuth, in whom the national movement found an inspiring chief, and Count Batthyany, who was commissioned to form a Ministry. In this the best men in Hungary, among them Kossuth and Szechenyi, Eötvös and Deak, held posts. Almost overnight the country was transformed from a subordinate province into a modern self-governing community.

A similar spectacle of unresisted emancipation was witnessed at Prague. After two centuries of oppression following the disaster at the battle of the White Mountain in 1620, Czech nationalism was revived in the opening decades of the nineteenth century by a little group of scholars with the illustrious historian Palacky at their head. Once

again their readers and hearers began to feel pride in their history and literature, and when the hour struck in 1848 they were ready to act. In the eventful month of March a mass meeting petitioned Vienna for equal rights for the Czech language in all the Government offices, for a Diet of all the Bohemian lands elected on a wide franchise, and for certain overdue reforms. A meeting of the Estates, empowered to draft a constitution, was promised in April and elected in May. It never met, since a far more comprehensive scheme took shape of a Congress for Slavs from all over Austria and from other lands. The Panslav Congress of Prague, in which Palacky played the leading part, holds the same honoured place in the evolution of Slav nationalism as the Frankfurt Parliament in German annals, but its career was even shorter. When riots broke out in June the capital was bombarded and capitulated to Windischgrätz. Bohemian nationalism was once more submerged though not destroyed. Czechs sat in the Austrian Constituent Assembly at Vienna, but that also was suppressed in the autumn. The absolutist régime was restored, and the work begun by Palacky and the men of 1848 had to wait for a new leader, Thomas Masaryk, half a century later.

In the same week which witnessed the collapse of the old régime in the three Hapsburg capitals the pent-up dissatisfaction of Berlin broke into open revolt. The March Days (March 15th-18th) form a historic landmark, not merely because they ended the Restoration era and buried the doctrine of the Divine Right of Kings, but because they encouraged reformers all over Germany to act. Frederick William IV, well described as all nerves and no muscle, detested bloodshed; and though his troops could have trampled the revolt under their feet, he capitulated at the first challenge. The United Diet was recalled but was quickly superseded by a Constituent Assembly elected by universal male suffrage, and a Liberal Ministry was installed. The distracted King bided his time, with wrath in his heart as he watched the tornado sweeping across Central Europe. The simultaneous revolution in Munich, resulting in the abdication of King Ludwig, was a storm in a teacup, for it was due less to the strength of Liberal convictions than to resentment at the infatuation of the elderly monarch for the foreign dancer, Lola Montez. More serious because more strictly political was a revolt in Baden, by far the most radical member of the Bund.

The supreme achievement of the Year of Revolution in Central Europe was the Frankfurt Parliament, which, like other memorable events, has given rise to contradictory judgments. German Liberals, like the historian Veit Valentin, himself a Frankfurter and author of the most comprehensive survey of the hopes and fears and struggles of 1848, look back to it with admiration and respect. Men of other schools follow Bismarck in contemptuously dismissing it as "the Professors' Parliament." In his recent work, *1848: The Revolution of the Intellectuals*, Professor Namier denies its claim to embody Liberal principles, and labels its spokesmen forerunners of Hitler on the ground that they denied to Czechs, Poles and Danes the rights they claimed for themselves.

Whatever our verdict there is general agreement that it contained many of the most gifted men of the time. Juridically the Bund remained intact, but when the revolutionary blast swept across the Rhine the Diet ceased to meet. Now that Austrian and Prussian reformers had asserted themselves, might not something be done for the German people as a whole? The question was asked and answered

by a gathering at Heidelberg of fifty Liberals from the South and West, of whom the moving spirit was Heinrich von Gagern, the standard-bearer of Liberalism in Hesse-Darmstadt. It was decided to invite all members of existing legislatures and a number of selected notables to meet at Frankfurt in order to prepare the way for a Constituent Assembly. The invitation was promptly accepted. The so-called Preliminary Parliament met at Frankfurt on March 31st, and its five hundred members agreed to summon a National Assembly elected by universal suffrage. A new spirit was revealed when Germany, the land of obedience as Herder called it, witnessed a major political initiative by private citizens without seeking permission from their Hapsburg or Hohenzollern masters.

The Frankfurt Parliament assembled in St. Paul's Church on May 18th. Though "the Professors' Parliament" is far too narrow a title to be accurate, it was above all a gathering of the educated bourgeoisie—professors, schoolmasters, judges, lawyers, civil servants, journalists, with a sprinkling of pastors and priests. A Polish peasant from Silesia was the only representative of the Fourth Estate, for the member states of the Bund were still predominantly agricultural communities. The first step to industrialisation had only just been taken in the construction of a few railways, and the firm of Krupp was in its infancy. The Communist Manifesto was the work of two Germans, Marx and Engels, but it was drafted and published outside Germany. The leading figures of the Frankfurt Parliament were good citizens bent on procuring for their country the privileges of national integration and constitutional government already enjoyed elsewhere. Gagern was the obvious choice for its first president, and among the academic celebrities who adorned its benches were the historians Dahlmann and Gervinus, Jakob Grimm, Droysen, Duncker and Waitz. The appearance of the veteran Arndt at the tribune seemed to link up 1848 with the distant heroic era of the War of Liberation.

The principal task of the Frankfurt Parliament was to draft a constitution which should supersede the anæmic Bund. The discussions, in which Dahlmann, Professor of History at Bonn, took the leading part, continued throughout the year. A Bundesstaat (Federation), it was generally agreed, must take the place of the Staatenbund (Confederation) created in 1815, but it was obviously far more difficult to construct. It was much the same problem which had confronted the Fathers of the American Constitution—to combine the authority of the central organs with reasonable autonomy for the federal units. The final draft provided for two Houses, the Upper Chamber representing the States, the Lower elected by universal male suffrage; the responsibility of Ministers to Parliament; a hereditary Emperor with a suspensive veto; a Supreme Court; and—last, not least—a statement of the fundamental rights (*Grundrechte*) of the citizen. All German lands were entitled and expected to join the Federation. Pending the establishment of the new system a regent or administrator of the Reich (*Reichsverweser*) was needed. This responsible post was offered to and accepted by the Archduke John, a younger brother of the Emperor Francis, and uncle of the reigning Emperor Ferdinand. He was reputed the most liberal of the Hapsburgs, and to the end he loyally played his part. Though he appointed a Ministry with Gagern at the head, the new executive possessed no authority whatever, no army, no diplomatic representatives. Indeed, the whole Frankfurt experiment had been rendered possible owing to the temporary preoccupation of Austria

and Prussia with internal difficulties. As soon as their armies were again available at the close of 1848 the sword was thrown into the scales, and the structure collapsed like a house of cards.

The counter-revolution in Central Europe started where the revolution itself had begun—in Vienna. When Radetzky had suppressed the rebellion in Lombardy, the authority of the dynasty was forcibly restored in the capital by Windischgrätz after a bloody struggle. The feeble Ferdinand abdicated and was succeeded by his nephew Francis Joseph, a lad of eighteen who was destined to rule over the polyglot empire for sixty-eight years. At his side stood the formidable Prince Schwarzenberg, described by his master long afterwards as the ablest of his many ministers. The revolution was also quickly suppressed in Bohemia and Hungary. In the latter case Russian troops were despatched by the Emperor Nicholas to the aid of the Hapsburgs. When the rebels capitulated at Vilagos in the summer of 1849, there were terrible reprisals. Count Batthyany, the Premier, and seven generals were executed. Kossuth escaped a similar fate by flight to Turkey and later to Italy, and he never saw his country again. The triumph of the counter-revolution in Prussia proved an easier affair. Realising that the revolutionary impetus had spent itself, and urged on by the unofficial Camarilla which guided his faltering steps, Frederick William IV at last determined to restore the authority of the Crown. He appointed Count Brandenburg, an illegitimate son of Frederick William II, as his chief Minister, dissolved the Chamber, and issued a new and narrowly limited constitution. To use his own drastic expression, he swept out the democratic dirt of the year of shame. By the close of 1848 the tide which had run so strongly in the spring and summer had ebbed, and the ancient landmarks reappeared above the flood.

The triumph of dynastic reaction in Austria and Prussia sealed the fate of the Frankfurt Parliament. It was now little more than a debating society, for at any moment it might be dissolved. Since neither Vienna nor Berlin had been consulted about its creation, they did not feel the slightest obligation to preserve its life. Their desire was to restore the Bund which, however little it satisfied German opinion, was good enough for them both. Thus when the Imperial crown was offered to the King of Prussia in the spring of 1849, it was contemptuously refused on the ground that the princes alone had the right to offer such a glittering prize: to the mystical believer in Divine Right its democratic taint was an offence. But there was a further reason. The Hapsburg Emperor, he felt, had a stronger claim, and in any case he lacked the courage to incur his displeasure. He was right to decline the offer, for he regarded Constitutional Monarchy as a contradiction in terms, and he was too honourable a man to sacrifice his convictions. His refusal was the *coup de grâce* to the Frankfurt Parliament, whose members began to melt away. A few endeavoured to carry on the struggle in a Rump Assembly at Stuttgart, but the gas had gone out of the brightly tinted balloon. Finally the Archduke John himself resigned. An attempt was made to save something from the wreck when Radowitz, the most intimate friend and counsellor of Frederick William IV, founded the so-called Prussian Union, which was joined by Saxony, Hanover, and other North Germans states. Representatives met in Erfurt in March 1850, but the union had a short life, for Schwarzenberg was now firmly in the saddle at Vienna, and was determined to use his power. Saxony and Hanover resigned, the union was dissolved, the Bund was restored, and Austria imposed

her will on Prussia by threat of war in the Convention of Olmütz at the close of 1850. The revolution was over. Looking back, we can see that it never had a chance, for the big battalions were on the other side.

Let us attempt a rough balance sheet of 1848-9. In the first place German Liberalism received a blow from which it never recovered, and its ranks were thinned by the flight of some of its bravest champions, among them Carl Schurz, to the New World. Secondly, though the constitutions and institutions of 1848 were quickly swept away, the desire for a nation-state survived in the hearts and minds of millions. Thirdly, the collapse of the Frankfurt Parliament suggested to Bismarck—and not to Prussian statesmen alone—that Austria's veto on the creation of an effective German federation could only be removed by force. For the plan of admitting merely her German provinces was naturally rejected at Vienna, while the inclusion of the Austro-Hungarian Empire as a whole would involve dilution by large blocks of non-German citizens. Though Bismarck scoffed at the Frankfurt Parliament, its failure facilitated his work, and he used parts of its constitutional scheme for the North German Confederation of 1867 and for the Empire in 1871. Yet it is not a record of total failure, for two significant entries are to be found on the credit side. The abolition of serfdom in the realm of the Hapsburgs is a landmark in the history of the fourth estate, and the Prussian Constitution granted by Frederick William IV in 1850 continued to operate till the fall of the Hohenzollerns in 1918. Memories of effort and failure are often the most potent inspiration to new endeavours. The spirit of 1848 seemed to be reincarnate in Friedrich Naumann and the other makers of the Weimar Constitution in 1919. Their work, too, has perished. To-day the chief foes of constitutional and national liberty are no longer Hapsburgs and Hohenzollerns, but men of non-German blood. Yet it is too soon to conclude that the world has heard the last of the ideas and ideals of 1848.

G. P. GOOCH.

COMMUNICATIONS HAVE MADE HISTORY.*

I WILL try to sketch as far as is possible in one hour the aspect of history concerned with the impact of communications on the development of mankind. When we look back on the origin of ancient civilisations, we observe always two main factors, the big river as highway for traffic, and irrigation dependent on the same waterway. Thus the civilisation of Egypt originated along the Nile; that of Assyria and Babylon along the Euphrates and Tigris; that of India along the Indus and Ganges. The same happened in China and even in Mexico and Peru, if not along rivers at least around big lakes. The waterway invited the human genius for the task of organisation.

Without the regular transport on the Nile, without communications maintained with the Sinai Peninsula, the power of Egypt could not have grown, because it depended on the copper mines in the Sinai desert. On regular communications depended the supply of food and other necessities to these mines, and also the transport of ore and copper. Analogous to this was the situation in Assyria and Babylon.

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Traffic on the rivers united the adjacent country under one rule. People began to irrigate the surrounding land and to build canals. Connections were constructed between the two rivers of Mesopotamia, and the same was done between the Nile and the Red Sea. Thus the exchange of products became possible between the different parts of a bigger region, and soon manufactured goods were sold to the surrounding tribes against raw materials, especially wool. Transport and irrigation depend, however, on the water-level. For predicting the seasonal floods the creation of a reliable calendar was important. To the task of astronomical observations, of writing and keeping records, the rise of a powerful priesthood was due which used a ruler of "divine origin" as supreme authority. He was the son of heaven or the sun, and he was—according to the strength of his personality—more or less a tool in the hands of the hierarchy. We see the same happen in India and China. Such civilisations, however, had their limits. They remained static for centuries, even thousands of years. Conquerors came and went, but the basic conditions of life and society did not change. The son generally became what the father had been, and there was a narrow limit to the development of individualism. Such civilisations stopped at a certain stage.

We see here the difference between the growth of civilisation in the south and in the north. Along the big rivers in the northern countries seasonal floods and irrigation did not regulate the economic, social and religious life to such an extent as in sub-tropical countries. Thus in the north no hieratic system could dominate mankind in the long run. You may understand what it means when in our time these old oriental civilisations, based exclusively on the family, are broken up by the introduction of mechanical locomotion. We in Europe are already living in a world revolution, but this upheaval will be still greater in those countries where the whole fabric of society is broken up. These hieratically ruled countries—we call them to-day totalitarian—always try to keep the population separated from the outside world, but contact with foreign elements cannot be completely prevented. We know that Egypt traded with Crete and the Phœnicians, and intellectual revolutions were caused by this contact. In Crete originated, as far as we know from the excavated art, what we could call European individualism. Hence we see in Egypt sculptures of real individuals like those of the Pharaoh Akhnaton and his Queen Nephretete. Another basis of our civilisation, the phonetic alphabet, originated at the border of Phœnicia and Egypt. This was probably one of the greatest inventions for intellectual communication. There arose here also the Jewish community, Israel, between the two empires of Egypt and Assyria, and the Jews tried to remain independent of both powerful neighbours. In this struggle against domination by an oriental King-God and his hierarchy originated the great impetus which still sounds to-day in some of the psalms of the Old Testament. Israel defended its trade as well as its intellectual independence against the two great empires. This trade flourished so long as Phœnicians and Jews could control the communications between Egypt and Babylon.

In Greece we see the struggle for individual liberty. It is an old saying: the sea makes free. You might understand that when you go from one Greek island to the other. By boat anybody could escape in a few hours to another place, to another independent city-state. There are plenty of natural harbours which facilitate communication. No wonder that no hieratic power could subdue this population. They

learned from the Phœnicians to improve ship construction. Egyptian shipping had been mostly river traffic, and sailing on the open sea was so far as possible avoided. That had been developed by the Phœnicians and to some extent by the Greeks. Thus the Greek religion is the religion of a seafaring people. Everything depended on the attitude of Poseidon, as we see in Homer. When the Hellenes came into contact with the ancient hieratic civilisations of the Near East they were very much impressed. The reaction, however, against oriental superstitions was stronger than their influence. Thus the philosophers, searching for truth, were mightily stimulated by this contact and contrast in their endeavours for intellectual liberty. Consequently in these border regions the trend towards independence and Greek philosophy received their refreshing impetus.

When we turn to the Romans I would like to write with capitals the word *Pontifex*, which means the bridge-builder. The *Pontifex Maximus* became the highest priest, as he was the man who knew how to construct a solid bridge over the Tiber. In consequence Rome was in a key position in the middle of Italy, and the Romans pushed their road-building in all directions. Roman roads are still partly in use, and from the Roman *Itinerarii* we know how good was their system of communications. Unfortunately, though we have a big literature on Roman law and pottery, nobody has taken the trouble to find out how this system of communications in the Roman Empire was financed. I formed the opinion that the administration changed several times. At first along the "newly built" roads land was given to colonists with the obligation of maintaining the roads, bridges and stations and of supplying horses. These estates were often sold and the obligations imposed on them lapsed. Consequently under Augustus the mail service and the administration of roads and stations was taken over by the government. I do not know how the government financed it—probably by taxes levied in the provinces; later on, however, by tolls on the traffic. Further, the requisitioning of horses and service from the farmers became usual.

What were the consequences? If the government or the *Proconsuls* wanted cash, pressure was brought on the toll-farmers, who increased the taxes and the services due from the agricultural population near the road. With the increase of transport costs intensive farming ceased to pay. The neighbourhood of the roads became deserted, as the people wanted to escape the road-service. That was the main reason for the depopulation in the part of the Roman Empire which could not rely mainly on sea traffic. Consequently production and revenues declined. Therefore at the frontiers the legions did not receive their supplies and payments in time. They revolted, proclaimed a new Emperor, and compelled him to march towards Rome or another capital. On their way they expelled or killed the officials on the stations. In consequence the whole system of communications became still more disrupted. This backbone of the Roman Empire was severely damaged, and thus it was always the duty of every new—if efficient—Emperor to restore it as far as possible.

Another factor contributed to the disintegration of the Empire in the West. For the defence of the frontiers foreigners were taken on, mostly Teutonic tribes, settled in the open country, and promised supplies of money, food and arms. Often these promises could not be kept. Then these half-barbarians took possession of the stations on the roads and rivers and taxed the traffic, because it was mainly the traffic between the towns with their Roman population. This arbitrary taxation was,

however, not used for keeping up the road and mail service. In consequence we see how suddenly in the third century A.D. Roman art north of the Alps became very provincial. This testifies to the beginning of the great decline of town life in the western part of the Roman Empire, which was restored only step by step during the following 600 years. Apart from the fact that the eastern part of the Empire could rely to a greater extent on sea transport, I have the impression that Byzantium effected the maintenance of communications on land on a more permanent basis than was done in Western Rome. Probably the more stable Byzantine administration provided regularly the means for keeping up road and mail service. We shall see later how the silk monopoly contributed to this end.

When we turn to the development of sea-transport in antiquity, especially in the Roman Empire, we do not see any great progress since the time of the Ionian sea-confederation. The nations of the Mediterranean came in touch with the good sailing boat of the south-east—the dhow—and with that used on the North Sea and the Atlantic. They did not, however, make use of the nautical superiority of this kind of sailing vessel. Even when in 50 B.C. Caesar had to deal with the navy of the Veneti and Britanni his experience did not influence the development of shipping. Certainly the Roman intelligence service was puzzled by the quality of the sailing vessels which the Celtic nations used. They investigated everything and measured even the size of the big iron nails and of the strong oak planks. They were suddenly confronted with ships of higher nautical quality, well fitted to sail the stormy Atlantic. Only in consequence of a complete calm, such as seldom occurs off the west coast of France, was Caesar able to beat the nautically superior enemy. The Roman galleys were *rowed* towards the vessels of the Veneti and Britanni, whose riggings were cut by sickles fastened on long poles. In consequence the Celtic fleet was not able to move even when a breeze arose. The Commentaries of Julius Caesar were widely read, and when anybody wanted to introduce a good sailing vessel, he was told: it is of no use, we keep to the galley. Thus in the long run the Romans could not dominate Britain by relying on the galleys which were not able to cope with the stormy sea around this island, while the Norsemen who used the superior type of sailing boat could always invade England. I think this was one of the reasons for the Romans' final evacuation of Britain.

This inability of the Mediterranean nations to accept nautical improvement explains another enigma. We wonder why the Vandals suddenly turned up in North Africa and conquered fertile provinces of the Byzantine Empire. During their migration they had learnt in Jutland how to build efficient sailing boats. Hence the Byzantine fleet with its galleys and clumsy transport sailing vessels could not cope with them. Only many years later, when the Vandal navy was engaged on an excursion in Sardinia, was Belisarius able to land on the unprotected coast of the Vandal kingdom in North Africa. The same factor contributed to the sudden rise of Arab power. They were at first only efficient horsemen, but they soon learned to use the good sailing boat of the Middle East—the dhow. Now all the coasts of the Mediterranean were at their mercy. Everywhere the Saracen sailing boats suddenly turned up. They conquered the whole of North Africa, the greater part of Spain, and dominated all the coasts from the Bay of Biscay to the Persian Gulf.

One of the greatest miracles of history is the expansion of the Norse-

men from the shores of Scandinavia. We see them turning to the East, through Russia, and to the West. When they had finally settled in the north of France they took over the remains of Roman and Carolingian civilisation, especially everything concerned with administration and finance. Thus as invaders they brought to the North and South the nucleus for future cultural development. They built up a Russian Empire, and I suggest that they extended their communications to the borders of China. We know now from excavations that in East Turkestan there existed people with blond hair and blue eyes, who called an ox "Ox" and a fish "Lax," the same expression still used for salmon in Swedish. When for sixty years the Khazars blocked the road to Byzantium for the Scandinavian rulers of Russia, these enterprising people tried to obtain silk directly from China. Silk was more coveted than precious metals. The Byzantine Empire kept the monopoly of the silk trade and, from the fourth to the twelfth century, that of silk production in Europe. Hence Byzantium was able to pay for its defence by foreign mercenaries and maintain its system of communications.

The success of the Norsemen was due not least to their sailing boats. When they went to the Mediterranean they were able to cope with the Arabs. Thus they could suddenly turn up in South Italy and expel the Saracen invaders. This expansion of the Norsemen is one of the most interesting features of history, and success was due to their capacity for maintaining communications over long distances. When, however, these Norsemen were settled as masters in the conquered countries their nautical capacity fell into disuse. We observe the same development in Britain. The good sailors of the North who settled there became in one or two generations landlubbers. Therefore, when Alfred the Great needed an efficient fleet he could not construct such ships with his Anglo-Saxons, but had to make use of Frisian shipwrights.

The good sailing boat of the North explains also the first discovery of America by the Norsemen, and the change from this type to another explains why this discovery had not lasting consequences. At first a good Northern whaler was used for the journey from Iceland to Greenland and thence to the American coast. In the North was introduced later after the Crusades a Mediterranean type of sailing ship, the Hanseatic Kogge, which was bigger and more comfortable but a poorer sailer. Such vessels could easily tack round the South Cape of Greenland, thence to America, and return by the same route. We know when the last ship, trying to make this journey, was driven by storms direct back to Iceland, and for a hundred years the Norsemen did not dare to sail again in this direction. We do not know what happened to the Icelandic settlements in Greenland or America.

When we consider what was done in the Arabian countries which re-established mail service and transport on the pattern of ancient Persia and Rome, when we look at the institutions of the Mongolian and Chinese Empires, progress in Europe during the Middle Ages was poor, especially so far as communications on land are concerned. The Church and its institutions kept up the necessary communications by a more or less regular messenger service, of which that of the Sorbonne at Paris is known. The knightly Orders with their settlements, scattered from Palestine to Britain and the Baltic, were compelled to follow suit. Thus the Teutonic Order established the first efficient mail service from Prussia to Rome. I suppose that the Templars and the Order of St. John were connected with similar institutions. The monks as members

of the literate class maintained intellectual communications and were as messengers protected by their cowl in this time of general insecurity. When the Minorites took over the social service of the lower classes, especially of craft guilds, and went regularly from cottage to cottage in the country, popular movements did not stop at the frontiers. The guilds on the Continent overcame to some extent the disadvantage of economic disruption and lack of communications by compelling apprentices to wander for three or five years and to work abroad. War, piracy and trade went hand in hand. Hence Venice, Genoa and the Hanseatic League sailed in convoys. They came to Britain from the South with wine, spices and other commodities, and from the East with flax, tar, timber and food to fetch British wool. Shipping of wine from France, however, became an English monopoly under the first Navigation Act.

European individualism did not favour the development of communications on land where so many different and mostly narrow interests and rulers handicapped traffic and trade. The invention of the printing press, however, enormously favoured intellectual communication. That was of greater consequence than all the efficient mail services inside the oriental empires such as those of the Caliphs, the Persians, Indians, Chinese, Mongolians and Turks. There were even caravans which kept up in the Orient a kind of international service. For two thousand years at least sea-trade was continued from the shores of the Red Sea (Egypt, Damascus) to India and China, and from the east coast of Africa to Japan. The unity of the Islamic world did not last, and the different hieratic systems in the Orient tried to keep their people separated by customs and law. The Mongol Empire was an exception, and its success was due to this fact. It opened inner Asia for the first time to the peaceful traveller.

Let us see how world communications became possible. The Portuguese had learned to develop a better type of sailing vessel, using their experience with the Saracen dhow for the construction of larger ships. The progress of astronomy, the use of compass and log, made orientation on the open sea easier. By using all the available information on sea currents and winds Columbus planned his voyage on a really scientific basis. The maritime nations of the north, Dutch and British, followed. When they got hold of the Portuguese sea-charts they soon outsailed everywhere their Portuguese and Spanish predecessors. They were less hampered by superstition and bureaucracy than the subjects of Philip of Spain. Thus the poachers turned gamekeepers, i.e. the Dutch and British pirates became the police which secured sea communications. Technical progress was slow. The large sailing ship only emerged in the first half of the nineteenth century when already the steamboat had begun to appear. If the pattern of the good sailing boat, as it was used 1,500 years before in the north and in the south-east, had been applied earlier for the construction of larger vessels, the whole destiny of mankind might have been different. Technical inventions alone cannot achieve final success; that of the European nations was due also to the fact that no hieratic power could in the long run subdue enterprising individualism. Thus it was reserved to the Occident to establish communications around the globe.

When we turn back to Europe at the end of the Middle Ages progress on land was being made but slowly step by step. Where the ancient Roman roads could not be used, traffic generally moved on horseback or by mules and donkeys. In the territories of Venice, Holland, Bran-

denburg and in England canals were constructed. With their independence the seven provinces of the Netherlands became the centre of trade and traffic as well as that of intellectual communication. They were the first country to grant free access of goods, men and ideas. In Spain, however, and in Italy, communications were strangled by taxation. In Germany the Thurn and Taxis mail service and those of Austria and Prussia were quite efficient, but it was not until 1750 that the first small track of metallic road was constructed. Everywhere tolls prevented progress.

At the end of the eighteenth century many barriers were swept away by the French Revolution. Under the *ancien régime* taxation on traffic had paralysed the exchange of goods. That was one of the main reasons for the misery of the lower classes. A barrel of wine paid tolls fifty times between Bordeaux to Paris. Now for the first time France could make good use of the canals and roads—then the best in Europe—constructed during the preceding 150 years. No wonder that the French Revolution was greeted with enthusiasm in the neighbouring countries when its armies removed all the antiquated obstacles. Napoleon, however, based revenues and donations to his marshals and ministers on the taxation of traffic in the conquered countries, and thus the former liberation became oppression.

In Britain the situation was never so bad, as inland traffic was not taxed; but with the "turnpike" roads came many tolls, and finally Parliament had to intervene to free inland communications. The main traffic of goods went, however, by sea. In the sixteenth century British sailors had become efficient and enterprising. After a long struggle with the Dutch and French Britain made the best use of her geographical position and by extending her lines of communication around the globe. The British Empire is the result of this extension which had to be secured by establishing stations everywhere. British trade, however, always advanced. Then in the nineteenth century the Government reluctantly followed and granted protection to the British flag. The history of the British Empire is that of its communications.

Analogous but more landbound is the case of the United States. The conquest of the interior is the history of the extension of communications. No wonder that the greatest Americans started in the service of intellectual or material communication; Franklin as a printer and postmaster, Edison by selling newspapers and as a railway telegraphist. We have some literature on the fascinating construction of the trans-continental railways, but that on canals and river-traffic does not do justice to the great performance.

The Russian post service for conveying passengers attracted the admiration of Europe before the construction of railways, and put Russia among the Great Powers. The experiment of the Soviet Union only became possible by re-establishing and extending the means of communication. During the last war and probably still to-day the Minister of Transport holds the key position. Russia, however, is still afraid of intellectual communication, as her whole system is based on a creed like that of the old oriental empires. This façade of stability and strength covers only weakness and limitations.

I mentioned at the beginning the importance of the phonetic alphabet. China and Japan did not accept it, and even Russia made intellectual communications more difficult by reverting to the Cyrillic. We should, however, consider also the shortcomings of the western countries, as in English the phonetic alphabet is used to hide the pronunciation, and

the enlightened United States do not allow the import of English books in bulk.

The conclusion to be drawn from these outlines is clear. The history of mankind is the development of society from the family and the tribe to the modern nation. This development is based on co-operation, which depends on the means of communication, on language, writing and other contact by technical means, on the exchange of ideas, experience, information, of products and men. By following this line we may gain a scientific basis for history.

F. HEPNER.

BRITISH INFLUENCE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

IN the Mediterranean as elsewhere the aftermath of totalitarian propaganda is still felt, even if its sources are different. The target is to undermine and eliminate all democratic Christian influences and, in the first instance, that of Great Britain. The technique consists in rubbing in falsehoods until they, or some of them, are subconsciously accepted. One of these is that British influence is hated everywhere, and the conclusion is often drawn by the Britisher: "Let us get out as quick as we can."

Here are the methods. Britain gives nothing to peoples under her rule and denies them the sacred principle of "self-determination of large and small nations," which can be easily achieved, they say, by expelling her and accepting the system applied in totalitarian régimes. In many cases the Press, in quest of exciting stunts, reports riots, mobs attacking British people and institutions, and no reference is made to the progress achieved under our rule. Vociferous extremists, however small in number, lead the campaign, often plunging their own country and people into chaos, hoping that it will bring them to power. Everything British is proclaimed bloodthirsty "Imperialism" and ruthless oppression by force of arms. In a recent extensive tour in the Mediterranean I made a point to talk to many local leaders: Arabs in Tripolitania and Cyrenaica, Jews in both those countries, Italians in Tripolitania, Egyptians in Egypt, Cypriots (of Greek as well as of Turkish origin) in Cyprus, Maltese in Malta and Africa, and the inmates of Jewish emigrant camps in Cyprus. Three conclusions emerged: (a) the overwhelming majority of leaders, as well as rank and file, are very little affected by this propaganda and, on the whole, hope that British influence, help and guidance will not be withdrawn, thus exposing them to totalitarian aspirations; (b) that all those vociferous groups of extremists are mainly organised from abroad; and (c) that this propaganda and its acceptance affects the British people there and at home more than anybody else. The direct result is the feeling of despondency, indifference, something akin to inferiority complex, taking the line of less resistance.

In Tripolitania and Cyrenaica the leaders of the Arabs unanimously declared that they want independence and close alliance with the Arab League, combined with the guidance, help and protection of Great Britain. The Jewish minority, being Seraphidi Jews and from time immemorial inhabitants of those countries, declared that they want to have nothing to do with the Ashkinasi Palestine political Jews. They hope that the trusteeship over these countries will be that of

Great Britain—the only country, they said, which gives a fair deal to minorities. The British Administration, they said, has provided help for all, Arabs, Jews and Italians, despite very limited possibilities in those areas according to the strict international obligation taken by Britain of “care and maintenance of occupied enemy territories” until U.N.O. decides the question of trusteeship. The same opinion was expressed even by the Italian minority, who realised that the only possibility of their progress lay in impartial rule under British trusteeship.

I was especially impressed by what I saw in Egypt, where Nationalism took the form of hysterical Chauvinism and xenophobia. A healthier current is now steadily developing. Egyptians of many types, especially those educated abroad or married to foreign girls, are entering the administration and the professions. Their attitude was: “We realise that Egypt can only progress and achieve success if it becomes the link between West and East”; hence a healthy compromise is their programme. A much greater number of Egyptians than can be judged at first sight have been badly hit by this outburst of xenophobia. Shopkeepers, men of different professions, not to mention the tourist guides, openly voice their complaints of this madness incited by mob riots. Mena House, the magnificent hotel where Mr. Churchill and Mr. Roosevelt had their historic meeting, with its many hundred rooms, is practically empty to-day. I was told by three Egyptians that the British people who hurriedly gave up their excellent businesses were replaced, not by Egyptians, but mostly by Frenchmen.

Here, again, some Egyptians asked me why it is that the French, whenever trouble happens in Madagascar, Indo-China or elsewhere, always suppress those turmoils and keep news about them out of the French papers, whilst in the British Press headlines appear about difficulties in such affected areas. When I pointed to the unpromising attitude of the Egyptian representative at U.N.O., they shrugged their shoulders and said: “Did not the Britishers have enough time to understand that we are essentially Orientals, and that as such our bargaining methods consist of asking the obviously impossible in order to receive in the process of bargaining the fair and just?” Under the flood of this anti-British propaganda the British seem to have lost, I was told, the elasticity they were renowned for, and now they would prefer to quit. As an afterthought they added: “We all hate Communism above everything.” This is true of all classes, especially since, as Moslems, they hate atheism and materialism.

I noticed the same in the Cypriots of Turkish origin, who form 18 per cent. of the population of Cyprus and are very anti-Communist and loyal to the British Crown. The population of Cyprus, nearly half a million, is chiefly of Greek origin, and here in the area of the Balkan Soviet expansion they are the focus of anti-British propaganda. Here the cry is: “The British must go, we want to join Mother Greece.” 30 to 40 per cent. of the Greek Cypriots are members of the Communist party. A few mayors are not only members of that party, but were trained at the Communist Academy in Moscow. Cypriot Greeks are lazy, leaving all the work to the womenfolk. They sit in cafés, smoke, drink coffee, and talk political extremism. Thus the Cypriot Communists have a large scope for propaganda. They take part in every election, whether municipal, church or any other, and often elect their candidates. For instance, the latest Exarch of the Greek Orthodox Church of Cyprus was elected chiefly by Communist

votes. In a long interview with him, to which he invited a number of his Cypriot adherents, he told me that all of them want the British to go, and wish to join "Mother Greece," adding that they do not want to be slaves of Britain, all the less since she does nothing for the Cypriots. When I asked him to explain what he meant by "slaves," he switched over to the English language (having taken his degree in the U.S.A.) and explained that he uses the word "slave" in the sense Aristotle used it, namely, that any person who does not rule himself is a slave. On the eve of his election a special Soviet envoy visited him, apparently, as he hinted to me, to talk about future plans of an Ecumenic Congress in Moscow under the supremacy of the Patriarch of Moscow, with the Greek Orthodox Patriarchs of the Near and Middle East and the Exarch of Cyprus. Obviously the Soviet plan is to proclaim the Moscow Patriarch the head of all those Churches. A few weeks later the Exarch Leonidas died, and the election of his successor passed in an atmosphere of pitched battles with Communists, though the newly elected was not their candidate. The same reasonings as those expressed to me by the Exarch were voiced in talks with the Cypriots of other States.

I took the opportunity to visit the whole island and saw the magnificent irrigation works carried out by the British Administration, turning the arid lands of the plains into most fertile lands with three crops a year. Fruit nurseries run by the British Administration, where the people are given fruit trees which bear fruit the second year after they are transplanted, bring large profits. The salaries and wages paid by the Administration to Cypriots are five or six times higher than pre-war, whereas the price of food and goods only rose by 50 per cent. There are no unemployed. Taxes are infinitesimal compared with England. A new grant of £6 million from England is coupled with a reform which builds up a fully representative body with consultative powers. The American copper mines, closed during the war, are reopening and giving well-paid employment. Yet the Cypriots of Greek origin, having accepted extremist propaganda, repeat in unison that England must go as she has done nothing to help them.

I visited the Jewish emigrant camps in Cyprus, speaking to them in their own tongues—German, Ukranian, Polish and Russian. When a new party arrives they are disinfected, given new clothes, kitchen utensils, blankets, laundry, etc.; every man, woman and child receives a full British Army ration, which was then about twice the civilian ration in England. In the neighbouring town of Famagusta an American organisation attends to their needs, including distribution of American food parcels. Inside the camp it is extremely clean. The chief camp doctor, an ex-inmate of Belsen, showed me the satisfactory health statistics. Apparently a great majority of the newcomers are full of various diseases contracted in the appalling conditions in the countries they came from. In a few weeks they are all healthy again except the extreme cases, which need many months of treatment. The average inmate looks very healthy. They train amongst themselves in military and physical drill, including women. 750 of them leave for Palestine monthly on a legal basis. The inmates were most friendly to me, each telling his sad story. The only complaint I heard was that their letters are censored, which involves delays for many weeks. In the middle of the camp they have their "Communal Centre" looking after the camp. Already on the approaches to it the atmosphere grew tense, and I was met by a group apparently running that

centre with the exclamation : " And you call yourself a Democrat ; you came to laugh at us ! " I answered that I had not yet opened my mouth, so how could they know ? I was ushered in by the leaders and they all told me that they hope, work and are prepared to die, if necessary, to see British rule end and that they will have Palestine and more than that. The leaders of that communal centre talked to me in perfect Russian, and I have very little doubt, knowing Eastern Europe well, that they were not Jews, but Russians. When I glanced at the walls I saw beautiful portraits of Lenin and Stalin and pictures of the Russian Revolution, and diagrams as to how to carry out civilian war in the streets against armies of occupation. Here, again, I saw how that poor inoffensive crowd, hoping for a better life in the Promised Land, were used as pawns by unscrupulous propagandists who care little about their well-being.

After hearing all these leaders had to say, I asked why, if they were so enthusiastic about the Soviet system and rule, did they not encourage all these victims of Europe to go and settle in the Independent Jewish Soviet Socialist Republic of Birobijan, which is as large as France, a very healthy and prosperous country, where there are but a few hundred thousand Jewish inhabitants ? To this no answer came. A week later I reached Malta and in the local papers I read that the inmates of those camps in Cyprus went on hunger strike, giving the reason that the British Administration were deliberately starving them to death. Every effort to prevent them from being friendly with the soldiers who look after the camps is made by those self-appointed " leaders." Missiles are thrown at the British soldiers and spitting in their faces is an everyday occurrence ; that is why recently the barbed wires were built round the camps in two rows at a distance of 10 to 15 yards from each other. The troops are not allowed to go into the camps, which are run entirely by the Jewish leaders themselves. Yet there is no kinder man than the " Tommy," who is ready to give away his rations and anything to help people in distress whatever race and country they belong to. This I noticed in Africa, in Germany, Austria, Italy and everywhere ; and it certainly would also happen in Cyprus if those poor creatures trying to find peace in the Promised Land were not pawns in foreign intrigues.

After depressing Cyprus it is refreshing to visit Malta and its magnificent population, which is moving towards self-government. Here there is complete harmony between the Administration (the Royal Navy is the Master) and the population. Communism has very little say, as the Maltese are genuinely and strongly Catholic. The Archbishop of Malta, a great man in spite of his small physical stature, is the uncrowned king of the island. With him I had many talks and what he told me was supported by my talks with many Maltese. The British Administration has done magnificent work and repaid gallantly for the harsh times during the war. Here, as in many places in the Mediterranean, two urgent problems arise. The first is water, the second the rapid increase of the population. Despite lack of shipping emigration is well on the way to a happy solution : all facilities are given. Moreover, the Maltese who emigrated to the U.S.A., Tripolitania, Australia, etc., have acquired such a good name that they are welcomed as settlers everywhere, and they stick together and help each other in every way. As to the first issue, the lack of water is seen to by the British Administration. Artesian wells are laid out, not an easy job, since, in order to get unsalted water, they must be

extremely deep. The rainwater is collected and irrigation is well on the way. The statistics show us that already by 1945 both Malta and Gozo achieved a record, nearly two million gallons, which years ago seemed an impossibility as the rainfalls are limited to some few months in winter. The figures of the growing budget of Malta are not less instructive. The import figures ten years ago are now four times as much. In 1936 the expenditure was nearing £1.5 million, and in 1946 nearly £4 million. Unemployment also affected Malta, but the Administration is doing its best. The dockyards still provide "gainful occupation" work to many of the 76,000 out of the 81,000 Maltese between sixteen and sixty-five.

Time and again I heard bitter complaints from the hardworking British Administrations abroad that people at home and those who come out as visitors take no interest in their work or in the aspirations of the local population, having accepted subconsciously the totalitarian propaganda that England and British influence is hated everywhere, and therefore that the best and, indeed, the only thing is to "get out." And yet, without this influence, without the democratic ideas of which the U.S.A. and England are so fully representative, the world is doomed to destruction and chaos. In the Mediterranean as elsewhere this is an urgent issue.

V. DE KOROSTOVETZ.

GEORGES DUHAMEL : A FRENCH GALSWORTHY.

WITHIN a few hours of the liberation of Paris in 1944 the French National Committee of Writers had made a short and dignified statement. They represented no one class of political thought or literary school. Old and young had formed this organisation in face of the mortal peril to their country and to civilisation. In the very darkness of occupation, they thus freed their conscience and proclaimed among themselves, and with infinite precautions, in view of the odds against them, to the outer world that freedom of the spirit without which truth is mocked and creative work impossible. They pledged themselves to strive for full victory and the new France and world security. The first signature to the little document was Georges Duhamel's, followed by those of Mauriac and Valéry. There were great writers in exile abroad—Maritain and Romains—but it is safe to say that the suffering and silence within the land brought forth sheer genius. The Indian journal, *France-Orient*, reproduced French pages written in subjection, pages that will last as long as the language. André Gide kept a diary which was printed in Algiers after his escape. But the true heart of anguish spoke in Duhamel, Mauriac, Elouard, Valéry, "Vercors," and Louis Aragon. It seemed all so futile that the German censor probably passed some of their lines. These literary artists adopted generally the tone of Mauriac's beautiful image depicting the Place de la Concorde, empty, deserted in the evenings, by enemy orders—"You would say that Paris, crouched on the banks of her river, hid her face in her folded arms."

I am glad Duhamel's name came first. Many of his war-time sketches are just descriptions of old Paris, of his youthful haunts, of his people, so well pictured in the Pasquier novels. The first German war had inspired him to write *Civilisation*. All his sensitive soul was poured into

that novel, probably the greatest literary product of its time. More selective, more spiritual than Barbusse or Remarque, Duhamel set down his human reactions to war as he lived it during four years of front-line service in the French Army Medical Service. His keen mind, both artistic and scientific, entitled him to interpret the reality, his reality. Such men have the right to speak. The influence of that war did not harden him : he has always risen above cynicism. Actually, his two long novel-cycles, the *Salavin* and the *Pasquier*, are set in the world before 1914 ; but his descriptions of civilised society were illuminated by a new vision of understanding sympathy.

Like his Laurent Pasquier, Duhamel grew up in Paris under conditions of economic stringency ; but with his natural gifts he won through to become a doctor of medicine and a writer of progressive views, interested in music and poetry. Laurent Pasquier is the young Duhamel. Then, soon after, he lived in another world, that of war. Here he performed many emergency operations, witnessed suffering stoically borne, unrelieved by any glamour except that of indomitable pluck. A change came over him ; set in his spiritual doubts, one noble flame burned steadfastly—his faith in the individual soul. His *New Book of Martyrs* was a cry of anguish and of vicarious suffering ; his *Civilisation* was a bitter satire on values revealed in the melting-pot of modern war. But the change came. Out of the wreck, Duhamel, with the tenacity of his peasant ancestry, built the works that form his monument and his indirect objective witness to the survival of the flame of his idealism. At his admission to the French Academy, he said : " We know that man alone, the individual, is capable of every fault and every excess ; yet, nevertheless, we find in him our surest, indeed, our only grounds for hope. He is imperfect, but perfectible . . . his virtues are the spirit of sacrifice, mercy, self-denial, renunciation." For Duhamel, no " -ism," except humanism, matters much, ultimately. He mentions the possession of the things of the mind and of the spirit : " Living garden, gift of man to man. How dark the world would be if we could not possess what we have earned ! How dismal the world would be if we were to possess and to love *only* what we have earned ! " So, after a visit to America, in one of his travel books, he says of the man *versus* the machine : " I know, Mr. Pickleton, I know, I see ; it's all admirable. Much more so, I admit, than the shops of my native village. . . . Everything sterilised on the grand scale. I repeat, everything admirable. Admirable and hopeless." Soon, however, he came to write : " One joy is surely the greatest in my life—that of being the father of a child." Is that not a confident expression of faith ? His ideas developed, searchingly, deep, in recent brilliant sketches and essays, those of *Fables from my Garden* and *The Defence of Letters*.

As a creative writer Duhamel will stand or fall by the *Salavin* Series and the *Pasquier* Chronicles. I believe he will live by the latter. " I must confess," said Henri Bordeaux, " that I prefer the *Pasquier* Chronicles to *Salavin* because I prefer people who are alive to those only trying to be alive." *Salavin* was a creature of the imagination studied pathologically by a man of science, with much of Proust's method for fathoming the unconscious mind. So, too, some of Jules Romains' characters in the fine novel-sequence, *Men of Good Will*, might have some of Monsieur Bernès' strictures applied to them : " *Salavin* is the symbol of all the ills that flesh is heir to, a résumé of all ways of missing happiness ; from him we learn that happiness is *not* to be found in intense self-examination at those times when one no

longer has the will to resist morbid impulses ; nor is it to be found in vague good intentions ; it does not even come from wilful acts of devotion and self-denial."

With the Pasquiers, Duhamel faced full reality and turned his back on illusion. His characters are part of countless humble little dramas of everyday life. In *The Notary from Le Havre* a family waits for years while an aunt's legacy is expected. All their actions are governed by this expectation, and every reader will share these sufferings and happiness found in all human beings. We feel their fortunes and sorrows. And how varied and individual the Pasquiers appear—the understanding narrator, Laurent, at the centre of things ; Dr. Raymond Pasquier, complex, headstrong father, full of faults, yet disarming ; the worldly successful eldest son, Joseph ; the mediocre second son, Ferdinand ; Cécile, the eldest daughter, a musical genius ; the lovely baby of the family, Susanne ; the mother, Madame Pasquier, the saint of the " little " things of life, the true conservator of their heritage. All move on a crowded canvas with Paris and France as a convincing background. Read all the Pasquier novels ; you will find that at some time or other you actually lived a part of these lives.

Duhamel observes and records, conscious of both the sublime and ridiculous in human nature. He is a dualist in his analysis of human personalities—half biologist, half humanitarian. He is pessimistic about outward progress, but holds to an underlying faith that man can and will win through. He can see two sides to every question. Duhamel's style is subtle, but, unlike Proust's, always clear in the expression of his thoughts. His thoughts are free, but always reasoned, ordered. That is why he loves music. He pleads for the individual's spiritual freedom, but, like Anatole France, he can, at the same time, see the necessity for self-discipline. Politically, he could, and would, endorse neither revolution nor dictatorship—the one as too disorderly, the other too severe a control. Ultimately, his concern is with the individual soul and the things of the human spirit which for him is divine. His background is typically French, but his study is mankind.

Duhamel, Doctor of Medicine, was born in 1884. After writing poetry and plays, he gained literary fame with two war books, the *New Book of Martyrs* and *Civilisation*, written almost at the bedside of dying soldiers—sincere, pathetic, with a strain of humour and filled with a keen sense of comradeship. He saw real men at close range and found his faith in the individual increased ; but his confidence in a civilisation based on scientific materialism was shaken. In *Civilisation* he presented a programme for moral and spiritual reconstruction. We must turn to a simpler way of living, find true joy in ourselves and in all that is most human around us. Material possessions and progress cannot make us happy—only the kingdom within our hearts can do that. You cannot build a man in the way you can a Detroit car. Love, nature, art, music, brotherhood, these will surrender to our best emotions. Duhamel's traditions are eternal ones, beyond systems and creeds, and may become ours through first-hand experience of life.

The Salavin books followed and told a story of human inadaptability in humble people. Salavin, sensitive and generous, just could not " belong " anywhere—he is a study in inhibitions and perhaps the story of mankind should it ever lose faith. In the Pasquier novels Duhamel gives the transparent account of his own early life and friendships. Laurent, the boy, questions life and wonders at its varying standards. Like Zola, and Galsworthy in the *Forsyte Saga*, Duhamel

traces the natural history of a family. These sketches offer no clear political programme, yet implied is the desire for a moral revolution to ensure social justice, prevent wars, and make the world no longer a garden of wild beasts.

How friendships, love of nature and the fine arts can make men happy, is revealed in *Fables from my Garden*, joyful with the charm of common things—flowers, animals, people, seen through the eyes of a scientist, nature-lover and philosopher, one who observes, reasons and understands with almost mystic insight. We must possess the world *in our hearts* by a sort of communion, by giving ourselves to others. So he depicts with deep sympathy his dog, Dick, and surprises the world's secrets; he wins happiness by learning pity for all sufferers groping along the path of destiny.

After more than thirty years of working and writing, Duhamel thus emerges as an integrated personality. His instinctive sympathy with and belief in humanity are the source of his finest creations. The years of war nearly destroyed him; but instead of shutting his eyes to the agony of reality, he accepts and tries to understand. Out of this acceptance, the artist has erected his faith in the divinity of man. His nearest parallels in modern literature are perhaps John Galsworthy and Romain Rolland. But his modesty will endear him to all who admire the silent heroism that never turned its back on human suffering nor closed its eyes to those queer, sensitive unhappinesses that at some time or another all of us have known. It used to be fashionable to class him with the "Unanimistes"—poets and artists, like Walt Whitman, Verhaeren the Belgian, and Jules Romains, all of whom drew their inspiration from crowds, from the teeming multitude of men and women. Yes, Duhamel has remained a democrat, for human life to him is holy ground.

The University of Tasmania.

L. A. TRIEBEL.

AFGHANISTAN AND THE NORTH WEST FRONTIER.

THE result of the recent referendum in the North West Frontier Province of India showed conclusively that of those who voted the vast majority were in favour of Pakistan. The fact remains that "those who voted" represented approximately only fifty per cent. of the electorate. Abstention from voting in India is not in the main due to any surly disapproval of the methods of Western democracy, but to ignorance or indifference on the part of the huge peasant and peasant-farmer population. It need not surprise us that an uneducated Indian countryman will not take the trouble to leave his fields, harness up the bullock to the cart, and travel eight or ten dusty and weary miles to the nearest polling booth, in order to record his vote in an affair which to him does not appear to have any direct bearing upon his life. And one must remember that Abdul Ghaffar Khan, the leader of the Redshirts (the supporters of the Congress Party) in the North West Frontier Province, called upon his followers to boycott the referendum, at the same time urging the establishment of "Pathanistan." The Redshirt leader can now claim that the fifty per cent. who failed to vote represented those who obeyed his dictum. Whatever we may think of such a claim, the fact remains that the North

West Frontier Province will now be incorporated in Pakistan, and even those who have not always considered Mr. Jinnah's tactics above criticism, cannot fail to condemn Abdul Ghaffar Khan's action over the referendum. It might have stirred up dangerous civil strife at a time when peace was essential for a satisfactory settlement.

More interesting than any effect which the Frontier Redshirt leader's call for a boycott may have had on the referendum, was the news that, some time before the referendum took place, the Government of Afghanistan approached the British Minister in Kabul and drew attention to an alleged desire on the part of the tribesmen of the North West Frontier to disassociate themselves from India. The tribes concerned are presumably those inhabiting territory between the Durand Line, which demarcates the frontier between India and Afghanistan, and the areas now commonly referred to as "settled districts," and would include the bulk of the tribes in Waziristan; in Afridi country, which lies on either side of the Khyber Pass; in the Mohmand country; some of the tribes in the Kurram Valley, and some in Baluchistan. Since the Durand Line was demarcated in 1893 all this tribal territory has been treated as part of India and administered by British and Indian Political Agents. The tribes have always had a very large measure of independence, which they exercise through the tribal "jirga" or council, the Political Agents holding a "watching brief" as regards British interests and assisting the tribes to improve standards of living.

Afghanistan's advocacy of the tribal claims may possibly indicate that the tribes are seeking to exchange Indian or Pakistan suzerainty for Afghan suzerainty. This would come as no surprise to the Indian Government. The tribes are linked with Afghanistan ethnographically, culturally, religiously, and linguistically. There is no intrinsic difference between the cis-frontier and trans-frontier Pathan. The same tribes extend right across the artificial and roughly demarcated Durand Line. The tribesman from India regularly crosses the frontier to visit his relatives or to graze his flocks. The same can be said of the Afghan tribesman. Annually in the autumn the nomadic tribes of Afghanistan stream over the border in thousands and sweep down to the warm plains of India. They return in the spring. Pathan outlaws from Indian territory slip quietly into Afghanistan and Afghan outlaws into Indian territory. Hundreds of miles of some of the wildest and most inaccessible frontier country in the world cannot be effectively policed, and as a result the tribesman can afford to ignore international boundaries. In any case he bears an exact likeness to his brother a few miles away across the border. It is only the college-educated Pathan of Peshawar or Quetta, the commercial man of the towns, and the "down country" Pathan, whose interests lie in India. The vast majority of Pathan tribesmen adopt the opinions of Afghanistan and look thither for direction and influence.

It is interesting to find Abdul Ghaffar Khan's call for a "Pathanistan" occurring at the same time as Afghanistan's advocacy of the interests of the Frontier tribesman. Abdul Ghaffar Khan has been a leader of the Frontier Congress Party for many years. His relatives, from the Prime Minister of the Provincial Congress Government downwards, have held important and influential posts in the Province, and one may therefore be forgiven for supposing that, now the Province is to come under the aegis of Pakistan, Abdul Ghaffar Khan is seeking new ways to retain his power and prestige. Without suggesting

that there is necessarily any connection between the Redshirt leader's latest attitude and Afghanistan's advocacy of tribal interests, there is a marked similarity between the two claims.

The boycott of the North West Frontier referendum may, therefore, have a greater significance for the new government of Pakistan than the more immediate issue. The danger spot lies, as Earl Winterton recently pointed out in the House of Commons, in the independent tribal territory. If Abdul Ghaffar Khan keeps up his agitation for Pathan independence he may jeopardize the peace and security of the Frontier, which British and Indian Political Agents have struggled so hard to maintain throughout the years of the British connection. To the average Englishman "North West Frontier" naturally brings thoughts of stirring Frontier campaigns, but the Frontier has changed since Kipling wrote, and even the film version of "Lives of a Bengal Lancer," which I saw for the first time on my return to England last year, proved to be a somewhat startling experience.

The Frontier has remained reasonably quiet in recent years because the administrators have taken great pains to satisfy the economic needs of the tribesmen. In the early years of the War tribal economics were largely solved by the demands of the labour market. The building of defences against a possible penetration by Germany via the Caucasus and Afghanistan provided employment and good wages for a countless number of tribesmen. The transport of materials, rations and supplies, enabled many Frontier tribal leaders to find wealth and prestige as contractors. Some Pathan tribesmen joined the Forces, exchanging a precarious livelihood on a hard and grudging soil for the comparative wealth and security of good rations and good pay. As the German threat receded, however, Frontier defences diminished in importance. Tribal labour and tribal contractors were no longer required to the same extent. With the final crushing of the Japanese, the Pathan soldier was demobilised and returned to his own country. The struggle for existence in a country of grey rocks and sparse cultivation recommenced, but now the political authorities had to satisfy the needs, not of men who had known no other life, but of men who had known something better and had returned to something considerably worse. Famine in India and world-wide scarcity were eventually felt in the most remote tribal areas, and if we see the character of the Pathan—proud, independent, courageous, fearless and sometimes treacherous—against this economic background, we shall recognise that much tribute is due to those hard-worked Political Agents who have maintained peace on the Frontier and have struggled to meet the economic needs of the tribesmen. But there are human as well as economic factors with which they have had to contend. Discontent is bred out of scarcity and is an asset to tribal agitators seeking to rouse hostility. Hostile tribes under the leadership of the Faqir of Ipi, who roused the whole of Waziristan against the Government in 1936 on a religious issue, have been quick to inflame any form of tribal discontent and to make the lot of Political Agents and friendly tribes more difficult by raiding, kidnapping, destruction of roads and bridges, and other outrages. It is only the firm control which Political Agents have exercised over the tribes which has prevented these outrages from developing into anything on a large scale. Their success can be measured by recent events in India, for, while areas further south have been wracked with all the tragic consequences of communal violence, tribal territory has remained compara-

tively quiet and the tribesman has not seized the opportunity which disturbance presented of large-scale plundering in settled districts.

Abdul Ghaffar Khan's call for Pathan independence may find an echo in many hearts in tribal territory. Indeed, in view of the Afghan Government's approach to the British Minister, the Redshirt leader's challenge would appear to be all but prophetic. Luckily he has little influence amongst the independent tribes. One of his sons, Abdul Ghani Khan, admitted to me shortly before I left India that his father's attempts to spread the Congress doctrine in tribal territory some years ago met with little or no response. He might do better with his "Pathanistan" challenge, but tribal leaders are jealous of the positions they hold and would be unlikely to welcome his interference. In any case, the Faqir of Ipi, in his obscure hide-out near the Afghan frontier, considers himself the supreme leader in tribal affairs in Waziristan and beyond, and the independence of the Pathan his own particular propagandist trick ever since he turned hostile. It must be remembered, however, that present hostile leaders were hostile to the Indian Government and should have no quarrel with the government of Pakistan. It would be in their own interests to come to terms.

Why has Afghanistan chosen to take up the cudgels for the Frontier tribesmen? It is less than seventy years since Yakub Khan, at that time Amir of Afghanistan, ceded the Kurram, Pishin, Sibi and the control of the Khyber and Michini Passes to India by the Treaty of Gandamak. We have already seen that the tribesman remains closely linked to Afghanistan and has no desire to shake off his unofficial allegiance, but there are other reasons for the interest which Afghanistan is now showing in tribal territory. The rising which led to the expulsion of King Amanullah in 1929 and enabled the present dynasty to come to power was a tribal rising. The stability of the present ruling house is absolutely dependent on tribal goodwill, and in recent years it has experienced a good deal of trouble from agitators and pretenders. These pretenders have usually made their appearance in the independent tribal territory of Waziristan, where they have succeeded in collecting small bands of supporters from both sides of the frontier on generally spurious claims of relationship to ex-King Amanullah. From time to time they have made raids and incursions into Afghan territory in the hope of stirring up a real conflagration among the Afghan tribes. The Indian Political Authorities have been remarkably successful in keeping cis-Frontier tribes in check and in preventing them from joining these Afghan nuisance-mongers. The Afghan Government has continued to show great uneasiness over these pretenders, however; not without reason, for the Afghan tribes remain as recalcitrant as ever. The year 1945, for instance, saw serious disturbances in the Eastern Province of Afghanistan precipitated by the over-enthusiasm of conscription officers. On this occasion, once again, it was the good offices of the Indian Government which prevented a large-scale migration of cis-Frontier tribes to swell the numbers of the Afghan insurgents.

Here, I believe, lies the real reason for Afghanistan's anxiety as to the future of Frontier territory. During recent months, she has no doubt been a somewhat perturbed observer of the internal trouble in India occasioned by the transfer of power. At times this trouble has spread dangerously close to the Frontier with disturbances at Attock, Peshawar, Tank and Dera Ismail Khan. Recently there has been open

admission in the British Press of the serious effect the wholesale retirement of British officers from India might have on the efficiency of the Army. Afghanistan may be forgiven if she asks herself whether the future government of Pakistan will be strong enough to exercise that successful control over frontier tribes which has been a characteristic of British rule.

When this article was written the greatest constitutional change in Indian history was so close that it was difficult to appreciate its full significance relative to Frontier affairs. Later happenings, however, notably in Kashmir, have only confirmed me in my belief that the successful settlement of Frontier issues will demand the utmost patience and untiring statesmanship in Pakistan, India and Afghanistan. Already the intervention of Mahsud tribesmen in Kashmir has brought the two Dominions to the verge of war. Will the withdrawal of troops from Waziristan and the abandonment of the "forward policy" eventually bring peace to this troubled area? This is a difficult question to answer. The peaceful penetration of tribal areas is a magnificent ideal, but will it remain simply an ideal?

ERNEST ODELL.

EGYPT AND THE NILE FLOOD.

THE Nile flood is one of Nature's most striking manifestations. Throughout the merciless summer not a drop of rain falls on Egypt's parched soil. But if you cross the Kasr el Nil bridge in Cairo on one of those humid late September evenings, you can see, swirling and roaring under the arches, the waters of a mighty torrent which a few weeks earlier was but a sluggish river. The reasons for this phenomenon puzzled the earliest Greek scientists and travellers. In the sixth century B.C. Thales of Miletus supposed that the flood was caused by the Etesian winds which blew from the north in summer and prevented the Nile from running into the sea. A century later the Greek historian Herodotus ascended the Nile as far as Asswan. He ridiculed the theory that the flood was caused by melting snow from the distant mountains of the north, but he had no better explanation to offer.

To-day, the Nile flood is no mystery. Fifteen hundred miles south of Cairo, in the Abyssinian highlands, the monsoons break in early June. Within a few days the Blue Nile, which has its source in Lake Tana, begins to rise rapidly. Soon a torrent of water is pouring into the White Nile which has received a steady supply all summer from the Uganda lakes. From Khartoum, where the two rivers join, the waters rush north towards Egypt. Some 250 miles north of Khartoum the Nile receives its last tributary, the Atbara. In early summer the Atbara runs almost dry. But the Abyssinian rains replenish its bed and bring a welcome release to the fish, turtles, crocodiles and hippopotami, imprisoned in the stagnant pools. It has been calculated that at flood time the Blue Nile contributes 75 per cent. of the water, the Atbara 15 per cent. and the White Nile only 10 per cent. The arrival of the flood water at Asswan is the event of the year for more than 60 per cent. of Egypt's population. For on the height of the flood depends the very existence of the "fellahin." It was the Nile that

gave birth to Egypt. Every square inch of cultivable ground has at some time or other been brought down by the river. And, like a vigilant mother, the Nile nourishes her offspring with unfailing regularity. Some years, it is true, she is too lavish with her gift of water and the country faces disaster from inundation. Other years the supply is too sparing and the threat of famine looms large. But throughout the millennia of Egypt's recorded history never once has the river failed to overflow its banks.

More than any country in the world, Egypt, the gift of the Nile, is entirely dependent on the annual flood for the irrigation of her soil. Without it she would soon be one with the deserts that stretch out to meet the horizon east and west of the narrow river valley. The first rise of some inches usually occurs at Asswan towards the end of June. Watchers on the banks observe the water level creeping upwards, at first slowly, then with increasing speed. As the current quickens, so the fertilising sediment, swept down from the Abyssinian uplands, stains the water a reddish brown. At the height of the flood the daily discharge increases from 30 million cubic metres to 600 million in a normal year, 1,000 million during a high flood. In May, when the river is at its lowest, the water takes forty-two days to travel from Khartoum to Cairo; in September it does the journey in fourteen days. The height of the flood is recorded on Nilometers. One of the most ancient is on Elephantine Island at Asswan and dates back to Pharaonic times. It is a stairway in the river quay wall. Built of hewn stones, it is marked with scales which record the level of the water. In Upper Egypt the average rise is 26 feet. As well as recording the water level, these ancient Nilometers, some of which have preserved readings for well over 1,000 years, furnish us with data to show that the Nile is silting up her bed at the rate of $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches a century. By about the beginning of October the flood reaches its maximum in Cairo. Here the average rise is 23 feet. Further north, in the Delta, both branches of the river and every channel are flowing at full speed. Even the sea itself is affected by the flood. It has been known to become discoloured up to a distance of several miles through matter conveyed into it by the river.

If the Nile flood brings relief to millions of Egypt's "fellahin," it brings nothing but anxiety to her few score irrigation officers. For while the river is flowing brimful, the banks have to be carefully watched. The pressure of the water is certain to reveal some weak points. In many places, especially in the Delta, the river runs above the level of the land. A breach in the bank might flood a whole district and destroy the homes and livelihood of thousands. For hundreds of miles along the embankments, sentinels are posted, at intervals of 100 yards or so, to give the alarm. Repair gangs are ready every few miles to rush to the breach. Irrigation inspectors are on the alert day and night. For on them depend the welfare and perhaps the existence of hundreds of thousands of their countrymen. They are called upon not only to watch over the river in time of flood but to conserve its supplies during the period of drought. The Egyptians owe a deep debt of gratitude to those English irrigation officers who in Cromer's time repaired and enlarged the irrigation system, which had fallen into such neglect that Egypt was hovering on the brink of starvation. Towards the end of September news of a fall in the river at Asswan is anxiously awaited. For the crops cannot be sown until the river goes down. For thousands of years agriculture depended entirely on

the action of the river. The "fellah" cast his seed on the mud which had been deposited by the flood. He tended his crop until the harvest in March or April.

The irrigation works, established in the Delta by Mohammed Ali, great-great-grandfather of King Farouk, allowed the "fellahin" to reap two and sometimes three crops annually. Perennial irrigation, which furnishes a supply of water all the year round, is essential in order to grow sugar and cotton, two of the world's most profitable products. It was Mohammed Ali who built the Delta Barrage, a few miles north of Cairo, to provide an artificial reservoir, and who dug drainage canals to prevent the land from becoming unfertile and silted up. The Barrage, which cracked soon after completion, stood unused and neglected when the British occupied Egypt in 1882. The canals, too, were found choked up with weeds and refuse. Thanks to British engineers and British capital the Delta made an immense contribution to the prosperity of Egypt. Subsequent to 1882 the cotton crop alone increased by nearly £1,000,000 annually. The regular irrigation of the land also increased the revenue which the Egyptian Government received from the Land Tax. For from time immemorial Egyptian law had recognised that the land which got no water paid no taxes.

It was British enterprise, too, that made perennial irrigation possible in Upper Egypt. Prior to the construction of the Asswan Dam (completed in 1903 and raised in 1912) Upper Egypt had depended entirely on the ancient Pharaonic system of basin irrigation. By this method only a minute portion of the flood water could be conserved and the bulk poured downstream and was wasted in the sea. The Asswan Dam, at one time the largest in the world, forms a vast storage lake, 100 miles in length. While the flood is at its height, the sluices are open to prevent the sediment in the flood water silting up the reservoir. When the sluices are closed at the end of the flood, this immense artificial lake provides a supply of water throughout the year to meet the needs of Egypt's rapidly expanding population. The Egyptian Government is at the moment considering a further raising of the dam to increase the capacity of the reservoir. In 1946 a hydro-electric scheme to be operated from the dam was approved by the Egyptian Government. When this is completed (it is estimated to cost £100,000,000) it will provide the whole length of Egypt (800 miles) with electric current for domestic and industrial use, and may well establish her as the workshop of the Middle East.

The dependence of Egypt on Nile water is clearly at the back of the Egyptian demand for the unity of the Nile Valley. The latest estimate of Egypt's population is 20,000,000, an increase of 4,000,000 since the 1931 census. Her capacity to increase the food supply depends on her ability to extend her cultivable area. It is thus essential for her not only to maintain but to increase the supply of water available for irrigation. At the moment the maintenance of her water supply is determined by the Nile Waters Agreement of 1929, which regulates the respective distribution between Egypt and the Sudan. This permits Egyptian irrigation officials to work up and down the Nile from their offices in Khartoum and Malakal (southern Sudan). So far this has proved an adequate safeguard. But Egypt fears the attitude of an independent Sudan, as anxious to extend her cultivable area as Egypt herself. Hence her incessant demand for unity with the Sudan, forced from her not for reasons of political prestige but of economic necessity.

An increase in the volume of water available for irrigation can only be obtained from sources outside Egypt. Four proposals have been considered and approved in principle by the Egyptian authorities. Three involve the construction of dams, at Merowe in the Sudan, at Lake Tana, in Abyssinia, and at Lake Albert in Uganda. The fourth is an ambitious scheme for diverting the waters of the Nile by cutting a channel, 200 miles long, through the swamps of southern Sudan.

The Egyptians hope that these projects will be realised in about a quarter of a century. At the moment there seems no obstacle, except a financial one, to their commencement. For Egypt shares in the administration of the Sudan and is on friendly terms with Abyssinia and Uganda. But who can forecast the political status of these three countries in 1975? Egypt will require some assurance that, in return for the millions spent on new reservoirs outside her territory, she will receive the water to which she is entitled. The most satisfactory solution of her problem would seem to lie in some form of international guarantee, which aims at harnessing every drop of water brought down by the Nile, to meet the growing needs of the nations inhabiting its banks.

MICHAEL PERRETT.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

FOOTNOTE TO A MONARCHY

IT is a well-known fact that the aggressor's technique, carried to an extreme of cynicism by modern Russia, seeks to camouflage its purposes by elaborate deception. It seems odd to innocent minds that the downright unblushing lie can be the instrument deliberately used by, for instance, the men who rule over Russia and the lands annexed by Russia.

Yet a specific instance, lately proved, deserves to be recalled because it typifies the whole. On December 30th last (see *THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW* of February last, pp. 121 *et seq.*) it was announced from Bucharest that King Michael had abdicated. There was issued at the same time the text of a personal statement alleged to have been made by him in explanation of the step thus taken. In the course of that statement the following words were put into the King's mouth: "I consider that the institution of monarchy no longer corresponds to the condition of life of our State, because it represents a serious obstacle to Roumania's development. Consequently, being fully conscious of the importance of my actions, which I am carrying out in the interest of the Roumanian people, I am abdicating the throne and renouncing all the prerogatives which I have exercised in my own behalf and in behalf of my successors." It was obvious to informed people that that document was a forgery, or the equivalent of a forgery. In *THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW* article above referred to, for instance, it was roundly surmised that the voice "was the voice of Stalin, not of King Michael at all."

We now have the confirmation from King Michael himself. Passing through London on March 4th, *en route* to the United States, he made a statement for publication. He said that the text of the Act of Abdication had been presented to him for his signature, after the Royal Palace had been surrounded by troops, and he was told by the

men who brought the document "that they would hold me responsible for the bloodshed which would follow as a consequence of the instructions already issued by them in case I should not sign within the time limit." King Michael did not write, nor approve, the document to which Russia's agents forced him to put his name. King Michael added in his London statement: "I do not consider myself bound in any way by the act imposed upon me."

RUSSIA RUNNING AMUCK

The last ten days of February completed the disillusion of many anxious people, and upset the composure of many phlegmatic people in that part of the world which we call the West. The capture of Czechoslovakia by Russia seemed at last to have tilted all the balances. On the last day of February—the leap-year 29th day—Senator Vandenberg in Washington said: "What has happened in Czechoslovakia and Finland makes it obvious that time is of the essence in doing whatever we want to do. Even those who oppose some portions of the E.R.P. are agreed that a decision should be made as promptly as possible." In Bristol Sir Stafford Cripps said: "You have only to look at the rest of Europe to-day to appreciate to the full the dangers that threaten." In Leamington Mr. Anthony Eden said: "The overthrow of Czechoslovakia is a danger signal which must inevitably remind the world of 1939. . . . The distance from London to Prague, let us remember, is little more than the distance from Land's End to John 'o Groats. . . . What is really required is immediate positive action on our own account." In Greenock Mr. Hector McNeil said: "The Communist parties in this country and in Western Europe are committed to a calculated policy of sabotage." The Archbishop of Canterbury in Lambeth said: "Creeping across Europe is a political power that denies all the things that in the English family we value above life itself." In Paris, M. Robert Schuman, the Prime Minister, declared that "France had no time to lose." The Italian Prime Minister, Signor Alcide de Gasperi, said in Rome that Communist "action committees" were organising for an attack upon Italy in the same way as the corresponding committees had organised in Czechoslovakia. In Frederickstad the Norwegian Prime Minister, Herr Einer Gerhardsen, said that the events in Czechoslovakia had caused "fear and discontent" in Norway and urged that Communism must be checked. Etcetera. All those statements were made during that one day. Ten days later, on March 10th, the suicide—if it was suicide—of Jan Masaryk added the final, silent word.

A glance at the map shows why Stalin, as Hitler before him, regards Czechoslovakia as important to his plans. But geography is not the only factor that makes Czechoslovakia important to Europe and to the world in the monstrous strategy now unfolding. The Czechs are an exceptionally gifted, industrious and serious people, to whose way of life the soulless materialism and brutish enslavement which are the purpose and achievement of the bolshevick aggressor are as foreign and as insupportable as they are to the British, the American, the Italian, the French or any other civilised people. The Russian thrust at the heart of Czechoslovakia is not merely another outrage. It is a symbol, unmistakable and final, of what is at stake in the world. The incidental question whether Dr. Edward Benesh's initial decision to conform to the accomplished fact and to stay behind with his people can be main-

tained, as Pétain maintained his in France, history has yet to answer. Let it be remembered that the Czechs are hardened warriors. Let it also be remembered that aggression, the usurpation by force of property that belongs to others, has a way, illustrated most spectacularly in living memory, of defeating its own object. Evil things do invariably defeat their object, because when God made the world He made it on infallibly good principles. In the first world war the Czechs were conscripted into the Austrian army to fight the Kaiser's battles. Before the war was over they were fighting on the other side—against the Kaiser. For resource, pluck and downright miracle of performance, that achievement has few parallels in all history. In resistance technique the Czechs are as experienced, as formidable and as unconquerable as the Poles.

While, therefore, it is true that this Communist evil now rife in the world is the direct result and penalty of civilisation's error in our time—the two world wars being the historic manifestation of that error—it is also true that evil of every kind bears within itself the seeds of its own destruction. Those seeds are nurtured by the very success, or apparent success, of the aggression itself. When Hitler spread over Europe, he undermined himself; not only because he galvanised against himself the opposition of all good people outside the scope of his aggression, but also because he incorporated within that scope such foreign and hostile elements as worked steadily for his undoing. Aggressive expansion is a cumulative process, not of strength, but of weakness. Only a fool can be an aggressor: the Kaiser, Hitler, Stalin are the modern instances. The first two have already gone the way of their folly; the third is *en route*. The tactic, not merely of allowing the Trojan Horse to enter, but of forcibly dragging him in, is a remarkable perversion of strategic common sense. Hitler did it. Stalin has done it. Within his own camp Stalin has enrolled millions of Poles and millions of Czechs, working secretly against him—brought in by himself, as it were, gratuitously. Totalitarian tyranny starts, of course, with the advantage, as Hitler intended. But it cannot last, as Hitler discovered. Why not? Because man is not a beast of the field that can be herded and driven according to the plan of a human "master-mind." Man is himself the master-mind, made, as President Truman observed in his Message to Congress on January 7th last, in the image of the Father. Man is a miracle of God's making, instinct with God's own resource, sustained by the grace of God. When evil and foolish men, the Napoleons, the Hitlers, the Stalins, think to usurp the function of God and to establish their own control over the creatures of God, they pit themselves against Omnipotence. The limit that is set to the folly of a foolish man is precisely the Omnipotence of God. Because a fool is foolish he does not see what otherwise would be obvious to him.

But, it will be objected, what is the consolation to be derived from the ultimate discomfiture of a fool if in the meantime we all have to suffer for his folly? What consolation was in fact derived from the inglorious death or suicide of Adolf Hitler in his own cellar, when the world had been harried and torn, lives lost, hearts broken, minds unhinged by the million; and what consolation is to be expected from a corresponding deflation of Stalin's folly, if in the meantime we are to face another, and an even worse, holocaust of the innocents? The answer is that the victims, some of them, even many of them, may be innocent; but more of them are not. We have to go back beyond Stalin, and beyond Hitler, if we are to dig for origins. Wisdom is a

formidable challenge, and it brooks no compromise. It served the purpose of war-time propaganda to blame everything on Hitler, who, though the load on his conscience was exceptionally heavy, was not exclusively to blame. Hitler himself was a product, not an original cause. The like truth applies to Stalin. It happens that we live in an age of horrible exaggeration, in a world almost unbelievably raw, where decency and idealism seem to have tumbled, and mankind is desolate, hurt and sick. Big facts portend big causes. The human spirit, made by God and therefore intelligent, cannot weakly capitulate to defeat. The challenge has to be met. Why these wars? Are we in for another? There is something wrong. What is wrong; and what is the cure?

When a doctor sees a patient who is sick, it is his business to find out what is wrong and to do his best to put it right. In this analogous circumstance of a sick world, can there be the slightest doubt in any observant mind that what is wrong is precisely the habit of war itself? Of war, which of its nature cannot do good (though omnipotent God can bring good out of the evil), but can only do harm to everyone concerned, and which is the direct negation of Christian principle? Yes, but, objects the weary patient, we are trapped and helpless. No one (except Hitler) wanted the last war; no one (except Stalin) wants the next. We are dragged into it; we have no control over it. Such is the complaint of many earnest and honest people. If the complaint were truly grounded, then despair would be the only possible consequence and Stalin would be right in his atheism. And Stalin is not right. Therefore, we are wrong in our complaint.

Let the argument, which is essentially clear, be faced. First, it is clear that if we had a war with Stalin we should produce something in the world still worse. We defeated the Kaiser and produced Hitler; defeated Hitler and produced Stalin; if we defeat Stalin—by war—we shall produce something still worse. It is *war* as the method that is wrong. Then what alternative method is available? The answer is two-sided. When Mr. Gandhi preached non-resistance he confined his doctrine to one side of the problem; and one-sidedness is necessarily incomplete. By itself the notion of non-resistance to evil is itself evil, because it is our business on this earth to know, to love and to serve God; and that business involves, even demands, resistance to evil. But—this is the kernel of the matter—evil can be resisted only by good. One form of evil cannot be resisted by another form of the same thing. In other words, before mankind can defeat atheist communism it must prove itself to be of a better moral quality than atheist communism. The reason why the wars with the Kaiser's Germany and with Hitler's Germany were unavailing of any decent outcome was that both sides were essentially, though not equally, tainted with the same fault. It was not a case of half a dozen of the one and six of the other; but of, say, eight of the one and four of the other. Now the majestic thing in God's creation is that nothing short of perfection will serve. Compromise and broadmindedness on fundamental things are nonsensical. If you believe a certain thing to be true, you cannot surrender the smallest little bit of it. A big balloon with a small hole in it is useless: the hole might as well be big as small. The application of this simple fact to international affairs suggests that aggression cannot be eliminated from the agenda until there is a dominant mass of world opinion set fairly, truly, and essentially against it. So far in the history of our civilisation the wars have by contrast been the competition of one set of bandits against another. The word bandits may

sound hard, but is fairly descriptive, despite the misdirected heroism and self-sacrifice involved in the performance. Self-deception in international affairs is one of the easy things, and one of the most dangerous, because it is deliberately cultivated. We are all apt to think that our cause is just ; wherein perhaps is reflected the eternal goodness of the human heart, which, though it be in a muddle, yet seeks instinctively what is good and rejects what is bad. Hitler had to appeal to what was good in the German character to elicit support for his cause. His cause was bad, and the appeal was wicked ; but the fact that even he, bad man as he was, had to pretend (whether from original wickedness or from self-deception, God alone knows) that his cause was morally good, proves the eternal dominance in the world of the good over the bad motive. Hitler was inevitably defeated because his cause was worse, much worse, than our own. But we did not " win " in any essential sense because our cause in its degree was also bad.

At the present, probably decisive, climax of world relationships the circumstance of horror merely measures the importance of the choice to be made. The world cannot go on for ever creating unnecessary havoc in the amenities provided by God for our comfort and our use. When evil practices persist something happens to enforce a show-down. In present circumstances it is impossible for any person of ordinary intelligence not to think furiously and objectively about the mess we are in : for the mess is too bad to be trifled with. From one end of the world to the other there is something like a state of flux. There is Communist disturbance and menace in China as well as in Central Europe. The competitive campaigns of terrorism and atrocity in Palestine are obviously without sense or reason. Idiotic imperialist issues suddenly arise between Britain and the Argentine, Chile or Guatemala. Communist riots break out in Accra in the Gold Coast of Africa. The former India splits into separate countries, Pakistan and the new India, and they fly at each other's throat. Gandhi's was a voice crying in the wilderness. As Eastern communism spreads over half of Europe the still free Western States begin consultations about a defensive Western Union, and the United States speeds up its plans for helping Western Europe to stand fair and square against the menace. Germany is torn in two between the East and the West. In whichever direction we look the spectacle is the same : instability, conflict, chaos, without a readily recognisable reason.

But there is reason in all things. Therein lies the challenge, which no ordinarily intelligent person can ignore. We are being forced to think deeply, to lift the argument above the level where, for instance, the rival claims of Britain and the Argentine to the Falkland Islands are one of the ruling passions, and to ponder upon the underlying causes, passions, mistakes which in our time have turned the world into a nightmare.

In such a mood, where reason and wisdom assert their sway over vulgar animosity, the events of the past half-century assume a consistent complexion and explain why Stalin's Russia can annex half of Europe, and why the atheist materialists seem at this present time to have the initiative and the advantage over those more harmless people, professing Christians, who wish no harm to anybody. The harmless Christians are being woke up. It is not enough to be harmless. Negative things in God's miraculous world are not good enough. It may be uncomfortable to be woke up ; but it is salutary. What, then, is the particular chain of cause and effect which in our time has linked the

Kaiser with Joseph Stalin? So much has happened since 1914 and the old passions have given way to passions so much more lurid that common sense and objectivity about the Kaiser is no longer in danger of being construed as sedition in a British commentator. We can now talk calmly about Hitler without fear of condemnation as a crank. The British Empire—let the cold truth be given its head—was in many ways a fine political concept and did untold good to many peoples throughout the world. The British Navy by its very existence quelled many political storms in advance. Under the shadow of its power the world more or less had peace in a major sense. The big disturbances at any rate were ruled out. But the position enjoyed by the privileged citizens of the Mother Country which so urbanely, so efficiently governed that mighty Empire, inevitably gave rise to covetousness and envy in others. Germany, a race of gifted men, was stirred to emulate so great a manifestation of worldly glory; and in the half-century that preceded 1914 she started a colonial empire of her own in darkest Africa.

Perhaps it was a hard test for the British character; but what realist to-day would not a thousand times rather we had surrendered some part of our preponderance in the world to a German share in it, than survey the present scene that confronts us in the alternative? The war of 1914-18 was in essence a war against German uprising as an imperialist Power. It may be that some form of imperialism, incontrovertibly transcended into trusteeship, is in itself a good thing, at any rate for transitional purposes in the march of civilisation. Before 1914, however, we had not quite reached those heights; and tragedy was our portion. The raw rivalry between the British Empire and a German upstart, which was the true origin of the first world war, came to be waged with all the horror that the accumulated wealth of a century could pay for, and it came to involve in its havoc the whole earth. If we had been wiser than we were we should have seen that the horror was a warning: that selfish competition for the spoils, conducted with all the power that the new scientific and industrial equipment made possible, could lead only to impartial disaster all round; and that the better part was unselfish, enlightened, imaginative co-operation and partnership. We did not learn that lesson. After 1918 we and the French—especially the French—were concerned more to prevent another outburst of German rivalry in the future than to make a businesslike deal with Germany.

Fear was by now a ruling passion. Disarmament, a cause that presented itself academically to minds that had learnt half the lesson, proved to be a fiasco in the attempt that was made in 1932 to achieve it. The evil of war had let in the evil of fear, which gripped men too tightly and prevented wise policies. Hitler arose, a cunning device of the Devil, to make the worst of the human catastrophe. By 1939 fear was the ruling passion throughout the world. At all costs—at all costs—Hitler, according to the fashionable argument on our side, had to be defeated. The tragedy had run full circle; because fear was now so dominant in men's minds that the cost was not even counted. When Russia, that Communist atheist tyranny that was one of the incidental by-products of the first world war, an evil product of an evil cause, loomed on the horizon as a potentially effective factor in the outcome of the second world war, the tragedy stalked unchecked over the devastated fields of man's intelligence. The over-ruling passion was the defeat of Hitler at all costs. Russian help in that objective was welcomed with both hands, the cost not even being considered. The

obsession with Hitler blotted out the very fact of Stalin except in so far as he came partially into the scope of that obsession. The Western Powers were blind; blinded by an obsession. Even Mr. Winston Churchill, a born leader and strategist, a man of humour, of humanity, of unbounded courage and of a lively imagination, was blinded by that obsession. Almost every human virtue he possessed and exercised, but he had no vision. His vision was blotted out by the obsession. He grabbed at an evil instrument that came to his hand, ignoring in his obsession the elementary truth, cardinal to every aspect of human welfare in God's infallibly ordered creation, that good ends cannot be achieved by bad means.

Probably history has not contained a harder challenge to the wisdom of man. Was Russian help to be accepted, or was Hitler to be allowed to establish his evil sway over the earth? Was not this a choice of evils, and is it not conformable to the Christian teaching that if two evils menace, the smaller evil must be chosen? Perhaps Mr. Churchill did not consciously put the question to himself in that precise form. The last thing in the world that Mr. Churchill can be accused of is of being a prig. There is far too much of the healthy schoolboy in him. No doubt if not literally true, it is symbolically fair that his attitude was expressed in the words that report attributed to his lips: "We will beat the blighters, even if we have to live on porridge." In the event, we had to do worse than live on porridge. We had to accept, or rather we did accept, Russia as an ally. What, then, would have been the wise answer to the dilemma between accepting Russian help and being beaten (supposedly) by Hitler? If Russian help, the help of a materialist, atheist, evil tyranny, was wrong in itself, then it should have been rejected without hesitation or reserve, and, as a matter of faith, the consequences, whatever they might be, should have been faced. If Russia were involved in war with Germany, then the fact could have been accepted, even gratefully accepted, as a windfall. But not a tank, not an aeroplane, not a shell should have been shipped to equip her. Still more, no word should have been said to boost her, nor to boost her agents, such as Tito. Yet we did boost Stalin and we did boost Tito.

Russia was a co-belligerent by accident. We made her an ally by deliberate folly. Those monstrous conferences at Yalta and Potsdam were the legacy of that folly. And the penalty has to be paid for mistakes made in the moral field, even though they be made in moments of moral blindness. The spiritual hurt may be condoned and wiped out by the fact of initial blindness and subsequent sorrow and penance; but the material consequence and penalty have to be faced. If we plant turnips by mistake for potatoes, we reap turnips, no matter how sorry we are for our mistake, nor how much we want potatoes. The world has reached the point where we are reaping the harvests of the wrong sowings.

But in the mercy of God that is not the end of the story. Though it be true that we deserve what we get, we are in the longer view protected by the very infallibility of the good order in God's creation. Evil things tend to destroy themselves. Though at this moment we cannot see how the process will evolve, we may be sure that the materialist, Godless, evil tyranny which we call communism is working for its own destruction. The incorporation within its own province of such elements as the Czechs and the Poles is one obviously contributing factor to its ultimate undoing. The masses of the Russian people themselves, who are human beings and the children of God, are another factor, though

the factor works slowly. The few Russian Churches still left open are filled with the faithful—a remarkable fact because for a generation the tyrants have decreed the suppression of religion; vainly decreed it. There are some things that tyrants cannot do. They can shoot people. They can force people outwardly to conform to certain conditions. They cannot touch the spirit of man, which is sustained by an omnipotent God. The bolsheviks do not understand, and in their folly they ideologically claim not to recognise, miracle. Yet miracle is the strong foundation of all life.

When the materialists sweep over Europe and enslave the lovely country that is Czechoslovakia, what is to be our reaction? War? Certainly not. It was the other wars that made the bolsheviks, as one evil makes another. The intensity of the world's tragedy leaves us with no alternative but to be realist in our thought. Come what may, we must base our thought on our faith—and what will come will not be what the craven fear but what the faithful confidently expect. Has the world's tragedy not even now convinced mankind that our only hope is in miracle, that is, in the help and contrivance of Almighty God—Who can work for us only in so far as we make of ourselves the willing and passive instruments in His Hands? The answer, the only answer, to communism is the full acceptance in the West of the Christian faith. Miracle will do the rest. At the moment of France's collapse in the summer of 1940, Mr. Reynaud declared: "I believe in France, because I believe in miracle." France lives. Hitler is dead.

GEORGE GLASGOW.

March 10th, 1948.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.

THE FIRST EUROPE.*

Delisle Burns wrote the preface to this book in 1941; he was correcting the proofs at the time of his death in 1942. Sufficient paper on which to print it was only procurable in 1947. For a just appreciation of the work two considerations must always be borne in mind. Despite its title, *The First Europe*, the theme is "the changes in the climate of opinion in Western Europe in the so-called Dark Ages"; for the world of East Rome Mr. Burns shows neither sympathy nor understanding. And, further, this book is confined to the discussion of social institutions in transition: it was to have been followed by a study dealing with "the changes in the moral standards and the philosophical views of the universe and of man in the early Middle Ages."

It has been customary to regard the centuries 400 to 800 as simply a period of decline in Western Europe, as marking the end of the classical civilisation of the Mediterranean lands. The interest of this book is that it seeks to trace those social changes which during that period were creating something new, were building the foundations on which the later Middle Age would come to rest; its aim is not merely to chronicle destruction but rather to discover the fresh beginnings in social life. "In history," Collingwood wrote, "there are no mere phenomena of decay: every decline is also a rise." It is only the historian's personal failures of knowledge or sympathy which hide from him this double character, at once creative and destructive, of any historical process. "When social changes occur," writes Mr. Burns, "it is misleading to think of them as the decay of an earlier system. Biological metaphors

* *The First Europe: A Study of the Establishment of Medieval Christendom A.D. 400-800.* By C. Delisle Burns. Allen & Unwin 1947.

applied to types of civilisation misrepresent the facts." And so the question which is raised in this book is essentially the relation between armed force and moral authority in the art of government and in social organisation during a period of transition. Moral authority Mr. Burns describes as the influence which keeps most men's actions within the limits of established custom even when there is no external force operating upon them. The purpose for which power is used and at least some partial achievement of that purpose, these alone give moral authority to those who hold power. When the centralised rule of Rome was overthrown and its place was taken by many barbarian kingdoms, moral authority was gradually rebuilt by the bishops of a Church which was confined to no single kingdom but spanned the newly formed localisms, while the unity fashioned by the Church disregarded or treated as trivial the differences of race or language. The Church taught its converts that the distinction between right and wrong can survive the collapse of a world, that there is a permanent basis for moral authority. Before barbarian kings the bishops held up, a Christian ideal of conduct. Already in Orosius, Mr. Burns remarks, the word "Roman" is beginning to mean the unity of a civilisation based upon the Church.

And thus as one studies the decline of the old world one can observe the new formative elements. The town loses its importance and life becomes agricultural; the channels of trade and manufacture no longer carry the merchandise to wide distances: man's life has a narrower range and localism triumphs; food, for example, is grown for local distribution and consumption. In the general insecurity men seek the protection of the powerful and serfage tends to take the place of slavery. The separate barbarian kingdoms create the basis on which in the course of time national states will develop, just as the fortress of this First Europe will later become the baronial castle of the Middle Ages. Barbarian kings are illiterate "savages"—even Theodoric the Ostrogoth and Clovis the Frank for Mr. Burns are both "savages." And so the whole range of Roman *civil* administration passes into the hands of the clergy—poor relief, what was left of education, even administration of justice. The educated layman of the type of Cassiodorus or Boethius dies out, it is again only the men of the Church who carry on a tradition of culture. This First Europe is no longer tied to the shores of the Mediterranean Sea. It faces to the north—to England and to Northern France; it is from England that Christian missionaries such as Boniface, supported by the Papacy, undertake the conversion of the pagan Germans.

Mr. Burns has indeed given us a suggestive picture of the new social relations as they developed in the period which forms the Great Divide between two worlds. But some doubts persist. Mr. Burns has read Arnold Toynbee's *Study of History* and makes frequent reference to the evil influence of "Archaism," but it is not clear what precise meaning he attributes to the word. For Professor Toynbee archaism is "a deliberate self-conscious policy of attempting to swim against the stream of life." Is there ground for thinking that the First Europe suffered from any such policy? Professor Powicke has written recently: "No way of life is archaic so long as it is natural and satisfying to those who live it. It becomes archaic when it is consciously assumed or retained as a pose." Mr. Burns is convinced that actual regression in the art of government always results from the study of ancient books. "This," he tells the reader, "is called 'archaism.'" But was the authority accorded to the Bible by the folk of Europe's early Middle Ages a conscious pose? Was it not rather part of their natural thought-world, no mere "loitering about the tombs of a dead civilisation," no mere "seeking a gospel in a graveyard"? If the term archaism is to be usefully employed its precise significance must be more closely defined.

One of the doubts which persist in the reader's mind is the curiously unsympathetic treatment in this book of Christian writers and Christian thought. To take one sentence: "In the sixth century the ridiculous conception of a State or system of government as a separate world of its own had already begun to throw its shadows upon the theory and practice of politics." And

if your monarch is sovereign by the grace of God and is charged by God with an œcumenical mission, is the idea that your State forms a world of its own so ridiculous a conception? If you were persuaded of the truth of that idea, would "Republics or Presidents or popular legislative assemblies" appear to you to be, in the words of Mr. Burns, "more civilised institutions"? It may be true that "it is difficult in the twentieth century to appreciate the climate of opinion in which scriptural texts can be used in support of current ecclesiastical or other policy," but the attempt must be made.

Mr. Burns had read the original texts, but had he really lived with the authors of those texts until they yielded up some intimate comprehension of their thought-world? The student of early medieval history must stay for a long while in the House of the Interpreter.

(DR.) NORMAN H. BAYNES.

WORDS IN ACTION.*

This book, completed shortly before the author's death and, in his own words, a "reconstruction" of his *Writing of English*, is both inspiring and disconcerting. In the forty years since *The Writing of English* appeared, methods of English teaching have improved very considerably, and this is due in great measure to Sir Philip's enthusiastic guidance; but that the results of the improvement should be so slight as his records reveal is disconcerting in the extreme. Unfortunately there is no refuting the evidence he adduces. It comes from people in all ranks of life. Educationists, soldiers, professional bodies, business men, tell the same story—that the men with whom they deal "have the greatest difficulty in saying, or writing, what they mean." The sorry conclusion seems to be that English teaching does not strike home, and English scholars like Professor Dover Wilson and Mr. George Sampson emphasise that this is so.

Sir Philip, in looking for reasons and remedies, assures us that in America, Germany and (surprisingly) France, authorities are gravely dissatisfied with the inability of pupils to express themselves in their mother-tongue; and yet, from experiments made by the author in Manchester and London, among schoolchildren and working-men, it is evident that expression can be taught. These suggestive experiments are the most significant part of this book; and possibly the most valuable among them are those which show a class discussing its work, justifying its choice of words, and getting a grip on what it wants to say. By the time the book appeared many of Sir Philip's suggestions had had forty years to flower, and yet people had not learned to express themselves clearly. Are we to be forced to conclude that the weakness lies not in the method but in its exponent? That only the rarely gifted, "the very great, the very few" can teach the mother tongue? And if this is so, what hope have we? Perhaps there is a hope not explicitly touched on by the author, though it is inherent in a teaching difficulty peculiar to the subject. Unlike history or the higher mathematics, speech has been a part of life from infancy, and the forms it may take in the home, the street, the cinema, have an insidious effect. The English master has to deal with a mass of matter which his pupils have been assimilating all their lives, and the sublimation is a delicate process that cannot be hurried. More English teachers, with time allowed them, are needed if the improvement expected by helpful critics is to be achieved; English is not a school subject like any other: it is the means by which all subjects are taught. But till that happy day dawns, Sir Philip's book will be a rallying call. Though the power to "mobilise language and make it fight"—as an American, speaking of Mr. Churchill, put it—will always be the privilege of the few, the title "*Words in Action*" should be a challenge and an inspiration to the many teachers at present struggling to hold aloft the banner of a clearer, cleaner English.

J. R. NICOLSON.

* *Words in Action*. By Sir Philip Hartog. University of London Press. 8s. 6d.

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THE ITALIAN ELECTIONS.

FEW general elections can ever have been contested so vigorously, or have imposed such a strain upon the main participants, as that which has just been concluded in Italy. Two months before polling day the campaign opened in earnest, and thereafter there was no rest for the party leaders, and many of the candidates, from writing, travelling and speaking until the urns were sealed. Geographical circumstances increased what would in any case have been made an onerous task by the duration and intensity of the fight. "Italy is too long," as one of the party leaders sighed to me in Rome. It is a fact seldom realised—I did not realise it myself until it was pointed out by Mr. Cecil J. S. Sprigge—that Turin is nearer to London than it is to Brindisi. This natural fact, which was one of the difficulties in the conversion of Italy from a "geographical expression" into a unified State, impressed itself abundantly upon party leaders who were conscious of the necessity of winning the suffrages at the same time of the workers of Milan and the peasants of the *mezzogiorno* and Sicily.

As is now known the Christian Democratic Party has won these suffrages to an extent that seemed even one month ago to be impossible. With more than 300 of his followers returned as deputies, De Gasperi has an absolute majority over all other parties in the Chamber of 574 members. The strength of the democratic tradition in Italy despite a quarter of a century of Fascism was shown by the seriousness with which the Italians conducted the campaign and the order with which they polled; but it is shown even more by their good sense in giving this decisive majority to the party which most nearly corresponded to their wishes, despite the very large number of parties before the electorate and the tendency of proportional representation to encourage weak government. But De Gasperi need not count only on his own followers. In the Socialist Union (Independent Socialists) and the Republicans he has reliable allies, who will bring his total voting strength to about 350. In a "showdown" with the Communists he would also be able to count on the support of less reliable allies in the various splinter parties of the Right, though it is a relief that he does not have to rely on them, and a further tribute to the sound parliamentary instincts of the Italians that they received little support. Against him will be ranged rather less than one-third of the Chamber, i.e. about one-half of the Government's voting strength, comprised in the so-called Democratic Popular Front of Communists and Nenni Socialists. The Front has undoubtedly suffered a major reverse, which only proportional representation has saved from being a rout. The question now is: will the Front be prepared to accept the verdict of the polls and content itself with the rôle of a strong parliamentary opposition? No one can be certain, but the chances are against its "taking to the hills." For one thing, it is divided among itself. Even before the polling, the former Socialist Minister, Romita, showed some signs of breaking away, and chagrin at their association with the Communists is growing among the Nenni Socialists. The fact that the Communists are complaining that

they are being denied a share in the Government, does not suggest that they are contemplating life in the hills. If they should take such a decision, Scelba, the Christian Democratic Minister of the Interior, who made such excellent arrangements for a fair poll, has strong forces in readiness. Most important of all, the Italian people are not in the mood for revolution; they want peace and work. De Gasperi has had a gruelling few months—twice he fainted in the course of the campaign—but he has been justly rewarded by the Italian people.

If it was the most intense general election conducted since the war, it was also the most important. After the swift fall of Czechoslovakia, it became clear that Italy was the next bastion of Western democracy chosen for the Communist assault. The omens were favourable for the Kremlin. Not only was the Italian Communist Party one of the most powerful Communist parties outside Russia, under an astute Moscow-trained leader in Palmiro Togliatti, but thanks to the personal history and predilections of Pietro Nenni the policy of infiltration into the Socialist Party, which had been so often rebuffed in the United Kingdom, and had also since the war failed in France, had succeeded in Italy in making large numbers of Socialists throw in their lot with the Communists. And what a prize was to be gained! Italy dominated by the Communists, with enough Socialists in office to deceive workers throughout the world, would have made the dream of Western Europe impossible of realisation. France would have been sensibly weakened by the new danger of a "stab in the back." The way would have been open for a more successful assault on Spain, where the continued existence of Franco's régime, despite the censure of the United Nations, was felt as an affront to the authority of international Communism. Even without the colonies, a Communist Italy, jutting right across the British lines of communication through the Mediterranean, would have been a menace to British standards of life and the British way of life; and with the North African coast under its control as well, Moscow would have had its hands on the jugular vein of the chief moral obstacle to its pretensions.

If Moscow and the Moscow-trained leaders of the Italian Communist Party were fully alive to the necessity of winning the elections, the democratic Powers were hardly less conscious of the need. From the start it was an international fight; or, as the *Economist* so aptly described it, a by-election in the struggle between the democratic Western Powers and totalitarian Russia. In the Italian cities it was largely a campaign of posters—what quantities of paper must have been consumed in the process!—and even the most casual reader could not fail to be impressed by their international character. Bevin, Bidault, Truman and Stalin were the names seen most on the walls. "Bevin wants to restore Trieste to Italy: he can restore our colonies" was typical of Communist propaganda. An invitation to voters to turn up at the Communist headquarters on April 1st, when they would find gifts of food from Russia, was a Christian Democratic effort. Foreign affairs play so small a part in British general elections that it is hard for us to catch the atmosphere of the recent campaign in Italy; but international affairs have always played a bigger part in the Italian Press and Italian elections. The Italian elections were, in fact, decided in Czechoslovakia; and the result may be not less important in the history of Europe than the battle of Lepanto.

This was the first election under the new Constitution of the Italian Republic, approved by the Constituent Assembly on December 22nd,

1947. On this first occasion the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies were elected on the same day, but as the constitution gives the Chamber a life of five years and the Senate a life of six years, this is exceptional. The Senate is elected on the basis of so many senators for each of the nineteen regions into which Italy is divided. There is required to be one senator for every 200,000 inhabitants (or remainder greater than 100,000), with the proviso that no region shall have fewer than six senators, except Valle d'Aosta, which shall have one only. This accounts for 237 senators by ballot, and in addition there are 114 senators by right, or 351 in all. A provision which even those who have benefited do not attempt to defend is that members of the Constituent Assembly who had spent five years in prison or confinement under sentence of the Fascist Special Tribunal are senators by right. Candidates for the Senate are required to have attained their fortieth year, and electors for the Senate their twenty-fifth year. Deputies are required to have attained their twenty-fifth year, but all persons, male and female, who have reached the age of twenty-one (except for the usual statutory exceptions) are able to vote for the Chamber. The Chamber is elected on the basis of one deputy for every 80,000 inhabitants (or remainder greater than 40,000). The Chamber is therefore much the more numerous of the two Houses—the recent election was for 574 deputies—and the election of the Chamber roused far more interest than the election of the Senate. This was enhanced by the fact that by its nature the senatorial elections were to some extent elections of individuals—where there are only six senators to a region personal contact can be maintained—but the votes for the Chamber were votes for party lists.

The system of proportional representation employed for the Senate was complicated by the requirement that each senator must have a certain percentage of the votes cast. In each voting area for the Chamber the elector was invited to vote for the whole list of candidates put forward by a party or group of parties, and each party was then allocated so many seats for the voting area according to the votes it had received. The choice of the candidates to become deputies was then a matter for the party officials, except that within his selected list the voter was allowed to indicate his first three choices. The voter could not indicate preferences from more than one list. In Rome and its environs, for example, there were thirty-seven deputies to be elected, and the elector had the choice of twenty-two lists. About half a dozen of these lists contained thirty-seven names, but the smaller parties did not attempt to put up candidates for all seats. In Florence the elector had the choice of eleven lists, in Genoa of nine, and so on. There were many purely local lists, and it has been calculated that in all about a hundred parties (some of them standing with others in groups) were seeking the suffrages of the people.

Merely to state this figure would be to give a misleading picture. Among these lists two stood out pre-eminently, and about four or five others were significant; the remainder merely confused the issues without contributing to the results. In fact, despite proportional representation, we almost saw a two-party contest.

The truce between the Christian Democrats and the Communists which had lasted throughout the liberation, and to a large extent even through the period of constitution-making, had broken down, and in the election they stood in stark opposition to each other. The Communists were astute enough to try to prevent it from appearing as a

conflict of Christ *versus* anti-Christ, or even of Black *versus* Red. Even though their tongue must at times have been in danger of protruding through their cheek, the Communists strove to represent themselves as an Italian nationalist party friendly to Catholicism. They avoided the use of the hammer and sickle and the Red Flag. Their colours were the red, white and green of the Republic, their emblem the head of Garibaldi on a discreet five-pointed star. They sang the "Inno di Garibaldi" along with the "Internationale." This was too much for the daughter of the old patriot, Clelia Garibaldi, who at the age of eighty-one was standing in Sardinia as a Republican; and she denounced the masquerade in no uncertain terms. A feature of the poster war was an amusing open letter from Garibaldi to Stalin on the same theme, pointing out that almost the only thing they had in common was the Christian name. As for Catholicism, not only did the Communists refrain from attacking religion and the Church as such, but one Communist woman orator in Pisa even made a habit of beginning her speeches with the sign of the Cross.

The professed tenderness of the Communists towards religion was matched only by their hostility towards the party which was identified officially and in the public mind with religion. Two incidents gave particular opportunity for the venting of their feelings. A little while before the elections an official in the Papal Secretariat of State, Mgr. Cippico, had most regrettably been sent to prison for embezzling jewels. To expect a political opponent to refrain from exploiting such an incident would have been to expect too much from human nature, especially Communist nature; and it figured prominently in the campaign. "Cheep-cheep-cheep-cheep-Cippico" a Communist auditorium would sometimes chant at a cinema or meeting, just to keep the pot boiling. A verb "cippicare" was invented from the peccant priest. D.C.=Don Cippico, Don Cippico=D.C. (i.e. the Democristiani). *Attenzione a non lasciarsi cippicare* ("See that you do not allow yourself to be cippicated") was a familiar poster. "Owners of jewels and other forms of property are advised to bring them to the headquarters of the Christian Democratic Party, where they will be confided to the safe keeping of such persons as Mgr. Cippico" was another piece of poster, sarcasm. The Christian Democrats had to sit down under much of this abuse, but they had one good poster retort in: "Cippico is not voting in this election because he is in prison, but the thieves who stole the Dongo gold will vote"—a telling reference to the refusal of the Communists to surrender the gold which Mussolini was trying to take out of Italy when they captured him at Dongo, near Lake Como. The other incident which played into the hands of the Communists was the conversion to Catholicism and the release from prison of Celeste di Porto, the young Hebrew woman known throughout Italy as *Pantera nera* ("The Black Panther"), who had been sentenced to prison for twelve years for having denounced her fellow-Jews during the German occupation. She had served three years when she was released, baptised, and confirmed by the Bishop of Assisi in resplendent white garments. Catholics agreed that it was a "beautiful conversion," but many thought it a little inopportune; and it certainly gave an opening to the Communists.

These incidents which played so prominent a part in speeches and on the hoardings were, however, as nothing compared with the weight thrown into the electoral scales by the Church. Though neither Communists nor Christian Democrats were normally mentioned—it was

generally agreed by Catholics that Cardinal Schuster of Milan was unwise to attack the Communists openly in his pastoral letter—the enunciation of general principles by the Church was done in such a way as to leave few of the faithful in doubt with regard to the way they should vote. The attitude of the Church was perhaps most clearly summarised in notices posted in the Florentine churches. In these notices it was laid down: (a) that it was the strict duty of everyone to vote; (b) that it would be mortal sin to vote for a party which was contrary to the profession of religion; and (c) that a party would come under this description if it advocated, (i) the withdrawal of religious teaching from the schools, (ii) the denial to religious marriage of its civil consequences, and (iii) the introduction of divorce into Italy. No Florentine could be so obtuse as not to draw some conclusions from these principles.

In fixing the elections round about Easter the Government were accused by the Communists of exploiting religious sentiment; and although elections some time near this date were necessitated by the date at which the Constituent Assembly finished its labours, the coincidence of the Easter festival with the height of the campaign certainly gave the Church an opportunity to use its influence to the full. The Pope's address from the balcony of St. Peter's at midday on Easter Sunday was the outstanding event in the campaign and a turning point in it. His Holiness had before him, filling the whole great piazza and stretching well down the Via della Conciliazione, a vast concourse estimated at not less than 300,000. The day before Togliatti had been thought to have had a huge success in attracting 70,000 people. It was true that the Pope's address was couched almost entirely in general principles to which the most meticulous stickler for the proprieties could hardly take exception. But no Roman could fail to appreciate the references to the way in which the Church of Rome had in vain given shelter to the persecuted of every category, including its fiercest enemies, and provided for the feeding of the Eternal City when famine threatened. "The great hour of the Christian conscience has struck. . . . He that is not with me is against me." The apostolic blessing which followed was directed *urbi et orbi*, but Alcide De Gasperi, standing almost unrecognised as a humble Christian in the vast throng below, must have sensed that it was directed in a special manner to him and to the party of which he was the leader. It is not surprising that from that time onwards a quiet confidence reigned in Christian Democratic circles. A few weeks earlier it had appeared that the Communists, though losing seats in their traditional strongholds of the north, might make serious inroads among the poverty-stricken peasants and share-croppers of the south; but from Easter onwards it was felt that the Church would succeed in making its traditional authority felt in these regions.

One reason for the expected decline of the Communists in the north was the rise of an independent Socialist movement which refused to bow the knee, as Nenni had done, to the Baal of Communism. To Giuseppe Saragat belongs the credit for having taken the decisive action of breaking with Nenni when it became clear that Nenni was shackled by the Communists. He founded the P.S.L.I. (the Italian Socialist Workers' Party), which was joined later for electoral purposes by another group headed by Ivan Matteo Lombardo, who may come to exercise as potent an influence among the Italian workers as was formerly exercised by Nenni. With them are associated two writers

whose names are household words in England—Ignazio Silone and Carlo Levi. Another section included Ernesto Rossi and Aldo Garosci, persistent advocates of European federation. The movement did not get under way in sufficient time to exercise a determining influence on the elections, but everyone realised that the return of sufficient independent Socialist deputies willing to co-operate with De Gasperi might alter the whole result. An important factor was the decision of the British Labour Party in March to withdraw its recognition from the party of Nenni and transfer it to the party of Saragat and Lombardo. As we look back, it is difficult to realise why this was not done six months earlier, when it might have been decisive. The British Labour Party, as the strongest Socialist Party in the world, and actually governing a great nation, has immense prestige in Italy, where there had been some bewilderment that the same party which fought Communism so tenaciously at home should support Nenni abroad. In part this was due to the hope too long held in Transport House that the split among Italian Socialists might be healed by Nenni seeing the error of his ways, in part to suspicion of Saragat's "intellectualism," a suspicion which Lombardo's accession has helped to overcome. In the outcome it was probably Lord Jowitt's report, after a notable visit to Rome, which led the Labour Party to send two nuncios to Italy to take away the blessing from Nenni and give it to the independent Socialists; and it was consummated by an invitation, readily accepted by Lombardo and Paolo Treves, to attend a conference of European Socialists in England. The effect in Italy was profound. Having gone to Italy to speak about the all-party motion in the House of Commons on European union, Mr. Christopher Shawcross and I were able to measure the relief felt by Italian Social Democrats. They knew that the Saragat Socialists were over-represented in the Constituent Assembly, but hope came that they would be returned in not greatly reduced numbers to the Chamber. That hope has been realised, and their influence is more than proportionate to their numbers.

It was the professed object of the independent Socialists to form a Third Force, hostile to dictatorship either "from the Left" or "from the Right"; but as dictatorship from the Right is not a present danger in Italy, De Gasperi knew that he would be able to count on their general support. Others working for the ideal of a Third Force included Ferruccio Parri, Prime Minister after the liberation, and Count Carandini, the "Italian representative" in London after the liberation. Parri, like Randolfo Pacciardi, one of the two Deputy Prime Ministers, was standing as a Republican. The Republican Party and the National Monarchist Party were two of the few parties to attract any substantial number of votes other than the Christian Democrats, the Front, and the Independent Socialists. But the restoration of the House of Savoy was not a real issue at the elections. It was felt to have been settled at the referendum. The only other groups that received any support worth mentioning belong to the extreme Right. The National Block was composed of the rump of the Liberal Party, the followers of Nitti, and the Uomo Qualunque Party ("Party of the Common Man"), whose emergence caused, as it now appears, unnecessary alarm a few years ago. The Movimento Sociale Italiano ("Italian Social Movement") was frankly neo-Fascist, and the negligible support it has received, despite some theatrical demonstrations, is another tribute to the good sense of the Italian voters. The Liberal Party had broken up before the elections, and Carandini was working, as mentioned, for a

Third Force. The many other parties need not be detailed. The right to associate in parties is specifically guaranteed to Italians in their constitution, and with the encouragement of proportional representation it has been freely exercised. But many of these parties are no more than an excuse for a news-sheet. (At a cultural conference organised in Florence while I was there—though personally I preferred to spend my time with the culture in the Pitti—it was stated that there were now 22,000 journalists in Italy, compared with 6,000 before the war; and certainly the problem of unemployed, discontented graduates is a major one for Italy.) Each of these parties has not only a name but an emblem. The head of Garibaldi on a five-pointed star for the Front has been mentioned; the Christian Democratic emblem is a red cross on a white shield, with the motto *Libertas*; the independent Socialists, after experimenting unhappily with a hammer and sickle imposed on three arrows, reverted to the excellent old Socialist emblem of the rising sun; the Monarchists naturally have a crown as their emblem; and so on. These were used officially as a guide to the large number of analphabetic voters.

De Gasperi is a sufficiently wise man to know that an electoral victory is a beginning, not an end. A comparison of the votes with the votes for the Constituent Assembly shows that about 10 per cent. of Right Wing voters have given their allegiance to the Christian Democrats, as the best protection against Communism, rather than to Right Wing splinter parties, while Saragat and Lombardo have drawn off about 7 per cent. of the Socialist support for the Front. It would be fatal for the Christian Democrats if they allowed themselves to be edged into the position of a Right Wing party. If they pursue a policy of social reform and economic justice at home, in alliance with the Independent Socialists and Republicans, and a policy of closer union with the West in foreign affairs, their position will be strengthened and they will deserve well, not only of Italy, but of Europe and, indeed, the world.

IVOR THOMAS.

SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS' FIRST BUDGET.

SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS opened his first Budget on Tuesday, April 6th. This time no information had leaked out into the Press, and Fleet Street forecasts were not verified by the event. In the Lobby, and in discussions afterwards with persons of all classes who were measuring their gains and losses and trying to make out what it all meant, I found much mystification, and could not help being reminded of the account in *Three Men in a Boat* of Harris's visit to the Maze at Hampton Court, when, having studied it up in a map, he said, before entering, "It's absurd to call it a Maze. You keep on taking the first turning to the right. We'll just walk round for ten minutes and then go and get some lunch." Soon they met others who were trying to find their way out, and were glad to encounter a guide who knew all about it. One of them said he supposed it was a very big Maze. "One of the largest in Europe," replied Harris; but instead of getting back to the entrance they found themselves, three or four times, back in the centre, and eventually had to shout for an old keeper, who led them forth. Thereupon Harris agreed that "it was a very fine Maze, so far as he was a judge."

I can say the same for the Budget Maze, and I note that the Economists and City Editors and Editorial Writers are quite unable to agree, though they can all use the modern technical terms, as to whether the Budget has achieved its main object, namely, what is now called "disinflation," and also whether Sir Stafford's claim that he has produced a real surplus is likely to prove correct when the accounts are closed at the end of the financial year on March 31st, 1949. Some of the critics praise the Budget as disinflationary, others say that it is inflationary, others are ambiguous and cautiously refuse to commit themselves.

There may be inspired prophets who can foretell the economic future. But I doubt if our new Chancellor of the Exchequer is among them, though his guesses or estimates were professedly framed on a forecast of what is going to happen to his "Plan." The fact that, as he puts it, he has been made the single Minister to co-ordinate our external and internal economy and to unite with it the control of public expenditure and revenue, certainly is "an important change in our planning machinery," and Sir Stafford Cripps will reap the glory, or deserve the shame, of its success or failure.

Reverting to the simile of the Maze, I take the long prologue to the Budget in which Sir Stafford tried to exhibit the economic situation; and my readers must judge whether his analysis of its complexity has removed their perplexities and supplied them with guidance from the Keeper of the Maze of Whitehall.

He began by admitting that his estimates are provisional, uncertain, and pretty sure to be subject to revision and correction as the year progresses. Nevertheless, he wants all administrators, employers, technicians or workers to have as full knowledge as is available, so that they may back the Government by "approving the general strategy of our production." In some matters our Socialist Government can bring about the desired results by itself; in others the people "*must* conform *voluntarily* to the need of the situation." This reminds me of the old plea that conscription is only compulsory volunteering, and of the new plea that the Government is so wise that its directions to labour and man-power should be cheerfully endorsed by the whole community, which is to benefit in the end.

Beginning with the blessed but perhaps over-used word "balance," he said there were a few very serious economic problems—first "the balance of our external payments, and second the balance between our internal resources and the demands we place upon them." As to the first, all last year's forecasts have gone wrong alike as to imports, which were much above expectations, and as to exports, which were below. As to Government expenditure and the earnings of our industries the Government has had to borrow more and sell foreign assets, and, consequently, the drain on our gold and dollar reserves "turned out to be more than 50 per cent. greater than our over-all deficit, amounting to £1,023 million during the year."

Undismayed, however, by the utter failure of the controls and restrictions planned and multiplied in the Board of Trade by Sir Stafford Cripps himself and by other departments, Sir Stafford's conclusion now is that the remedy for poison is more poison. In spite of Marshall Aid, "we must control our imports, both in total amount and also in composition."

As for the "strategy" of the Government's Plan, he gives two delightful illustrations. One is that we are to be taxed for expenditure

on pig-farming in Queensland, the other for poultry-farming in Eire ! As if we could not rear pigs and poultry ourselves if our farmers and smallholders were allowed to have adequate supplies of animal feeding-stuffs ! But the idea of State Socialism rejects the common sense of individual enterprise and production, and revels in the number of restrictions and regulations which multiply the vast army of bureaucrats who issue them from Whitehall and the subordinate controls which luxuriate in other parts of the country.

I am afraid that the Chancellor has not much sense of humour ; for he went on to say that " we must maintain a great degree of flexibility as these Plans develop," but at the same time our producers must follow the Government's plans " rather than their individual interests in seeking quick profits in easy markets."

One of his favourite devices is to set targets, " but unfortunately " he adds—for our bureaucratic State is not yet complete—" it is not possible to set targets from the centre for all individual production units." True, " a global target " can be set for an industry as a whole, but the difficulty of variety of products and scarcity of components and raw materials " is bound to persist until we can afford to fill up all the pipe-lines of production." Here, indeed, we have the economic philosophy and aims with which Sir Stafford Cripps in the plenitude of his power is supplying the Labour Government.

What about inflation ? Is it the mark of a simpleton that he cannot define it ? Our Economic Dictator says that he cannot give any accurate answer to the question " How much inflation is there ? ", and adds that though he can see many signs of inflationary pressure, he cannot remove it entirely by Government action. One sign that he has detected is the pressure of the Black Market ; but we can all of us do something by avoiding personal expenditure, by investing our savings in " safe " loans to the Government and by paying more taxation.

If instead of talking about inflation and disinflation, both of which frighten him, the Chancellor would use intelligible words and say that the value or purchasing power of the inconvertible paper pounds is declining, or that prices are rising, we should know where we are. We should know that most prices are artificial, and we should understand why there is a Black Market, and why—to get things which they can't get in the shops—people buy them in the Black Market, or exchange their surpluses with one another by barter.

A few, no doubt, of the armchair critics whom the Chancellor derides for not seeing the practical difficulties of his dictatorship, can detect the fallacies which conceal the real meaning of his " strategy " and the ingenious effort of his Budget at once to arrest the progress of inflation and to maintain innumerable taxes that yield nothing but monopoly prices, while at the same time he throws a few sops to the Cerberus of Labour which wants higher wages, shorter hours and lower prices.

When at last the Chancellor came down from the clouds he informed the House that Dr. Dalton's first Budget last year, which increased taxation, estimated for a surplus of £270 million and that his second Budget imposed further taxation to arrest the progress of inflation, i.e. the decline in the value of our money, which had upset our dollar exchanges. The estimated surplus was to be £318 million, but the realised surplus amounted to £636 million. Most items of the revenue exceeded anticipations, income tax yielding a surplus of £104 million and the sale of stores £102 million. But the receipts from the hateful purchase taxes fell £35 million short of the estimate ; they actually

brought in only £246 million. Sir Stafford appealed to these revenue returns as evidence of the inflationary tendencies existing last year.

Turning to last year's expenditure, he said that the total of £3,181 million was only £6 million more than the estimate. They had actually saved £45 million on what is called Defence expenditure, but there was an increase of £73 million in civil expenditure over the estimate. Military expenditure cost £854 million and civil expenditure £1,799 million, while the service of the national debt (interest and management) took £525 million. From this summary the Chancellor passed to his own estimates of expenditure and revenue.

His estimate for expenditure in the present financial year is £2,976 million, which is £233 million less than last year's expenditure and would have been £400 million less, but for a big increase of £143 million on the new National Health Service, £30 million on education "which no one will begrudge," and various other additions to public expenditure. The Chancellor's feeble excuse for his failure to retrench, and his refusal to reduce materially the cost of rationing and other administrative controls, deserves quotation: "If any critics take the view that we should still further reduce Government expenditure, I hope they will be prepared to give details of the precise expenditure that they say we should reduce."

What! Is the watch-dog of the Treasury asleep, or only so ignorant and incompetent that he cannot use the axe or even the pruning knife on nearly £3,000 million of expenditure, and even declares "we have, I think, done everything practical to make as large a contribution possible by economy of Government expenditure. We do not propose to cut the social services, as that is not, in our view, a fair or a desirable thing to do," nor could he "in the present difficult situation reduce materially the cost of rationing and other administrative controls," or save on the conscript Army and war establishments which are necessarily running at a high level, or on food subsidies, which have risen to £400 million for the year and serve to conceal part of the decline in the purchasing power of our money.

Comparing this financial year with 1937-8, the last before the war which disposed of Germany and its Allies, we find that the War services then cost £197 million and the Civil Services £397 million. This comparison, which I instituted in dealing with Dr. Dalton's last Budget in the December number of *THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW*, is the answer to Sir Stafford Cripps's challenge. Everyone can furnish precise details of public waste; everyone in business can give details of the waste and loss of time caused by Government restrictions and regulations. But the only way by which public credit and the security of money and investments can be achieved, and the intolerable load of taxes and high prices reduced, is an all-round cut beginning with 10 or 20 per cent., excepting, of course, the interest on the public debt.

This last item reminds me of the painful fact that thousands of investors in "Daltons" (the $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cents. at par) have lost some £25 in every £100 of their capital. What security does his successor offer to private investors after this experience? During the week after his Budget, the consol market was depressed possibly because, in view of the continued loss of gold or because of the capital levy, it distrusts the present Chancellor as it distrusted his predecessor.

In passing from Government expenditure to revenue, Sir Stafford Cripps told the House, in summing up his expectations, "the total revenue on the existing basis of taxation is estimated at £3,754 million

as against an expenditure of £2,976 million, or a prospective surplus, on the traditional basis, of £778 million."

That must have sounded very fine indeed. Fancy a surplus sufficient to abolish the purchase taxes and reduce the income tax and pay off debt ! But in a few minutes he was able to show that much of the revenue is non-recurrent, that the Government is still borrowing to finance its investment programme, and that when he has put aside money to resist inflation, the traditional surplus is no surplus at all. His dilemma was that, having made no adequate reduction of Government expenditure, he could not make reductions of taxation without increasing inflationary tendencies, either by reducing prices or increasing the supply of goods. After repealing the tax on soda-water, he raised the duties on beer, whisky, rum, wine and other potable spirits, while increasing the preference on Empire wines, by leaving the rates unchanged and making some reductions on French wines, and encouraging the British wine industry. From these changes he expects £41 million, and he gains another £20 million from increasing the duty on tobacco and cigarettes. Then he gets over £8 million by raising the taxation of betting.

It would take several pages to deal adequately with the Chancellor's failure to reduce our iniquitous and absurd tariff ; but that was to be expected after last year's surrender of £2 million a year excise duty to Courtaulds, which shows what may be expected from the so-called Monopolies Bill. On another abominable imposition, the purchase tax, the Chancellor of the Exchequer has made some reductions and some additions. The former, according to his theory, will increase the inflation, while the latter will decrease it. He reduces the taxes on gloves, carpets, knives, forks, razors, toothbrushes, toys, etc., from 50 per cent. to 33½ per cent., while he increases the taxes on cloth, furniture, musical instruments (except organs, which he exempts) and even on clocks and watches from 50 per cent. to 66⅔ per cent. Considering the shortage and ridiculously high prices of clocks and watches, this new charge on punctuality strikes one as almost the worst feature in the whole Budget.

The net result of all this fiddling with the purchase taxes is estimated to yield £18 million this year. Some concessions to the theatre and small cinema shows in rural areas will cost the Exchequer about £4 million.

Finally comes the income tax and the new levy on capital, which have attracted more attention in the Press than any other part of the Budget.

In contemplating the income tax Sir Stafford Cripps has been impressed either by signs of disaffection among the middle-classes or by the need for greater efforts in production, to which he wishes to apply an incentive. He has accordingly increased earned income relief from one-sixth to one-fifth, with a maximum allowance raised from £250 to £400. He has also done a little for poor old folk living on investments, and also for married couples. These reliefs will cost the Exchequer about £42 million this year. He is also reducing the standard rates on small incomes, both for single and married men, at a cost this year of £44 million. All these income tax reliefs amount to £100 million a year, and will necessitate new P.A.Y.E. tables.

On the other side is a special contribution in the shape of a once-for-all levy, largely payable out of capital, by taxpayers whose total income from all sources exceeds £2,000 and whose investment income exceeds £250 a year. It is graduated, rising to a maximum of 10s. in

the £ on an investment income exceeding £5,000. Its full yield is expected to be £105 million, of which he hopes to collect £50 million before the end of the year. It must be painful to the Chancellor to discover that the City does not believe in the "once-for-all" pledge. Indeed, some of the Labour M.P.s regard it as a very inadequate levy on capital. It is in fact a new step towards the appropriation of private property, and the consummation of a bureaucratic Socialist State.

In the immediate future we shall learn more about production and the great export drive, which was to pay for necessary imports. Only a week after the Budget, Sir Stafford Cripps's successor at the Board of Trade, Mr. Harold Wilson, announced that he has had to reduce many export targets on account of the "drying up" of overseas customers. Thus the policy of the Government in making everything dear at home and so raising the cost of production is naturally affecting our exports. Our own people have to take it or leave it if there is something, however necessary, which they want to buy; but foreigners are under no such necessity—they can leave it or buy it from some other country.

At this point I must part with the Budget and the maze of contradictions and inconsistencies which its study reveals.

FRANCIS W. HIRST.

FRANCE'S PROBLEMS AND PROSPECTS.

WHILE England, without apparent success, is trying to climb the steep hill to economic recovery with dogged slowness and unremitting effort, France is recovering in short, sharp jerks. It would seem as if these two countries, both destined to become great once more, were struggling in the political climate most suited to accentuate their natural faults and neutralise their natural gifts. One continually has the impression that the French are not firmly governed enough while the English are too much so. An English literary critic said to me recently: "When I am ill-humoured I liken your countrymen to a band of monkeys and mine to a flock of sheep." Without sharing the critic's bad temper, one can but agree that the French behave more like monkeys and the English more like sheep than in 1939. The English possess one tremendous asset which we Frenchmen lack—political stability. But this does not prevent the English from waking up each morning and finding themselves poorer than on the previous day. The French suffer from acute political instability, but in spite of it, they are rebuilding some sort of economic edifice. In England there is a continuous, steady lowering of material standards and the tragedy is that most of the people are scarcely aware of their decline. It is taking place so slowly as to be almost imperceptible. France, on the other hand, is sunk in a political slough of despond—her countrymen are fully alive to the fact but seem unable to check the growing evil. The English sheep graze in barren fields and return earlier than ever to the fold (*Qui dort dine*). The French monkeys nibble their nuts, grimacing and chattering.

On the southern shores of the Channel, despite political unrest, economic recovery is clearly visible. On the northern shores the political atmosphere is calm but financial recovery belongs to the realm of dreams. It is up to the English to decide whether they are over-

governed, and whether a redoubling of effort in every walk of life would not prove a more effective remedy for their ailments than the present docile acceptance of the many restrictions which hedge them, in on all sides. France's problem is to find out why she is not efficiently governed. Ten centuries of French history prove that the country is not ungovernable. Her post-war political sickness is a result of the uncertainty felt throughout the country as to the Communist Party's intentions. We have seen several violent offensives launched by this Party—offensives which have petered out suddenly. There have been short strikes, within clearly defined regions, strikes which have ended abruptly without the strikers obtaining any concrete gains. It is well to remark in passing that a similar phenomenon has manifested itself in England, if on a much smaller scale. These times of unrest alternate with relatively quiet periods, and it is difficult to explain this alternation from the outside. To try and do so would entail the study of the Communists' international operations chart, and it is likely that the number of people who have had access to this chart, even among Communist national leaders, is very limited.

Twice within the last six months we have seen the Communist Party going apparently as far as they dare, first inside the country as a whole, then inside Parliament. During the epidemic of labour disturbances last December, the Communists failed in their plan for a general strike. Then again, when the bureau of the National Assembly was renewed, the Communist deputies' ardour reached white heat, and when imminent rupture was expected, their excitement suddenly collapsed. On both occasions the Communist Party cleverly evaded the blows it expected and deserved. It is a well-known move in Bolshevik tactics to fail to appear at the expected time and place. The scene is made ready for an attack and then, without warning, the blow is struck elsewhere. What is lost in one place is gained in another. It is still too early to know whether the Kremlin will try to take revenge in France for the defeat it has suffered during the Italian campaign. For the moment, it is of interest to note that the French Communist Press bitterly resents both the lowering of prices at home and the electoral defeat of the Moslem nationalists in Algeria. In neither case was the prestige of the Communist Party nominally involved but, nevertheless, its plans have been thwarted.

It is quite clear that the French workman prefers the lowered prices and the resultant increase in real purchasing power to a higher level of wages which causes inflation and a corresponding decrease in the power to buy. The workers have just proved, in April, that they are willing to give a fair trial to the new economic experiment rather than to sabotage its effect by creating social disorders.

With regard to the Algerian elections, the anger provoked in Communist circles is significant. The leader of the Moslem separatists, Messali Haj, has publicly denied ever having been in contact with the Algerian Communist Party, and it is true that co-operation of any kind would be impossible between internationalism of the Lenin type and the exasperated nationalism of Messali. And yet Stalin's Algerian followers have often upheld Messali's cause by every means in their power; not that Messali's programme conforms with their Communist ideology, but because the Moslem nationalists represent an element of French disintegration in the eyes of the Kominform. The Communists aim at disruption. Had Messali succeeded, it would have been a blow struck at French unity. *The Times* announced

the result of the Algerian elections without comment but under the title: "Gaullist Successes." It is indeed a Gaullist success, not only because the candidates of the French People's Rally have been elected, but because the mass of natives have turned away from the nationalist agitators. They have turned away in all probability because they feel a stronger, more vigorous (but none the less human) awakening of French consciousness in the Gaullist movement than that which undeniably exists in a more idyllic and sentimental form in the S.F.I.O. and M.R.P. parties.

The fact remains that, until further notice, the Communist Party in France will divide the working classes because co-operation is impossible between the regimented workers and those who object to being regimented. This fact was clearly demonstrated in the mines last winter when the men revolted against the terrorist methods of Stalin's agents. It is precisely the impossibility of this co-operation and it is this revolt which brought about the split in the French T.U.C. French public opinion has greatly matured since the general elections of November 1946. This was strikingly demonstrated throughout the country during the municipal elections of October 1947. But the members of the National Assembly are in no hurry to surrender their mandate and to face another election, so we are faced with this paradoxical situation: members of the municipalities of the biggest towns in France, such as Paris, Bordeaux, Marseilles and Lille, belong to the French People's Rally, whilst these towns are represented in the National Assembly by M.R.P. deputies. That is why France is not governed efficiently, and why General de Gaulle is pressing for new general elections. The result would be probably a strong R.P.F. majority in Parliament. Some of our English friends do not like the idea because they say that if General de Gaulle comes to power he will smash the Communist Party by undemocratic means. The trouble is that, literally speaking, there are no other means to use. Any government nowadays will have either to use slightly undemocratic means against the Communists or to remain powerless. These are the only alternatives. For the sake of democracy it may be well to remember the famous sentence of Saint-Just (who was not a Fascist): "*Pas de liberté pour les ennemis de la liberté.*"

Let us, however, be clear on one point: if, once in power, General de Gaulle dissolves the Communist Party, it will not be for doctrinal reasons. In all probability there will be strong Communist reaction if the Marshall Plan looks like succeeding and American aid starts to operate smoothly. The Communist Party will be ordered to launch decisive attacks against our national economy by sabotaging our industrial equipment, our railways and harbour installations. So that, with or without de Gaulle, it will be necessary to outlaw the Communists, not for political reasons but simply on grounds of Common Law, and the only way to prevent civil war will be to strike swiftly and energetically. If the operation is carried out by a popular Prime Minister, the risk of bloodshed will be greatly reduced.

So far for domestic policy. With regard to foreign affairs and the prospects of France inside the Western European Union, it may be worth quoting André Malraux's recent words to the American writer, James Burnham:

France is told "Germany is no longer a danger." No doubt, if it is meant in the old-fashioned sense. But there are some among us who see Germany's crucial problem in the rebuilding of the Wehrmacht.

And for the time being the action of Stalin through von Paulus seems a good deal more positive than the Allies' action through Schumacher. Once before, in 1932, the capitalists, diplomats and others thought it better to play Germany rather than France against Russia. The result was an individual named Hitler. There are many Americans who regard the prospect outlined by General de Gaulle—that of a Western federalised Germany—as a step backwards. But if your policy leads to a Germany divided into two halves, one with its capital in Berlin and the other in Frankfurt, it is not difficult to prophesy the result. Your Western Germany will be attracted to Eastern Germany (a) because any kind of Germany which longs for unity turns naturally eastward, (b) because Berlin remains Berlin, (c) because Stalin would have no scruples whatever in focussing upon von Paulus and even upon the Communist Party all those fanfares, parades and ceremonial occasions typical of the Nazi régime which you, the Allies, would scruple to build around your M. Schumacher, for instance. In short, if a European Federation is to come about, I, personally, prefer to see in it several Bavarias than half a Reich. I am further convinced that any Europe capable of survival must be built around France (I do not say under French hegemony). If all that Europe has to offer against Stalin is a Europe founded on some sort of *Troisième Force*, then the prospect becomes merely laughable. Socialism is one thing and the political machinery of the Socialist parties another—I see no possibility, of course, in any European solidarity without British support—but the true problem is to create Democracy and not to run about picking up the fragments.

And now we must ask ourselves honestly if France's political instability, if her troubles, her anxieties, do not colour our freedom of judgment with regard to the eternal problems of mankind. The Communist intellectuals afford us only too many examples of fanaticism and distorted minds. But it is even sadder to see a great Catholic author like François Mauriac writing in the *Figaro*: "*N'êtes-vous pas tout à coup saisis à la gorge par l'imbécillité effroyable d'un monde sans Dieu?*" A great number of French readers were horrified by M. Mauriac's mediæval naïveté, and they could not help but recall Renan's gentle complaint: "*On nous accuse d'avoir commis un crime contre l'esprit humain en rompant des chaînes dont se passait Platon.*"

JEAN CASTET.

FLOOD-TIDE IN CHINA.

THE attitude of the Chinese is quite different from, say, the war years of 1932 to 1942, when the town was continually being attacked and yet the staff of the hospital stuck to their work. Now there is a general fear of the Communists, and yet at the same time there is not the urge on the other side to help the Nationalists. There seems to be a considerable degree of detachment, and even those in favour of the Nationalists usually prefer to describe the Communists not as absolutely bad but rather as worse relatively than the Nationalists." Thus writes a British doctor friend with experience of what he describes.

It is now six months since the last large-scale offensive of the Central Government petered out. The Communists have replied with something a great deal more spectacular and more strongly enforced than the local counter-attacks and the harassings of guerillas with which they had made their name in former years. Right across China they have waged

campaigns in which for the first time they have undertaken pitched battles with the Nationalists and have remained in command of the field. Last month the Central Government admitted the losses of Anshan, Kirin and Szepingkai. This is generally taken to mark the beginning of the end in the North. Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek is said to have shot one of his generals for being defeated. Such deterrents will not be of use much longer, at least in Manchuria. Elsewhere the story is apparently the same. In Central China the Communists have passed through the Nationalist concentrations in Honan and have reached the Yangtze. As usual they have left in their rear a few Nationalist garrisons which are intermittently cut off from their lines of supply. These cannot for long be regarded as potential bases for counter-attack. The future of vital centres of rail and road and river communications like Kaifeng and Chengchow is indicated further to the north-west in Yen-an. This one-time Communist capital was recaptured last year by the Nationalists. Since then they have had to maintain a strong garrison in this barren territory for prestige reasons. Now their forces are surrounded, and it is generally believed that the whole of the Yen-an area can be plucked at their pleasure by the Communist High Command. Now we hear that Chefoo, the Nationalist prize on the east coast, is in danger.

There is a special significance in this enormous unleashing of the Communist military potential. A year ago it was generally assumed in Nationalist China, amongst both Chinese and foreigners, that at most the Communists could achieve no more than a stalemate. They possessed within their own territories a trained and reliable force of courageous, disciplined guerillas. But if the Nationalists lacked this popular support, they had an enormous advantage in their monopoly of air power. Equipped with American and Canadian bombers they could strafe large concentrations of Communist forces and thus make it difficult if not impossible for the Communists to hold on to key cities. When I journeyed into Chinese Communist territory I found the administration of whole provinces decentralised so that it was literally carried on from scattered hamlets. Even these were continually exchanged in order to avoid enemy air attack.

On the other hand, like the Japanese before them, the Nationalists were unable to hold down the countryside in the areas which they penetrated. They could do no more than occupy strategic communication centres with garrison levies whose morale steadily dropped. The Communists permeated the countryside and could thus make their own territory too hot to hold the Nationalists. But a year ago, it seemed impossible for them to carry the war very far or for very long into Nationalist territory. It seemed the war had reached an impasse. In 1946 General Marshall was one of the many who believed for this reason that the Cease Fire peace negotiations could bring the two parties to an enduring Chinese compromise based upon an even balance of the opposing powers. The negotiations failed. One reason was that, as Mr. Marshall himself has recently admitted, America went on providing the Nationalists with an enormous quantity of war material right through the negotiations on which she was supposed to be arbitrator. This increased striking power gave the extremists in the Central Government the illusion that with it they could wipe the Communists off the map. Instead, within eighteen months, the reverse is the probability.

There is no doubt that American and Canadian military aid has

enormously increased the offensive power of the Nationalists, but in inverse ratio to the increase in armaments and munitions, the morale of the Nationalist troops and civilians appears to have been decreasing. In Communist territory, although no one has seriously tried to prove that they have received Russian armaments or planes, the opposite is true. Their morale both civilian and military is high, and getting higher. They have learned by twenty years' campaigning in the Civil War and by bitter experience against the Japanese the tactics with which guerilla armies can fight to win. That special knowledge combined with the brilliant improvisation of their military and civil traders, some of them with Russian training behind them, is winning for them the war of manoeuvre. For there is more to the Communist military success than an ability to side-step. What emerges as one of the amazing features of the last twelve months' campaigning is that the Communists have told the world in advance what they intend to do and then have done it. Before each local offensive has opened they have announced the fact. Before the enormous thrust southwards from the Yellow River, we were all informed that the new campaign would be to reach the Yangtze and disrupt Nationalist communications throughout the territory between the two rivers. There has been the same kind of story in Manchuria. Even the earlier Communist retreats from Yennan to the west and Chefoo to the east are beginning to be justified as a part of an originally announced plan of feint and thrust. Now the Communists announce their intention of conducting a "spring offensive on all fronts south of the great wall of China." Behind this "short-term" objective it appears for the first time that the *communiqués* and their Orders of the Day are assuming the piecemeal conquest of the rest of China. One Communist general has estimated that it will take another two years to achieve this. Such an assertion a year ago would have been written off by most observers as bluster. Now we can no longer be so sure.

The plan of campaign for the conquest of South China is already beginning to take shape. It is conceived in different terms to that which has been so successfully pursued on the North China Plain. Hitherto, advances have been made by military means and there has been comparatively little reliance upon fifth column measures. But in South China there has always been a strong possibility of a resurgent Communism, ever since it formed the first stage of the famous "long march" of the Communists. In a circle round Canton there are little patches of guerilla administration. Their activities seemed at first to be no more than nuisance tactics. Then they resembled the Communist settlements dotted over the North China Plain prior to the big Communist break-through. But the northern successes of the Communists have been aided enormously by the existence of these islands in a Nationalist sea, and it is possible that they could have the same decisive effect in South China.

Guerilla activity is not at present, however, the most threatening evidence of Communist designs upon the south. Recently in Hongkong there has been formed a "Revolutionary Committee of the Kuomintang of China." This group of *émigrés* carries considerable influence. Its members are no Communists; indeed, until a few months ago they were leading and respected veterans of the *Kuomintang* Party. The movement was initiated by Marshal Li Chi Sen, who made a speech of considerable courage denouncing Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek for betraying the original principles of the *Kuomintang* as enunciated by

the Founder of the Republic, Dr. Sun Yat Sen. Gradually other military leaders and Party members have followed his example in speaking out and have earned the same exile. The Democratic League remained until last September the only independent opposition party to the *Kuomintang* in Nationalist China. Then, on the eve of the first general election held under the Chinese new "democratic" constitution, this party, too, was proscribed, and its leaders forced either to abandon their criticism or, as in the case of some of the best, to flee. Now an alliance has been forged between the *Kuomintang* "rebel" committee, the Democratic League and the Chinese Communists. The significance of this new opposition has not gone unappreciated. Just before the committee was officially constituted, Marshal Li and General Tzai Ting Kai were informally approached by T. V. Soong, the new Governor of South China. It has been alleged that he was out to make his number with what might become an alternative government to that of his present master, the Generalissimo.

No one doubts that there is in preparation a very explosive mixture in South China. An influential separatist movement is on its way to making terms with the Left-wing, and the Left-wing is in turn making its bargain with the influential former Right-wing Generals of the new "Revolutionary Committee." The Liberal leadership of the Democratic League is being drawn into this new magnetic field. The issues are still largely political. The Communist forces, apart from their scattered guerilla units, are 500 miles or more away. But the Nationalist forces are for the most part equally distant, for the countryside of the south and the south-west has been drained of Nationalist garrison troops in the effort to hold the Communist offensives in the north. In these circumstances the new political forces being prepared in South China could of themselves change the whole situation. We may learn before very long either that a *coup d'état* has overthrown the Nationalist hold over large sections of the countryside, or that the threat of such a move has forced the Nationalists to withdraw troops from the northern fronts and thereby given the military forces of the Communists the chance for which they are waiting.

Faced with these dangers it is not surprising that America, the principal foreign interventionist in Chinese affairs, appears in two minds about the policy to adopt. General Wedermeyer announced, on completing his mission of investigation last year, that "military aid is not enough." Former Ambassador William C. Bullitt and the pressure group with which he is associated have reiterated demands for an all-out direct military offensive. Congress has agreed that economic intervention shall be continued and increased. It is already clear enough that military supplies will continue to form a part of the American shipments. Does this mean that good money is being poured after bad? Much depends on where the money will be used. There are indications that American statesmen and business men have already written-off North China and with it the hopes that the Nationalists will ever regain it from the Communists. During the past year there have been economic research and development surveys which have investigated some of the possibilities for the reconstruction of South-Western and Southern China. These little groups of "American business men" may indeed be the State Department's alternative to the staff officers who have until now been giving such unrewarding military advice to the Nationalist commanders. Perhaps T. V. Soong is to be the architect of an economic development scheme in the south which will provide a last

citadel for "anti-Communism" in China. Within the territory south of the Yangtze a modified and solvent form of Nationalism could perhaps remain secure from further Communist attack. It seems doubtful whether this is possible anywhere else.

All these economic calculations are barren if we do not understand the importance of the struggle of ideas that underlies alike the economic and military balances of power. A Chinese friend writes from Tientsin : " the political situation is greatly shaken. People's attitudes are greatly disturbed, they are talking about it everywhere, day and night the question is ' what shall we do if the Communists come in ? ' . . . There is no hope, no peace on both sides, I agree with those saying that China needs a new Party growing up out of the present parties forcibly to stop this war." Behind the plans of the Communist military strategists and the American economic leaders there is a widespread conviction among ordinary Chinese of every class that neither extreme will give them peace, and that until a compromise can be reached there will be no hope of a secure livelihood, let alone prosperity. The Communists have established themselves clearly enough as " sea-green incorruptibles," ruling their territory with Jacobin ruthlessness and Cromwellian integrity. The Nationalists still include men who hold on to the constitutionalism and the democratic leanings of Dr. Sun Yat Sen. Until recently the Nationalist zone has included many liberal leaders who, despite persecution at the hands of the Central Government, have refused to join with the Communists. Now the number is slowly diminishing. In the absence of outside support for the Liberals, the Communists have steadily attracted the opposition elements in China.

It is not too late for these middle-way groups to assert themselves as a " third force " and thereby to claim the leadership of the great mass of Chinese who are sick of both the extremes. But if they are to do this, they must have some kind of support from the " third forces " which exist elsewhere in the world. So far they have had none. Britain more than any other Western country has excited the absorbed interest of the enlightened sections of the Chinese educated classes. But Britain has stayed far apart, hardly raising her voice in defence of men and youths persecuted as ferociously as any Central European Liberal whose persecution by the Communists has made headlines in our Press and filled the columns of *Hansard*. We are slow in learning the lesson that, without some kind of outside leadership and outside sympathy, liberalism is inevitably forced within the magnetic field either of the Right or the Left. Unless we act soon we shall find to our cost that Chinese liberalism has been ground out of existence between the millstones of Russian and American power-politics.

TONY GIBSON.

THE GOEBBELS DIARIES.

WE are tired of Nazi revelations, war books, and studies painstakingly uncovering the roots of our miseries, past and present. The world as we find it three years after the second great war relegates to limbo even the most thrilling experience of yesteryear ; Stalin and Molotov alive reduce Hitler, Goering, Himmler, Goebbels, Ribbentrop to pale shadows of the past. Comes along a new book, with a fittingly flame-coloured jacket and, on the back, a scholarly looking interviewer grinned at by Dr. Paul Josef Goebbels's Mephisto-

phelian countenance.* And out of the ruins and ashes of the "Third Reich" springs, alive as in the days of our worst torments, the whole nether world whose assault we overcame at the price of endless sweat, blood and tears. For, whatever the maniacal Fuehrer himself may have stood for, Goebbels was the master-mind behind his whole terrible machine, the "mind mightier than the sword"; and this is Goebbels, in a first and final terrible self-revelation; handled, commented upon, and supplemented by a man better than whom for this task none could have been found. Together with *Mein Kampf* this volume will suffice, centuries from to-day, to enlighten mankind about that queer, devastating epidemic, National Socialism.

Crazy and dramatic, like that period itself, was the fate of these diaries. After Berlin's conquest by the Russians, archives were emptied with little discrimination, filing cabinets requisitioned or sent to Russia, papers thrown out or destroyed. In the courtyard of Goebbels's burnt-out Ministry a pile of some 7,000 sheets of typescript, partly singed and dirtied, was found and sold as scrap. The dealer, struck with the then unwonted fine quality of the watermark paper and the Gothic typescript with three-line spaces, fortunately suspected its value and consulted experts. Thus, by way of a former American Military Attaché, Frank E. Mason, the papers finally landed with Dr. Louis P. Lochner, for long years head of Associated Press's Berlin branch and of the Foreign Press Association, perhaps the most outstanding foreign foreign journalist of modern Germany. He had, finally, in front of him 7,100 pages with approximately 750,000 words; and they merely covered a period of under two years, from January 1942 to December 1943, with many pages missing.

Out of this material he made a selection, interspersed with short, matter-of-fact connecting notes.† He brought to life the whole Goebbels and, in the light of this man's singularly brilliant, dissecting, cynical mind, the whole Nazi "ideology" and its disciples, camp-followers, and beneficiaries. After having studied this volume, enthralled and, once more, horrified, the present writer finds confirmed a thumb-nail sketch of Goebbels, "The Nazi Robespierre," published by him in the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW (March, 1941). Of his own interpretation of that sinister figure he has to modify only one point: so far as his own apparently candid confessions reveal, he was indeed fanatically loyal to Hitler and full of boundless admiration for his genius. He differed in that respect from his co-Diadoch Goering. Perhaps with a curiously blind spot in his otherwise critical brain, perhaps merely because he saw the necessity of a more impressive figure-head for Germany's ship in a hurricane, he seems to have aspired merely to the Chancellorship of an autocratic ruler of the world.

As to his colleagues in the gang of Nazi leaders he has no illusions. An educated man himself, pupil of Roman Catholic and Jewish teachers and professors of repute—Lochner produces a few revealing entries from an unpublished earlier diary of Goebbels, in the possession of ex-President Hoover, showing the Nazi recruit of 1925-6 with his complexes, his amours, his resentments—he is full of contempt and spite towards his Cabinet colleagues Ribbentrop, Frick, Rust, Rosenberg, Darré, Lammers, in fact, everybody whose authority somewhere

* *The Goebbels Diaries*. Translated and edited by Louis P. Lochner Hamish Hamilton.

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† The book would gain greatly in usefulness if a Subject Index were added to the Index of Names.

overlaps with his own manifold tasks : as Minister of Propaganda, Berlin Gauleiter, Defence Commissar of the capital, member of the Ministerial Defence Council, and whatnot. He is suspicious above all of Martin Bormann, Hess's successor as head of the Party administration, and full of rancour against the Generals from Keitel downwards, whom he describes as idiots, uneducated, faithless, treacherous, cowards.

The value of his evidence is not confined to his giving a more intimate and, notwithstanding his spite, more accurate picture of the inner ring which dominated Germany and, for a time, the larger part of Europe. There are astonishing revelations of so far unexplained facts. After jubilantly stating, April 14th, 1943 : " We are now using the discovery of 12,000 Polish officers, murdered by the G.P.U., for anti-Bolshevik propaganda in the grand manner," he writes on September 29th, 1943 : " Unfortunately we have had to give up Katyn. The Bolsheviks undoubtedly will soon ' find ' that we shot the 12,000 Polish officers. That episode is one that is going to cause us quite a little trouble in the future. The Soviets are undoubtedly going to make it their business to discover as many mass graves as possible and then blame them on us."

The death of King Boris of Bulgaria, according to his information, is due to snake poison which, he thinks, may have been administered by his sister-in-law, Princess Mafalda of Hesse, daughter of the King of Italy. She died in a German prison on April 19th, 1945, and the terms in which the scholarly Goebbels speaks of her would make a Billingsgate fish-wife blush.

Other revelations concern the often far from happy relations of the Reich with its allies : Japan, Italy, Hungary, and the different puppet and Quisling governments. Antonescu " is very undependable " ; the church fight started by Terboven and Quisling in Norway " seems as superfluous to me as a goitre " ; Pétain and Laval " cannot be trusted across the street " ; Franco is " a cowardly person " ; Horthy " would like to desert us . . . certainly Kallay, his Premier, is a swine." King Boris, in January 1942, is " a sly, crafty fellow playing a double-faced game " ; two months later—after granting Goebbels a charming two hours' interview—" an impassionate devotee of Hitler's genius," " a real people's king." There is a reason for that *volte-face*—the King's " understanding for Goebbels's work " ; " my articles," records the diary, " are part of his everyday reading. Indeed, he even told me that he uses the arguments advanced in these articles in all his diplomatic negotiations." For this is his kink No. 1—the life-long inferiority complex of the frustrated : the swarthy little man with the club-foot, diametrically different from the tall, strong, blue-eyed Nordic superman of the Nazi wish-dream, in permanent fear that his—within this gang supremely surpassing—intellectual contribution could be overlooked. His cold, sifting, pitiless brain forsakes him, even to the point of silly bragging, whenever he speaks of his own performances ; and he does so, nearly every day.

Kink No. 2 is his fanatical, verily sub-human hatred of Jews. While occasionally relenting, for well-considered political reasons (Lochner gives an example from his own experience), or expressing a modicum of regret, whether shammed or real, over the " necessity " of inhuman measures of extermination, Goebbels insists on complete and radical elimination of all Jews from the Continent : " to begin with, they will have to be concentrated in the East ; possibly an island, such as

Madagascar, can be assigned to them after the war. . . . 'Later generations will no longer have either the will power or the instinctive alertness.' He rejoices every time Hitler vigorously blows his anti-Semite trumpet, and he sees Jewish influence behind every dangerous or successful stroke of the Allies.

These two blind spots—both evidently pathological, like his erotic adventures, his predilection for tall, fair-haired, if possible titled underlings at his bid and call, and his friendship with second-rate colleagues like himself ill-treated by nature, such as Funk and Ley—should not blind his readers to his otherwise often lucid appreciation of facts and indications. From about May 1943, when the systematic bombing campaign by U.S.A. and British bomber fleets made themselves felt to a rapidly increasing extent, the diarist, while still displaying confidence in a final victory and developing grandiose plans for its exploitation, instinctively shifts the whole responsibility to his Fuehrer. Opinions as to how this and that measure, this and that counter-move, this and that new device will favourably affect the struggle, rather than presented as his own, are quoted as those of Hitler, occasionally of Goering or others. Digressions turn up where he dwells upon the beauty of nature or the joys of caring for one's children, the stupidity of mankind in making war and slaughtering each other. On November 27th, 1943, he ends a dramatic description of Berlin's plight after its, so far, most destructive air raid: "What a life we are leading! . . . Nevertheless it has great and impelling impulses. One must throw oneself into this life with abandon both to taste it to the full and to help to shape it. Later generations will not only admire us, but be jealous that life entrusted us with such tremendous tasks."

Though prejudiced and wish-dreaming, Goebbels makes some interesting observations about men and nations on the other side. "Churchill's slogan of 'Blood, Sweat and Tears' has entrenched him in a position that makes him totally immune from attacks." "I consider (Sir Stafford Cripps) insanely over-estimated—one more indication of the chronic lack of leadership from which England is at present suffering. Among the blind, the one-eyed man is king." ". . . the Russians are quite unpredictable. They show a capacity for suffering that is simply impossible for others." General de Gaulle is alternately described as "an adventurer," "of weak spiritual and moral calibre," and one "who hasn't the faintest understanding of politics." Roosevelt is "a warmonger whom the whole German people curse," "one of the worst enemies of modern culture and civilisation," "intends to prove himself a skilful pupil of Wilson," "a man without restraint, a very selfish, headstrong personality who shoots straight at his target."

While slapping himself on the back in nearly every one of his daily entries, and registering the consent or applause his clever propaganda wins from whomsoever, anonymous letter writers, men-in-the-street, or such nincompoops under his own orders as Alfred I. Berndt, he shows a poor opinion of all others. Lord Vansittart is mentioned five times; always with a smirk of satisfaction, as "really worth his weight in gold for our propaganda," "grist for my mill," etc. As to his own counterpart in the Fascist camp, Dino Alfieri, he gives vent to his contempt and spite with real gusto as soon as Mussolini's downfall makes evident the weakness and disunion in that Fascist camp. With the Russians he criticises, for instance, their advance announcements, by loudspeaker, of intended attacks; "one just doesn't know what to make of this queer conception of propaganda."

As to the Nazi war aims, even at that belated period, the diaries reveal fantastic additions to the known shopping-list: the ancient Duchy of Burgundy to be annexed from France, and from Italy, their very own Axis partner, not only South Tyrol, but the whole of Venezia. This does not prevent Goebbels from moaning, after the Duce's fall, that Churchill will never restore Sicily and, possibly with Calabria added, will snatch Sardinia and Corsica, so as "absolutely to guarantee English domination in the Mediterranean and to render it secure for all time." Not only by such guesses, but again and again by specific statements, he reveals how much the efficiency of Nazi espionage was overrated by us throughout the war. Both Hitler and Goebbels, in the summer of 1943, expected the invasion—in Holland; in April 1942, "the English have already stationed demolition squads in the Caucasus," shortly after Goebbels had engineered an incredibly naïve, penny-dreadful, attempt at misleading the Allies: he sends a talkative journalist, Kriegk, to Lisbon to "betray" in alleged drunkenness that a planned German attack in the south would, in fact, take place in Central Russia.

With similar naïveté he denied and suppressed an article in the *Frankfurter Zeitung* launched by himself with a view of misleading the enemy. Can a statesman, "a man of authority," as he describes himself more than once, in contrast to other Cabinet members, indeed remain the plotter, the villain of a boys' or a detective novel to a degree which becomes more and more noticeable when wading through his diaries? Has Goebbels dictated all that—up to eighty foolscap pages a day—merely for his own future perusal, or with an eye upon its future study by others? To what extent, then, is he sincere and uninhibited, or playing to the gallery? And what, finally, has been lost to the historian, the psychologist, the strategist, with the presumably tens of thousands of sheets embracing the periods before January 1942, between May and December 1942, between May and September 1943, and after December 1943, all missing?

Such are the questions besetting the reader of this astonishing document. It is a *document humain*, above all. The personality resulting from it shows many facets, more even than our pretty ample previous knowledge assumed: a blend of utter cruelty and ruthlessness with sentimentality, of boundless ambition and quick-witted grasp of advantages with primitive misjudgment of men and situations, of vanity and jealousy with, seemingly blind, idolatry, of utter shortsightedness with brilliant intelligence, an intelligence, however, utterly devoid of wisdom and of that inner faith which cannot be faked with loud-mouthed or cleverly worded proclamations. In the end one is tempted to quote Schiller (in *Piccolomini*):

Wär der Gedank' nicht so verwünscht gescheit,
Man wär' versucht, ihn herzlich dumm zu nennen.

EDGAR STERN-RUBARTH.

THE TRUTH ABOUT PUBLISHING.*

IN the world of English publishers it has been generally acknowledged that a special place has been held by Sir Stanley Unwin. He has contrived to build up a list which in its range of interest and degree of learning can compete with those of the learned and University Presses. By his professional skill and acumen as a man of business he

* *The Truth About Publishing*. By Sir Stanley Unwin, LL.D. Allen & Unwin. 8s 6d.

has been enabled to serve learning and scholarship and the general encouragement of new ideas, while maintaining a business of magnitude and solidity. Further, to all aspects of book production and publishing he has brought a skill which has elevated all of his activities to the level of an art. When, therefore, some years ago he put down his experience in a volume entitled *The Truth About Publishing* there was an immediate and wide response to his communications, and now in a fifth edition he has added a number of recent and additional reflections. I have always felt that the strength of his position arises from the fact that he has so fully realised the place of the book in civilisation. For the printed word is the lifeline upon which our civilised life depends. In recent years we have come to rely very much more upon the spoken work in radio and in film ; but though these may be useful for propaganda, education and entertainment, solid learning and the transmission of ideas will depend upon that close contemplation which the printed page alone permits. If we were to lose the printed word then science, our technical studies, our philosophy, our mathematics and our law would be thrown back into chaos. The dignity of his position has arisen from his faith in this fundamental importance of the book, and whatever may be his desire to be successful in his profession he has never ignored the obligation of making that profession a dedicated service to the humane elements in contemporary life.

This position is more exceptional than might at first seem probable. For some reason small attention has been paid to the profession of publishing in England. It is seldom that a publisher is honoured with a knighthood and seldom that any one of our universities selects a publisher for an honorary degree. As far as I know publishers are not organised in the same way as lawyers and doctors and other members of learned professions into bodies with a self-prescribed procedure and a code of conduct in relationship to the public. Indeed, throughout Sir Stanley Unwin's volume one of his complaints has been that any young man with an honours degree, or indeed sometimes without that dubious appendage, regards himself as qualified for publishing. "For the most part," he writes, "they appear to think publishing a 'soft job' which consists of reading an occasional manuscript. In practice, what seems to happen is that the young man is asked by his father what he would like to be, and replies that he does not know. When questioned what he is interested in, he perhaps replies he likes reading. It is then assumed he ought to be a publisher."

It may be that publishing exists somewhere in that undefined territory between a trade and a profession, but Sir Stanley Unwin's great contribution has been that he has helped to emphasise and define the professional aspects of these activities. These matters are indeed taken more seriously in some other countries where there is a stronger tradition of book buying than we have developed in England, and I notice that his volume has been translated into ten foreign languages and that translations into Arabic, Hindustani, Hungarian and Norwegian are in preparation. The appearance of this new edition is timely, for we have never been since the first institution of printing in such a precarious position as far as the transmission of books is concerned. Publishing houses with their reduced quota of paper and with their many other technical difficulties find themselves unable to encourage new authors and young writers as they were able to do in the years before the war. There is a grave danger that the continuing tradition of our literature may be stifled through these mechanical deficiencies,

and that particularly imaginative writers will be driven for economic reasons to desert the art of writing. Nor does this affliction concern young writers alone, for, as he has himself most vigorously indicated, editions of standard works, scientific and technical books and those more mature works of reflection upon which our civilisation is based, cannot now be produced in that free and ample flow which any generous conception of civilised activity requires.

We are seeing further that more sinister dangers are possible. The Czechoslovak printing unions have been able to hold up any further free interchange of ideas by a refusal to print anything with which they disagree. We are fortunately far away from such a dilemma in England, but we are not without our perils. The reduction of newsprint is itself an insidious form of censorship. Let us hope that it is an unconscious form, but it is censorship. At the same time the Government are well content to set up Commissions to look into the condition of other people's affairs, and we have at present such a Commission looking into the adequacy of our Press. I would submit that the time has come for the public to set up Commissions on the conduct of the Government in its relation to paper and the means of publication. There should be at an early date such a Commission to inquire into the amount of newsprint which is now being used by His Majesty's Stationery Office and the local government authorities, and whether it is in the interest of the public that so much of what is available of an allegedly rare commodity should be used for such official purposes rather than for the open exchange of free thought between private citizens. Sir Stanley Unwin himself comments in noble words upon the importance of such a freedom of thought: "The enemy of subversive thought is not suppression, but publication; truth has no need to fear the light of day; fallacies wither under it. The unpopular views of to-day are the commonplaces of to-morrow, and in any case the wise man wants to hear both sides of every question. Publication winnows the grain of truth from the chaff of prejudice and superstition, and it is the publisher's duty to help this process by maintaining an open forum."

In emphasising these more fundamental and philosophical aspects of his subject I have done less than justice to a volume which tells one everything that one could hope to know about book production, from printing to royalty agreements, publicity, proof correcting and, indeed, all other related matters. Though Sir Stanley Unwin is interested in the most profound aspects of his theme, he is eminently a practical man and some will find great interest in the profit and loss accounts which he produces for the sale of moderately successful volumes. Further, in attempting to estimate the financial opportunities of publishing, he gives some interesting comparative figures of the amounts left by authors, publishers, booksellers, literary agents and newspaper proprietors:

Book Publishers:

John Lane, £12,000.

Wm. Heinemann, £33,000.

Booksellers:

B. H. Blackwell (Oxford), £54,000.

Henry C. Sotheran, £68,000.

Authors:

Arnold Bennett, £40,551.

Thomas Burke, £288.

Rider Haggard, £61,000.

Literary Agents :

J. B. Pinker, £40,000.

A. P. Watt, £60,000.

Weekly Newspaper Proprietor :

Sir William Ingram, Bt. (*Illustrated London News*, etc.), £265,000.

Provincial Newspaper Owner :

J. J. Riley (*Southport Guardian*), £40,000.

Although the volume is complete, I would still like to see him publish a new and enlarged edition in which he would with his great experience look to the future. I feel that our great task in England, as soon as our material resources may permit, is to transfer this nation from one of book borrowers to book buyers. That I would submit can only be done by a revision of the whole technique of book selling and book borrowing. Sir Stanley Unwin thinks traditionally in book sales of three or four thousand copies, but with the increase of education we ought to have a nation which buys reasonably interesting books in editions of ten or twenty thousand at least. The increase in our sales in this country does not compare in any way favourably with that which we are witnessing in Soviet Russia. It may well be that we cannot develop a nation of book buyers at the prices which are at present current. The Penguin and Pelican Libraries have discovered a vast audience for editions which run sometimes to over 100,000 copies in a public which I am convinced is almost untouched as a book-buying public by the regular publishers. Sir Stanley Unwin seems to me not to have come to terms with this new and democratic task of the publisher in the contemporary State.

I realise that in part these are technical problems and I hesitate to pose them before one who is so competent. I would, however, submit that one of the dangers in this country is the attachment of our public to the bound book. Many publishers would have been able to reissue books during the last few years if they had been confident of sales for paper-bound copies. We are, however, so conservative in our tastes, and the circulating libraries are so insistent in their demands, that we prefer to have no book at all unless we can have a bound book. They think otherwise in France and in a number of other countries. I should like to see works published in vast editions at cheap prices so that the public could read the volumes and if necessary throw them away. I would then like to see the more respectable and permanent works reissued more handsomely in bound editions and placed, not on the shelves of public libraries or of circulating libraries, but in the homes of people who treasure them. I know some of the answers that Sir Stanley Unwin would have to these propositions, and, indeed, it seems harsh and ungrateful to dangle such theories before any publisher in this present period of such grievous shortage of all material resources. Still we must plan for a cultural future and struggle with all our strength for its realisation. For that reason, while commending this volume, which no longer needs commendation, as a precious contribution to that rare literature about publishing in England, I would ask him to become now the prophet of the publishing of the future as in this volume he has become the recorder of its present possibilities.

B. IFOR EVANS.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF KARL JASPERS.

THE history of philosophy might be compared to a meeting of a learned society, at which the debate is conducted with all the courtesies appropriate to the occasion. Shortly before the close of the session, however, two outsiders force their way in, to protest that a large part of the discussion has been so much academic trifling and to propose for consideration what they describe as more vital issues. They are politely but firmly shown off the premises. But behold! when the society next meets, several of the younger members propose that the two intruders be elected members without delay, further, that they be appointed to office, and that the discussion proceed along the lines suggested by them. It is at this interesting development that we arrive on the scene to observe what will happen.

The newcomers are Kierkegaard and Nietzsche, one a gentleman of private means who squandered his resources on books written under assumed names which reached a circulation just sufficient to attract gossip to their author, the other an erratic classical scholar and devotee of Wagner who proposed to rewrite our table of values and who died insane. Yet what the existentialists of to-day propose in all seriousness to do is to take these men as the beginning of a quite new enterprise in philosophical thinking. Probably the wisest and most important member of this revolutionary group is also the one least known. He is Karl Jaspers, at one time professor of medicine at Heidelberg but for many years now professor of philosophy. He sets out to assimilate the new insights which we owe to Kierkegaard and Nietzsche to the great tradition of Western philosophy. He has given us a systematic presentation of his thought in a three-volume *Philosophie* of whose structure a Hegel would not need to be ashamed; at the same time all his thinking turns on Kierkegaard's affirmation that a system of knowledge may be possible, but never a system of life.

For him philosophy is rooted in personal faith, in the effort of a man to win, at all costs to himself, to an apprehension of ultimate reality. But the philosopher must not only hazard himself in this way, he must also reflect on what he is doing and state the results of his reflection in a form which makes them intelligible to others. The assumption is that it is precisely what is most individual in us—the lonely encounter of the self with destiny—which is at the same time the common human tie which binds us all together. This impulse at once to a personal quest for truth and to such clarity on that quest as only rational thinking can furnish, is at work, he would say, in all the philosophies of the past. Investigation shows that there are but three ways of philosophising, and Jaspers takes each of these in turn. In what follows we can only present, in very summary and selective fashion, a few of the more valuable elements in his thought.

The first way is that of orientation in the world (*Weltorientierung*), or an appreciation of the limits set to all scientific thought and action. The assumption, for example, that there is such a thing as an authoritative "scientific world-view" turns out on examination to be highly questionable. There are a number of sciences, each with its specific methods and its particular body of results, and the tendency of scientific advance is not to integrate these into some whole of knowledge but to breed an ever-increasing number of still more specialised studies.

That science has achieved such astounding results by concentrating on the measurable aspects of reality should not lead us, as it

unfortunately does in some cases, to suppose that there are no other aspects ; it should make us aware of heights and depths in our experience to which the scientific approach is not adequate. In the same way, we are inclined nowadays to assume that all problems can be solved by the application of some technique ; but there is a wide realm of human relations which prove refractory to such treatment. The very age which threatens to subject man to the machine has compensated for this by carrying to a fantastic extreme the relation between the leader and his followers.

The power of science is a function of its limitations ; restriction to the quantitative makes for efficiency, but it postpones the attainment of truth. Even to know how things work does not still the desire in us to know what things are. There science cannot help us. It is not a continent stretching to the horizon ; it is an island in a sea of mystery. That is not a statement to be made about science by people who feel superior to it ; it is a conviction borne in upon the scientist himself in the course of his work. His task is to push back the frontier between the known and the unknown : he does this ninety-nine times with success, but on the hundredth occasion he comes to a limit which in the very nature of the case he cannot hope to pass. There he recognises with awe a region other than that in which his knowledge rules ; it is the Transcendent, and the experience of it stirs him to wonder.

The second way of philosophising is the elucidation of existence (*Existenzerhellung*). Since "existence" in writers of this school has a special meaning which would need a whole essay to elaborate, we can use the term "selfhood" as a rough equivalent in English. It is best to employ here the first person singular. My selfhood is not something fixed, it is always in process of growth. Indeed, it is less what I am than what I can be and ought to be. We live in aspiration, faith, and hope, "in something evermore about to be." I am in the world with a task and responsibility. What I am is from one point of view a set of facts and circumstances, something given. Yet I have the prerogative of freedom, and the highest exercise of this is to take up this destiny into my will, to choose to be what I am. When I do this, I discover that I am not self-made, that grace and gift lie at the foundations of my being. I am through the Transcendent.

In Kierkegaard's expression, each individual is an "embodied conscience," he has a duty which cannot be expressed in general terms, but which springs out of his very being. Normally, to be sure, he lives amid the pressure of daily cares and the routine of earning a living, but moments come when, as Karl Heim has put it, "the accent of eternity" falls on what is before him. Then he rallies his whole being to some act charged with destiny ; careless of what others do or say, he stands by the truth which is part of his very self. At such an hour he knows himself in touch with the Transcendent.

But we win our souls, not in solitude, but in companionship. What I am, I am within a system of relationships which unite me with my fellows. The highest moments of life, moments which may be set beside those of the unconditional action just described, are moments in which the real self in one meets and knows the real self in another. For this genuine, unreserved unveiling of person to person we must wait, for to hasten it would be to imperil it ; but we must not shrink from it when the time comes. Nor does it need any special form of organisation ; we must use the relationships of social intercourse, business, education,

and so on, filling them with new content by this giving and receiving between selves which is the process in which selfhood is forged.

Here, to be sure, we are exposed to hazards of various kinds. Life is a transition from situation to situation. But there are some situations which are different from others ; they constitute a limit which we cannot pass. What we have to do when faced with them is not to acquire an addition to our stock of knowledge or even to behave somewhat differently. We must be born again : as the self I am, I shrink from the threat they contain and cannot meet it. But if I can only meet that threat with courage, I shall become in so doing a self which does not shrink, which actually is enriched by the hazard it has gone through.

Chief among these limit-situations of our life in the world is death. The death of another forces upon our recognition the fragmentary character of life ; we see that there is not time to solve all our problems ; we must find a faith which will give meaning to our life, even should it end—as it may—to-morrow. The knowledge that we ourselves must die cannot but inspire dread : if “ the paths of glory lead but to the grave,” is not that glory vain and hollow ? Death requires of us a choice : either we surrender to it and become mere creatures of the passing day, snatching what pleasure we can, or we rise to the height of our manhood, as strong souls who will not swerve from truth and honour, even though there is no guarantee that we shall see them prevail.

Another such limit-situation is guilt, the plight of the man who has to choose between two courses of action and cannot wholly approve of either. Or it is the burden borne by the man who has to accept a situation he did not make but simply finds and can only do what it allows. Another is conflict, for nothing can eliminate the clash of life against life, claim pitted against claim, the strife of equally sincere persons whose convictions are diametrically opposed. Another is the historicity, the given-ness of all things in this world : I am an Englishman of the twentieth century and not an Italian of the tenth, and so on.

What these limit-situations bring to us is not information about the Transcendent, but an actual encounter in the midst of our world with what lies beyond it. Nevertheless, the will to know drives us on and we seek some means by which to describe the Transcendent. This is the third way, that of metaphysics. Metaphysics is the child of contemplation ; we present to ourselves what can never be an object of thought *as though* it were such. The systems of the past give us insight and intuition under the form of reasoned argument. To that extent they are deceptive ; but the deception is in accord with the nature of life, since it is only through the concepts which are valid for all that what is unique in one individual can communicate with what is unique in another. Our task is to take over by personal appropriation the insights which the great systems embodied ; we live in metaphysical work in this tension between the acquisition of a tradition and a personal experience and conviction.

There are various possibilities in speculation about what lies beyond our neat world of ordered knowledge and planned action. The richest of all is what Jaspers terms “ reading the sign-language of the Transcendent.” For the Godhead communicates with us in every instant of our experience, have we but eyes to see and ears to hear : all things here below are parables and symbols of him. This immediate experience is the first and primary sign-language. But men have come to interpret it by a second language of their own invention, that of the mythologies of the various peoples. This is not knowledge, it is in its turn a system

of signs. Finally, the philosophers have interpreted the language of mythology in their systems of speculation, and so given us a third system of signs. All these in turn we read as so many hints, suggestions, symbols of what is inexpressible but beyond doubt, for have we not met it in unconditional action, in communication, and in the challenge of some limit-situation?

There is, however, one sign above all others which daunts it, yet which is present in all other signs. It is that of frustration. Here we come to something in the thought of Jaspers which has immediate application. For in his latest book *Die Schuldfrage* he has shown the German people how to find, even in the humiliation of defeat and the scorn of their enemies, the means of spiritual renewal. Frustration is the most terrible of all signs, but it is the one which is dearest to the Godhead. It seems to be the one by which he exposes us to the direst peril that he may make possible for us the supreme victory. The final vision is of the gain which is won by loss, the life born out of death.

E. L. ALLEN.

POPULATION PROBLEMS.

I SHALL speak of excess and defect of population in countries where I have lived and in communities which I have known. I shall take the communities first: some of them were odd. Certainly the oddest was that of the Srivaikuntam Vellalas. Vellala is a widely spread and rather indefinite caste name in southern India, and Srivaikuntam is situated in the extreme south of India. These people lived in a fort, and (perhaps for fear of "accidents") they did not admit strangers within the walls. A woman, once she entered her husband's house, might never again cross the threshold (this, too, perhaps for fear of "accidents"). When I knew these people their hope of continued existence rested on twelve married women and seven unmarried girls. The men seemed to be content: they put forward the strange argument that the fewer there are to divide the possessions of a community the richer and happier will each member be. It is more than thirty years since I have seen the Srivaikuntam Vellalas; I wonder if they still survive. It seems improbable; but then, improbable things have a way of happening in India.

A community which regulated its numbers with seemingly more method and success was that of the Todas, who live on the Nilgiri hills, also in south India. They have kept their numbers from census to census at between 700 and 800. Probably these figures are accurate. For while a Srivaikuntam Vellala does not differ much from any other Vellala in appearance or occupation, it is quite impossible to mistake a Toda for anything else, or anything else for a Toda. The adult male Toda as a rule is singularly handsome, and he bears a strange but unmistakeable resemblance to the legendary pictures of Christ. A Toda will only pasture his buffaloes on the Downs and sell dairy produce. Recognising that women are the important factor in population the Todas long ago were wont to pitch superfluous female babies over the Mukkarti precipice. This pleasing practice has been prohibited by law, but the Todas, it is rumoured, have found another way of dealing with the problem. A probably redundant female baby is placed in the gateway of the buffalo kraal, and the herd is driven in atop of her. If she survives she is brought up; if she does not survive, why then, she

cannot be brought up. The Todas are polyandrists, a fact which may have some significance. Their buffaloes deserve a word: they are usually savage towards strangers, and completely docile towards their owners. I have had the experience of being rescued from an evil-intentioned buffalo by a small Toda boy, who seized the great beast's formidable horn with one hand, clouted its head with the other, and led it away, quite unresisting, to the kraal. Toda women, to my eyes, usually were hideous.

Indians in general do not hold with family limitation. To those who declare that England has robbed, fleeced and destroyed the Indians it may be pointed out that the first census showed the population to be about 127 millions, the last (1941) showed it to be about 450 millions. It is the desire of every Indian to have many children: Jean Antoine Dubois, the old "missionary of Mysore," noticed this about a hundred years ago. But the upbringing of these children is a different matter. The land used to be the hope of every countryside Hindu. But the land cannot be extended indefinitely, and undoubtedly the pressure of population on land is now far too heavy. Sixty or seventy years ago a farmer could do well enough on his holding of "three acres and a cow." But the holding will not now support his three sons; still less will it provide marriage portions for his two daughters. The next Hindu hope was a Government clerkship, and the only test of fitness for clerkship was the passing of examinations. Nearly all the clerks were B.A.s, and when the flowing tide of B.A.s could by no means be dammed, the Government invented a multitude of "special tests"—all of them idiotic.

The Moslems were in even worse case. The Mappillas of Malabar excepted, the southern Moslems will not cultivate the land. At the end of the first world war the experiment was tried of land grants to returning soldiers, but the only use that Moslems made of their grants was to sublet them to Hindus. Admittedly the land was bad land, but simply there was not enough good land to go round. The Moslem has not the Hindu's uncanny facility in passing examinations, and so the door of Government clerkship was practically closed against him. Some employed themselves as money-lenders, an ignoble profession, and one forbidden by their religion; some traded in skins, an occupation forbidden by religious scruples to Hindus; some traded in "piece goods" (imported textiles). But many sank to menial employments; a Moslem *peon* (doorkeeper) once described his career to me as "wearing a belt and being present." It was sad to see (I have seen it) Moslem families once prosperous, even noble, sunk into penury and squalor.

I recall a curious conversation with an Indian about India's teeming millions. I was watching a famine relief work when a seemingly well-to-do Telegu farmer strolled up and began chatting to me. With true British arrogance I boasted of all that we had done, and were still doing, for the people—peace, famine relief, medical relief, communications, and all the rest of it. "True enough," said the farmer drily, "but what is all that save shoving a spoke into the wheel of Nature's working? In old days war, pestilence, famine kept the population within manageable limits. You have stopped the working of Nature's laws, and saved alive myriads of people. What are you going to do with them?" I do not think that the farmer was a flinty-hearted cynic; he was simply giving his view of facts as they appeared to him to be. We now boast that we have made India independent. How many

have been butchered in recent communal fighting? The peace which we imposed on India does not seem to be lasting very long. And behind the fighting grim spectres stalk. The land lies uncultivated, communications are in disarray, cholera is threatening, the great Indian army has been torn in pieces. It may be Nature's working, and Nature is inexorable.

Among Western nations France is in trouble, and I doubt whether she will ever rise out of it. While Germany was still in the full tide of victory I read in a German newspaper the caption, *Frankreich sagt NEIN zum leben*. The advancing Germans had noticed farms half-cultivated, tumbledown insanitary houses, household gear worn out and nearly useless. Also the French population was too *old*: the newspaper asked ironically, "why are the French armies led by generals of 70?" and answered its own question, "because the generals of 75 are all dead." For long Frenchmen and Frenchwomen have refused the responsibility of begetting and *rearing* children. The italicised word is the more important. The cause of all this, I think, may be traced to the reigns of Louis XIV, Napoleon I, and Napoleon III. The first two bled France white, but at least they could point to victories. The crash at Sedan, and the showing up of the utter incompetence and disorganisation of the French army, knocked all heart out of the French people. Henceforth the young Frenchman looked only to what his father might leave to him or to some miserably paid Government employment. There are far too many petty officials. If he did aspire to an independent career, he was rather apt to develop into a blackmailing journalist or a swindling politician. Journalists and politicians are such in Pagnol's play *Topaze*. The piece was accepted in France as a satire on French life, and a satire must bear some resemblance to something that really exists; otherwise it would be pointless. Zola, in *Fécondité*, preached an eloquent but futile sermon to his people. At the end his propagative heroes (the Froments) possessed all that their family-restricting friends had lost. But how did that benefit France? It was a mere transference from one pocket to another. Race-suicide is an evil, but heedless propagation is no remedy. Will to live does not mean merely will to exist, but will to exist usefully. The Germans were philoprogenitive; they were also intelligent and industrious. But they had no great will to exist usefully: under Hitler's leadership they devoted themselves to making machines for the destruction of their neighbours. They preferred guns to butter: to-day they have neither butter nor guns. Italy's unlimited philoprogenitiveness encouraged by Mussolini ended in farce.

Ireland, my own country, has seen some extraordinary fluctuations. Between 1801 and 1841 the population rose from 5.5 millions to 8.1 millions, and by 1861 it had fallen to 5.7 millions; in 1901 it was 4.4 millions. I do not think that it has since increased; it may have decreased, and it may now be fairly well adapted to the country. Ireland could not support 8 millions. The cause of these happenings I take to be Foster's Corn Laws. In the last days of Grattan's Parliament, John Foster, Chancellor of the Irish Exchequer, imposed a heavy duty on imported corn, and gave a heavy bounty to exported corn. For a time it seemed as though a beneficent fairy had waved her wand over the country. Great pasturing estates were broken up, men set their hands to plough and spade, there was work and a living wage for all. But the foundations of this prosperity were very shaky. After nearly thirty years of incessant war Europe was starving for corn, and ready

to pay any price. But the climate and soil of Ireland are not very suitable (many competent judges have pronounced them to be particularly unsuitable), and as Europe returned to "normalcy" the Irish farmer found it impossible to grow corn economically. So millions of Irishmen left to try their luck in other lands, mainly in America. The moral consequences were unfortunate. For these emigrants unceasingly poured oil on the fire of America's dislike of England. To England, not to Nature, they attributed all their material misfortunes. The population of America in 1940 was about 132 millions. So long as America was an undeveloped country she absorbed immigrants as a sandhill drinks water, and on the whole did well by them. But the industrious immigrants cropped millions of fertile acres into the "Dust Bowl," and there are ominous warnings that America is reaching the end of her natural oil resources. The American mechanic is splendidly competent and productive, and America will not permit the importation of foreign manufactures lest such interfere with labour's wages. But the domestic market once saturated (and it is showing signs of saturation), where is the American manufacturer to sell his products? Twenty years ago the cry was to "break down consumer resistance," or in other words to encourage credit-buying on the instalment system. This led into the great depression of the 'thirties. The American manufacturer can still sell to foreign countries, but only for a debit entry into the buyer's ledger. He will not accept foreign goods, and he cannot find negotiable currency.

What of England? The population of England and Wales rose from 18.5 millions in 1841 to 36.9 millions in 1941. But this increase is not altogether a sign of increasing prosperity. The fairly well educated and intelligent upper middle class, a strong element in a population, is being steadily crushed out of existence by ever-increasing taxation. At the other end the proletariat is prospering, but the proletariat now demands everything—education, medical relief, milk, meals for children—at the cost of the State, that is, at the cost of the general taxpayer. We boast that our "social services" were not decreased during the war, but rather increased. The hope of every "advancing" father and mother of the "working" classes is a Government clerkship for their sons and daughters: that employment is "secure."

J. CHARTRES MOLONY.

POOR WHITES AND UNFORTUNATE BLACKS.

THE poverty and squalor of certain native races within the British Commonwealth is a frequently recurring topic, but one too often discussed without due consideration of the economic, political and racial complications obtaining in the country concerned. It is to be hoped that the post-war financial grants made to the colonies to facilitate the establishment of new hospitals, improved medical and educational services, and large-scale agricultural planning will somewhat ease the situation. The colonial development scheme for East Africa can, if carefully handled, be of great advantage both to Britain herself and to the native population of these territories.

Much criticism has often been levelled, however, at the conditions of the native races living in and under the direct jurisdiction of the

self-governing Dominion of South Africa. Few, indeed, would seek to hide the fact that the lot of the great majority of the Bantu people is deplorable. Disease is rife; malnutrition is not infrequent; the infant mortality rate is, in some locations, as high as 80 per cent. Living conditions are primitive, wages poor, and the natives are forbidden to engage in skilled trades. They have, moreover, no proportional representation in parliament. We must, in all fairness, mention at this stage the difficulties which stand in the way of the social reform of any aboriginal population governed by races in a higher state of civilisation. These difficulties are by no means absent in South Africa. First and foremost, there are 8 million of the Bantu races and only 2 million Europeans. This means that the latter are extremely wary of adopting schemes to provide the natives with a better general standard of education. They fully realise that this would be a means whereby they might help themselves more effectively, but apart from the cost involved they fear the consequences of placing such a weapon in their hands. Hardly fifty years have elapsed since the Europeans achieved final mastery of the country, and the memories of neither blacks nor whites are short. Although the native is conservative in his mode of life and suspicious of innovation, holding rigidly to his primitive, uneconomic farming methods, he is extremely susceptible to leftist political trends. This is quite understandable, but as the bogey of Communism is the chief dread of the nationalistic South African European, it does not favour the native's cause.

In South Africa, however, there are numerous local complications to aggravate the situation. Three quarters of a million people of mixed race and colour, living mainly in the Cape Province, would demand to share in any raising of the status of the Bantus. The Cape coloureds are, on the whole, of higher intellect and greater potentiality than the ordinary natives. Their colour has led to their being despised or ignored by whites and blacks alike, leading to their developing the psychology of the unwanted child. They are, therefore, politically and often morally unstable. It is not, perhaps, their own fault that they are an embittered race. The presence of large numbers of Indians in Natal does not allay the anxieties of those who envisage South Africa as a "white man's paradise," for with the granting of Dominion status to India this has become an international problem and not just a national affair. There are, of course, individuals and societies which are doing a great deal to help all sections of the community. They are seriously handicapped for funds, however, and only social reform on a national scale can be generally effective.

When the situation is carefully analysed there appears only one major drawback to such a reform being undertaken by the South African Government. It is a point rarely voiced by the authorities but one which is recognised by the British and Afrikaans element alike—the question of the "poor whites." There are over 100,000 Europeans in the Union living only just above the starvation line. They are mainly descendants of the original Dutch settlers. To understand their position and their influence to the full it is necessary to examine the cause of their destitution. Long before the Cape of Good Hope became a British possession, it had been a refuelling and revictualling station for the Dutch East India company. By the Treaty of Utrecht it was ceded to Britain. At the beginning of the last century, incensed by the action of the new British Governor in freeing the African slaves, 10,000 Afrikaners made the Great Trek through hitherto

unexplored country to the interior. On their hazardous journey northwards they endured incredible hardships, perhaps the least of which was the manhandling of their primitive ox-wagons over mountainous and afforested country. Always they were at the mercy of violent weather conditions, sometimes of storms, sometimes of drought. Often they were beset by wild beasts or hostile natives. So epic was their journey that a whole folklore has arisen about the story of the Voortrekkers. Eventually they settled on the Great Central Plateau, where they founded the Transvaal and the Orange Free State. Once the natives had come to recognise the superiority of the new settlers, great tracts of land were available for cultivation. But time was against the pioneers. The discovery of gold in the Transvaal meant that they were no longer masters of their newly acquired territory. Foreign capital and a new population poured into the country to exploit the goldfields. In a vain effort to prevent such incursions the Afrikaaners fought and lost the Boer War.

The Treaty of Vereeniging was one of the most generous gestures ever made to a defeated foe, but the situation had changed almost beyond recognition. The Afrikaaner population had increased almost a hundredfold since the first ten thousand pioneers set out from the Cape. To comply with the dictates of Roman Dutch law estates had been split up between descendants time and time again. It is easy to see how many a prosperous farm of thousands of acres deteriorated into numerous small holdings which in their turn have become little more than cabbage patches. Reluctance to adopt the more modern farming methods practised by a former enemy meant that food production became too small adequately to support a country rapidly becoming industrialised. Bad farming laid the land open to soil erosion. The small amount of land left to many Afrikaaners, therefore, was not sufficient even to support their own families. Consequently, large numbers of them, unfitted for anything but agriculture, drifted here and there in a fruitless search for new land. Their only alternative was to stay at home and eke out a bare existence. To-day, 5 per cent. of the European population, that is one in every twelve Afrikaaners, are poor whites, almost starving in a land of untold wealth; their tumble-down shacks bear grim testimony to their plight. They cannot be employed as unskilled labourers because native labour is cheaper and more effective. Malnutrition and bad housing conditions have sapped their strength, leaving them ready victims to the ravages of tuberculosis and malaria, and curbing their powers of assimilating the necessary education to improve themselves mentally.

The Afrikaaner, who had the foresight to leave the land in the early days to enter administration or industry, has come readily into contact with modern European thought. He has seen his country become bilingual, is a member of a self-governing Dominion, and, unless he is an extremist, respects the British way of life. He refuses, however, to accede to the wishes of many of the English-speaking South Africans to better the lot of the Bantu people until the position of his own kith and kin is ameliorated. The British element, in its turn, does not wish to deliver too much power into the hands of the Afrikaaners, who already outnumber them by a ratio of six to four. Nor is the situation stable. Although over 60 per cent. of South Africa's European population is engaged in farming, agriculture brings in only 12 per cent. of her national income. Despite Government subsidies to farmers the number of poor whites, then, may easily be doubled within a decade

or two. Until the status of the poor whites has been settled, the lot of the natives is likely to be hard, and the South African political scene stormy, for the Afrikaaner regards himself, rightly or wrongly, as the only legitimate heir to his country's riches, and will not yield in his efforts to obtain full recognition of the needs of his own compatriots first.

There is only one effective solution to the problem—emigration to South Africa on the grand scale. Here, again, however, there is something of a stalemate. Though a vast new population could be absorbed and the native population eventually outpaced, so that there need be no fear of according the Bantu full civil rights and liberties, a peculiarly local complication once again prevents such a policy. The Afrikaaners dislike the prospect of being outnumbered by English-speaking races, and thus favour an immigration restriction quota. The British do not favour the Afrikaaners' preference for immigrants of the Germanic races. There is, however, a brighter side to the picture. During the war, many Afrikaaners who previously had rarely ventured out of the backveldt came into contact for the first time with other European races and learned to acquire tolerance and a broader vision. Moreover, the diehard views of the older type of British settler are dying out and a new generation which is first and foremost South African is growing up. Once racial tolerance can be firmly established between Europeans, the problems of both poor whites and unfortunate blacks can be settled. Until then the maxim "Proceed with care" will have to be applied.

N. H. WHITE.

THE LEARNED LUNATICS.

"I AM here cut off from the milk of science, which flows in such redundant streams from your learned Lunatics, and which, I can assure you, is a very great regret to me." So wrote Dr. Erasmus Darwin, physician, botanist, author and grandfather to Charles Darwin, after he had left Birmingham in 1782. And his "learned Lunatics" were the Lunar Society, that gathering of brilliant men to whom the Industrial Revolution owes so much. Since the days of Cromwell London had been far and away the most important place in England. Here was the centre of trade and of wealth; here were the craftsmen, the poets and painters, the men of science. But when one craft after another was replaced by an industry, when coal and iron, wool and cotton became more important than wheat and cattle, when the "dark satanic mills" grew and spread and multiplied, the provinces began to assert themselves. The new industry could not do without science; so much of it owed its very existence to one science or another, above all to the newly risen chemistry. And since the luminaries of science congregated in London, as the Royal Society and the older universities would not soil themselves with these new-fangled things and coal-black industries, the Industrial Revolution created its own science, its own academies. Little groups interested in the arts and sciences, in literature and philosophy, sprang up in many provincial towns. London was far away and transport difficult; if they wanted an intellectual life, they had to make it themselves. So there was Dr. Beddoes and his circle in Bristol, among them the young Humphry Davy, Southey, Coleridge, William Wordsworth;

there were Aikin, Enfield, and for a time Priestley at Warrington ; there were the Taylors and the Martineaus at Norwich ; somewhat later there was the Manchester Philosophical and Literary Society, whose greatest member was John Dalton, the founder of the atomic theory ; and, greatest of them, the Lunar Society at Birmingham. The soul and centre of the Lunar Society was undoubtedly Matthew Boulton, the famous machine builder who, together with Watt, developed the steam engine. But it seems that the idea of such a society was suggested to him by Dr. Small, his physician, himself a man of many accomplishments, one-time professor of mathematics and natural philosophy at an American college. However that may have been, meetings began to be held about the year 1766 ; at first there were only Boulton, Dr. Small, Dr. Darwin, Captain Keir—chemist and author—and John Baskerville, the printer and typefounder. At that time Watt had not yet settled in Birmingham, and when he passes through the town, we find him being invited to come to "*l'hôtel de l'amitié sur Handsworth Heath*" to meet Darwin, Small and Keir.

The society never had rules or a formal constitution. The only things they adhered to were that the meetings were to be held in each other's houses on the Mondays nearest to the full moon—"to enable distant members to drive home by moonlight ; and this was the more necessary as some of them—such as Darwin and Wedgwood—lived at a considerable distance from Birmingham." Hence, of course, their name, though who bestowed it is nowhere recorded. It seems very likely that it was Darwin, the wit of the society. On these Mondays they met about two o'clock, enjoyed the late dinner favoured to this day in the Midlands, and parted, filled with scientific news and discussion, some six hours later. Boulton did at one time suggest a proper constitution, but the others would not hear of it. The chief merit of the society lay in the free discussion, without fear or favour, that its informality made possible. And they most certainly indulged in this freedom up to the hilt, above all, of course, Darwin. On one famous occasion he brought along a small machine he had made that would say "papa" or "mama" to the members, and amidst general delight Boulton challenged him to perfect one that would speak whole sentences ; they even drew up an agreement :

I promise to pay to Dr. Darwin of Lichfield one thousand pounds upon his delivering to me (within two years from date hereof) an instrument called an organ that is capable of pronouncing the Lord's Prayer, the Creed and the Ten Commandments in the vulgar tongue, and his ceding to me, and me only, the property of said invention with all the advantages thereunto appertaining.—MATTHEW BOULTON.

Needless to say, he did not get his £1,000. That Boulton stipulated such a religious test was, by the way, no accident ; for Darwin was well known as an agnostic—which shocked some of his contemporaries—nor was he the only one. It was peculiar to the Industrial Revolution that many of its leading men, both in business and in science, were Quakers or Dissenters or even agnostics ; this was not unconnected with the fact that many of them inclined to radicalism.

Much solid work was done, despite all games. Two overriding interests united the members, the development of steam power (not, perhaps, surprising in a society that included both Boulton and Watt !) and chemistry. Chemistry was just beginning to throw off the swaddling clothes of mediæval scholasticism, was beginning to go and find out for itself instead of referring every problem to Aristotle. But other

sciences were frequently discussed, too, in particular botany, of which there were several keen devotees in the Lunar Society. Sometimes the discussion turned upon the pet subject of a distinguished visitor, of which the society had many, such as Herschel the astronomer, Dr. Joseph Black, the Scottish discoverer of latent heat and Watt's patron, and Sir Joseph Banks, the botanist and later President of the Royal Society.

The Learned Lunatics stood in no need of distinguished visitors to interest them; they had plenty of distinguished men among their own members. During these earlier years men like Josiah Wedgwood joined, the "Prince of Potters," inventor of new furnace thermometers and no mean chemist. A notable acquisition was Samuel Galton, the Quaker merchant, who frequently provided hospitality for the society, contributed a great deal of interest himself, and, above all, allowed his little daughter, not yet ten, to attend; and through her eyes we have many details that might otherwise have been lost. She has admirable pen portraits of these colourful men and records such delightful stories as this one about Dr. Stoke, one of the members:

On one occasion, when the Lunar Meeting, or "Lunatics," as our butler called them, were seated at dinner, a blazing fire being in the room, we were astonished by hearing a sudden *hissing* noise, and seeing a large and beautiful yellow and black snake rushing about the room. My dear mother, who saw it was not venomous, said to me: "Mary Anne, go and catch that snake;" which, after some trouble, and thinking all the while of little Harry Sandford and Tommy Merton, I succeeded in accomplishing. We were wondering where it could have come from, when Dr. Stoke said that, as he was riding along, he had seen the poor animal frozen on a bank, and put it in his pocket to dissect, but the snake had thawed and escaped from his pocket. The doctor praised my prowess, and as a reward he made me a present of my prisoner, which I long kept in a glass jar and carefully tended every day; at last, however, I gave him his freedom.

In 1782 the Lunar Society lost Darwin for good, as he moved to Derby. Yet even before then it had acquired a still greater light of science: Joseph Priestley, discoverer of oxygen and no less than eight other new gases. He had recently been living in Leeds, conveniently near a brewery, from which he had led the carbon dioxide from the fermenting vats through a pipe to his own laboratory; but the Lunar Society proved a greater attraction, and he moved to Birmingham. At once great new investigations were set afoot; Boulton records that he fitted up an entirely new laboratory for himself about this time. Much of all their speculation centred about the greatest source of scientific dispute of the time: phlogiston—one of the three "spooks," as Prof. Hogben calls them, which remained over from the Middle Ages to hinder progress in science. Phlogiston turned out to weigh less than nothing. It had been invented around 1700 by Stahl; he thought that if you burnt something, a mysterious substance, called phlogiston by him, was given off—chiefly because wood or coal ashes are lighter than the wood or coal themselves. But if you weigh the gases they give off, or if you burn a metal like tin or mercury, the total residue weighs more than the original amount; phlogiston was, in fact, the exact reverse of oxygen. Until the real mechanism of burning, of oxidation was discovered, chemistry could make little progress. It is, indeed, extraordinary that Priestley, the discoverer of oxygen, and with him many of the Lunar Society, should have stuck to the phlogiston theory which their work did so much to disprove.

For eleven years Priestley lived undisturbed in Birmingham. Then came catastrophe. Priestley was by profession a divine of the Unitarians, and by belief a strong and vocal supporter of human rights and freedom. In this he found much sympathy among the members of the Lunar Society. It is true what drew them together was their common interest in science, but they were more than willing to discuss other things as well—above all, such stirring events as were preparing in France. Next year, when the revolution broke out, Priestley and many others with him were jubilant; they defended the Parisians, who had broken a dreadful tyranny and set up a Republic of Freedom, Equality and Brotherhood, against their calumniators; Priestley wrote a hotly contended pamphlet against Burke's *Reflections on the French Revolution*. Most of Birmingham approved; some did not. In London, many were afraid of what might come. Two years later the mounting tension snapped. Someone, unidentified to this day (he may even have been instigated by certain circles in London), published a faked Dissenters' broadsheet, saying that led by Priestley they would burn down the churches. On the anniversary of the fall of the Bastille, on July 14th, 1791, the Constitutional Society had arranged a festival dinner, at which Priestley was expected. An angry mob collected, stormed to the hotel where the dinner was held, and to their chagrin found that the dinner was over and Priestley had never been there. Enraged, they broke all the windows and then marched off to burn the two meeting-houses where Priestley usually preached; and still they shouted for him and went out to his house to get him. He had been warned and fled in the nick of time with his family; the frustrated mob tore his house to shreds and then burnt it to the ground. Ironically, they set it alight (not such an easy matter then as to-day) from Priestley's electrical machine, "with that love for the practical application of science which is the source of the greatness of Birmingham," as Professor Huxley observes. Then they moved on and burnt down the houses of others suspected of being "for the philosophers" and "against King and Church." Boulton was hardly less suspected than Priestley, and he expected them to march out to Soho; he barricaded his doors and armed his workmen, but the distance of Soho from Birmingham proved too much, and they never came. The riots were only stopped by the military on the 19th—five days later; and they were followed by lengthy trials and acrimonious mutual accusations.

Priestley fled to London and in 1794 took sail to America. But as he wrote to Withering,

as long as I live I shall look back, and with pleasure and regret, to our Lunar meetings, which I always enjoyed so much, and from which I derived so much solid advantage. If I could find the same *intelligence* in any club of philosophers here, I could not find the same *frankness*, which is the charm of all society.

The terrible events of 1791 did not destroy the Lunar Society. There were Galton's and Boulton's sons; there was young James Watt and then there was one of Boulton and Watt's workmen, the famous William Murdock, the inventor of gas lighting. He was later elected a Fellow of the Royal Society and must have made many contributions to the Lunar Society. These four were the most outstanding among the younger generation.

After the turn of the century the meetings grew rarer; old Matthew Boulton was feeling his age and with his death in 1809 the Lunar

Society, too, gradually came to an end. In that year the mathematician Horner visited Birmingham and wrote :

The remnant of the Lunar Society, and the fresh remembrance in others of the remarkable men who composed it, are very interesting. The impression which they made is not yet worn out, but shows itself, to the second and third generation, in a spirit of scientific curiosity and free inquiry, which even yet makes some stand against the combined forces of Methodism, Toryism, and the love of gain.

What, then, did this curious society, small and informal to the point of entertainment, achieve? There is no doubt that its individual members have reached lasting fame by their work. The steam engine brings to mind the names of Boulton and Watt—the huge British pottery industry that of Wedgwood—coal gas that of Murdock—modern chemistry that of Priestley. But scientists do not work in isolation ; they need to keep in close contact with each other, to criticise each other's work, to make suggestions to each other, and advances in one field often bring about advances in others. It was this function which the Lunar Society performed in Birmingham and so made it world-famous at a time when science everywhere was advancing with enormous speed ; and its contacts ranged from Benjamin Franklin in America, experimenting on electricity, to Cavendish in London and Lavoisier in Paris, working on the chemistry of gases ; from the Montgolfier brothers in France, in whose air-balloons and prophecies of flying the Lunar Society showed great interest, to Werner's geological studies in Germany.

One thing the Lunar Society did was of great importance ; they endowed research by raising enough money among themselves to enable Priestley to live free from "any cares or cramps to interrupt him in the fine vein of experiments he is in the midst of, for the public good." In order not to hurt his feelings they very tactfully limited individual subscriptions to ten guineas. The whole proceeding reflects the greatest credit on the members of the Lunar Society and in particular on Wedgwood. But even though we cannot now trace the influence of the Lunar Society in great detail, as they left no records of their proceedings, this much we know : it was instrumental in bringing science out of the decline which had set in during the century, since Newton. It had tremendous importance for the Industrial Revolution, in particular for the chemical industry. Captain Keir was one of the first to start manufacturing alkali from sea salt ; the first modern sulphuric acid factory was started in Birmingham by two other members ; Wedgwood's researches on the making of pottery placed that industry on a new footing ; Watt himself was interested in bleaching with chlorine and its compounds ; and the lengthy botanical discussions and researches brought Darwin to the first inklings of evolution, though only his famous grandson formulated a connected theory of it in his *Origin of Species*. It is worth remembering to-day on what principle this little group of scientific pioneers based their work and without which they would hardly have succeeded ; as Sir Edward Appleton, Secretary of the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research, recently put it : "Conversation in the Lunar Society was free and candidates were not admitted unless they undertook to discuss the newest and most unorthodox views calmly." Only in that spirit can science live.

JOSEPH KALMER.

THE PROTECTION OF BRITISH INSECTS.

THERE can be no question that the natural countryside in these islands is slowly disappearing. The advance of scientific farming, with wire fences instead of hedgerows, the development of rural areas, and the "decentralising of industry," are all helping to change the face of the country. We are living in an age of planning, and it is not possible nor even desirable to prevent the building of new roads and the making of new cities. The dangers of these many changes have been fully realised, and in order to prevent the entire sacrifice of beauty to utility national parks are being proposed so as to preserve for all time places that are part of our national heritage. Much useful work will be done by these national parks in preserving our wild life, and it is an encouraging sign that more and more people are becoming interested in the protection of our native mammals, birds and wild flowers.

Less interest, however, is taken in the protection of our insect life, because most people believe that they are well able to look after themselves. It cannot be denied that insects add greatly to the charm of the countryside, with their pleasant humming and delightful coloration. No one would wish to protect or encourage insect pests, but it must be remembered that many insects are our friends and that without insects many flowers and fruits would cease to exist. That is why many of the insecticides now receiving much publicity should be used with caution, for the wholesale slaughter is greatly to be deplored and may ultimately bring about results detrimental to the well-being of the people. The necessity for protecting our insects has not been overlooked, and there is in active existence a Committee for the Protection of British Insects, which has been set up by the Royal Entomological Society of London. A nature preserve at Wicken Fen is under the supervision of a warden, and here many rare insects are flourishing.

Our British butterflies are perhaps the one group of insects whose survival is threatened, and unfortunately some of the blame for this must be laid at the door of collectors. The collecting of butterflies is popular, and while the forming of a collection is of great interest and may be of scientific value, many collectors become obsessed by the lust for accumulation. This is particularly so as the result of the recent craze for variations. Rare varieties have been commanding high prices in the sale rooms during the last few years, and perhaps because of this many collectors have engaged in a feverish search for insects which vary from the type. Some collectors have several drawers in their cabinets devoted exclusively to rows of insects of the same species, each varying slightly from the typical form, and they think in terms not of dozens but of thousands. Of course the majority of entomologists are more public-spirited, and most students of insect life are reluctant to destroy an insect unless strictly necessary. During the last century this was not the case, and it was not unusual to read of collectors taking four or five hundred of one species. This was done with a view to exchange, collectors from the north exchanging local specimens for southern insects, and so on. This rapacity had its expected result, for one of our most beautiful butterflies was exterminated. More than a century ago the Large Copper flourished in the Fen District, but as a result of the draining of the fens and the wholesale methods of collectors, who, we read, captured this insect "by the boxful," this gorgeous insect is no more to be seen in its native haunts.

Interesting experiments have been made to colonise two allied forms in these islands. About forty years ago caterpillars of the continental form were turned out in Wicken Fen and also at a locality in Ireland. The Wicken Fen group failed to survive owing to the shortage of the food plant, but the Irish colony was fairly successful, and survived for fourteen years. A further attempt at colonisation was made in 1926, this time with the Dutch Large Copper, the form most closely allied to the extinct British one. The experiment was started in Wood Walton Fen, Hunts, near the old haunts of the butterfly. Food plants were laid down, and a small number of the insect's eggs and a few caterpillars were brought over from Holland. The number of butterflies found the year after was thirty-eight. A similar colony was started in Wicken Fen in 1930. Both are still in existence, although they suffered a severe setback from the late frosts and drought of May 1944, which checked the growth of the food plant. From an extinct insect we turn to one that is vanishing. The Large Blue, largest of our British blues, maintains a precarious existence on the rocky coasts of a few localities in Cornwall. Yet eighty years ago it was found in several other parts of the country, being recorded as fairly abundant in Somerset and on the Cotswold Hills, and in quite large numbers in Devon and Northampton. The extinction of this lovely insect will be the responsibility of the thoughtless collector, for we were told by that eminent entomologist, C. G. Barrett, that in the year 1896, "more than 2,660 specimens were destroyed, single collectors in one or two cases taking from 500 to 600 each." It must not be assumed that only our rare species are in danger. Many of our more common butterflies are suffering from the changing character of the countryside. Before the recent war the Marbled White butterfly was common in several Midland localities. It is found in grassy meadows, and although where found it occurs in great numbers, it is exceedingly local and will continue in one particular field through many generations. The caterpillar feeds on grass, and the eggs are dropped by the female when in flight. When the drive for more food was on during the war, the meadows were ploughed up and the Marbled White butterfly has now disappeared from these districts.

The number of species of butterflies inhabiting these islands is small, totalling only about sixty-five. Several are very rare, and two species only, the Large and the Small Whites, can be counted as pests. Some species seem to be flourishing, despite many obstacles. An instance of this is the White Admiral. Every writer on butterflies from the earliest times has remarked on the lovely graceful flight of this insect as it skims along the woodland rides, and we read of the old "aurelian" who, too old and feeble to chase the butterflies, used to sit on a woodland fence for the sheer pleasure of watching them in flight. At one time the White Admiral was found only in the New Forest and a few other places, but during the last few years it has extended its range and is to be seen in many woods where it was previously unknown. Another butterfly that has become increasingly common is the Comma. At one time it was widely distributed, then it became limited to the area covered by the counties of Hereford, Worcester and Monmouth. To-day it has become plentiful once more in many places and is even seen in the public parks of our large industrial cities.

If we wish our parks and gardens and our country rambles to be enlivened by the presence of these bright-winged insects, it seems that some measure of protection must be instituted in the same way that our birds and wild flowers are protected. It was with this end in view

that entomologists in all parts of the country have suggested localities to be set aside as sanctuaries for wild life. These localities have been submitted by the Committee for the Protection of British Insects to the Nature Reserves Investigation Committee under the chairmanship of Sir Lawrence Chubb. A good deal of useful work may also be done by the ordinary nature-lover and garden enthusiast who will take the trouble to distinguish harmless from noxious insects. It would, at least, prevent the indiscriminate destruction of insect life and might also help to eliminate that type of mind which demands the instant annihilation of everything that crawls.

We must not assume that because an insect is common it is safe from extinction. Insects have many enemies at all stages of their growth, and survive usually because they are exceedingly prolific. The abundance of a particular species in any given locality usually implies that its natural enemies are also present in large numbers. If, therefore, by any artificial means such as indiscriminate collecting the numbers of the species are reduced, the enemies will triumph and the insect will disappear from that locality. It is important, then, that collectors of insects, and particularly of the lepidoptera, should pursue their studies with moderation, even when dealing with abundant species. The disappearing countryside will inevitably mean a greater concentration of collectors in a smaller area, and should these collectors take large numbers of even the most common species, it will surely mean more and more extinct butterflies. There are, of course, other factors that contribute towards the destruction of our insect fauna, one of the most important being fires, which regularly every summer sweep across our commons and woodlands, take a great toll of insect life, and are only too often the result of carelessness. Here again, everyone can help to ensure in the survival of insect life.

Many insects will not need any special measures of protection. The lepidoptera need protection most, but the other orders are ably equipped in the struggle for existence and will probably hold their own by sheer weight of numbers for a long time to come. To begin with, these other orders, aptly named the "neglected" orders, do not attract the average collector. The scientific worker ignores them, knowing their economic importance, and in some instances the effect upon the health of the nation. The principal need for protection is for the butterflies and to a lesser degree the moths. We have but few butterflies and it is the duty of every right-minded lover of nature to help in their preservation. The new national parks will serve a great purpose in this respect, for among them is included the New Forest, probably the best haunt of insect life in the British Isles. Other parks where insect life will flourish are those on Dartmoor, Exmoor and the Norfolk Boards. Here it will have the opportunity to expand without regard for satellite towns and the building of factories in green fields. In the last resort, the decision rests with the individual. If we use discretion and moderation, realising the importance of the insect world and understanding that the flora and fauna of our country is held by us in trust for future generations, it is unlikely that we shall be guilty of any wilful errors. And no one can dispute that the countryside would be much the poorer without the gaily coloured wings of our butterflies and the infinite variety of the neglected orders.

CARTWRIGHT TIMMS.

SMUGGLING.*

SMUGGLING was born with the introduction of customs duties, and there will always be smuggling, especially in times of shortage. The authorities expect outbreaks of smuggling after world upheavals, and no one is surprised at the worldwide Customs-dodging activities going on to-day. A new and menacing factor has now entered in the presence of the amateur. Many people foresee the possibilities of smuggling, even on a small scale, as a profitable venture. In the first stages amateurs rest contented with limited profits, but as they approach the professional stage they look to the immediate future when they would handle bigger game and secure larger profits. Seamen form the majority of this section of people, and of those engaged on regular sailings on certain sea-routes few like to miss the profitable opportunities open to them. Compensation is sufficiently large to justify the risks they run and to provide further encouragement.

Throughout the Eastern Mediterranean gold has remained the most eagerly sought of all precious metals. Economic upheavals in Italy turned the country gold-conscious, but the champion of the area is Greece. The Greeks, necessarily a trading and maritime people, wield gold as a weapon in their widespread commercial undertakings. Their main attraction rests in the British gold sovereign and they readily buy any quantities from any source. Even the poor go to extremes to come into possession of gold articles. When the allied armies started the liberation of Greece many Greeks did not welcome being paid in British military money for any goods they sold to our troops. The first cry they emitted was for gold sovereigns. Immediately after the liberation of their country gold started to pour into Greece from Egypt. Crews of Greek and allied ships did a lucrative trade in the business. A potential rival to these gold transactions is Sicily, where sixteen to eighteen pounds sterling are offered for a gold sovereign. When the British military forces were stationed there, the seller, if he desired, could be paid in British currency. The gold sovereign traffic reached its peak in 1944, and though the boom has subsided these coins are still in great demand. In Egypt 18 ct. and 21 ct. gold abounds in plenty. In the meantime gold rings and gold plates continue to leave Egypt for the countries where a shortage of gold exists. At times Arab seamen, who in their dhows ply the length and width of the Red Sea and Persian Gulf, chose to unload their loads of smuggled gold on Indian shores. The Reserve Bank of India had imposed an embargo on imports, and Arab seamen seized this advantage. Their gold fetched 25 per cent. more over the current prices of the Middle and Far East. Wealthy Italians, Greeks and Chinese are all prompted to amass gold in order to safeguard their fortunes against the economic upheavals when their countries change government.

The English Channel sees a boom in smuggling whenever Europe emerges from a war and an economic wreck. Between the end of the war and the summer of 1947 the, exciting, irresponsible, smuggling adventures of the eighteenth century were being revived in modern style. The home-trade cargo vessel, generally not exceeding 1,000 tons gross, replaced the fast-sailing brigantine; the ketch and the clumsy rowing boat handed their old-time duties to the speed launch, and the goods that England and the rest of Europe lacked replaced Flemish lace and rum. Whenever Dover and Folkestone

* This article was written before the latest depreciation of the franc, and its calculations are based on the old official rate of 480 to the pound.

featured in the news it was likely to be a report on some new smuggling offence. These two Channel ports must always remain associated with smuggling as long as they remain transit ports to the Continent. Immediately the cross-Channel services were resumed, champagne left France at 1,000 francs a bottle, which fetched £12 in English night-clubs. Liquors from France poured on to these shores in a small steady stream, and the Southern Railway cargo boats brought in a fair number. When a bottle of Hennessy brandy or rum from France touched English soil it was worth 35 shillings with increases if moved further inland. This rate of profit was obtained by means of 400 francs, worth only 4s. 2d., in the manner seamen acquired French currency notes. By means of the franc and British cocoa, cross-Channel smuggling thrived on most profitable lines. The traffic flowed in both directions. Outgoing ships from England left stowed with cocoa, coffee and cigarettes, and returned loaded with articles ranging from lace curtains and loads of eggs, to jewellery, watches and binoculars. The official rate of exchange of the pound was fixed at 480 francs. The black market rate had dropped from 800 francs to 500. As there were no official provisions through which seamen could exchange their currency legally, even to meet their bare needs while in France, they had no alternative but to resort to the cocoa and currency rackets. Twelve lb. of cocoa, bought unrestrictedly in England for 26s., realised 2,400 francs along the French coast, which if legally obtained would cost £5. These francs were put to further profitable use, and apparently seamen found no shortage of French currency notes.

A minor currency racket aided many a regular traveller between England and France to accumulate a handsome sum of either. Frenchmen who bought the English pound at 500 francs sold again at 800. Reckoning on cocoa, 800 francs meant 8s. 4d. for 4 lb. in weight. Receiving 20s. for 8s. 4d. was an opportunity very seldom left to drift unnoticed. This does not mean that every traveller, especially seamen, had this wealthy door open to them, for the practice was a restricted one carried on on a very small scale. The French Government's sterling allowance to French people for visiting England was ridiculously inadequate. These people were eager to acquire English pound notes, which were re-sent to England enclosed in letters to the residences where they were to stay. In this instance English money was re-entering England, but it meant smuggling and cheating the law. Mr. Dalton's tobacco tax checked the traffic of civilian cigarettes into France. The French black market price rose 50 francs, in accordance with Mr. Dalton's shilling. Many French people could no longer afford to buy twenty cigarettes for 150 francs. Seamen insisted that they must make profit on the cocoa scale, and so the traffic of civilian cigarettes virtually disappeared. A smaller supply was still available from the ships' bonded stores. As from here, fifty "Woodbine" cigarettes cost only 2s. it was extremely easy to dispose of them at 250 francs to dock people and 300 francs in town. The sale of cocoa introduced a trade dispute among seamen in Boulogne. The Southern Railway vessels sold it at 300 francs a kilo, but the General Steam Navigation ships insisted on being paid 400 francs a kilo. As the Southern Railway boats keep regular sailings with every high tide they were forced to sell a little below the accepted price in order to clear it off their ships quickly. The other ships stayed in port longer, and their demand for 400 francs a kilo was readily met by buyers. As soon as the ships berthed people gave a furtive look to see if the Customs were in sight, and if the coast was clear

not a pinch of cocoa remained to be sold for the rest of the vessel's stay. From Calais and Boulogne Rowntree's and Bournville cocoa tins took a train journey to Paris. In the metropolitan area it fetched 350 francs a lb.—150 francs over the cost price in a coastal town.

The Chinese exercise an undisputed monopoly over drugs, cultivating and selling them to foreigners in expert fashion. The Arab's hashish enjoys the Middle East market, and from one end of the Mediterranean to the other Egypt is the principal consumer of hashish, and it is smuggled into the country from quantities illegally grown in Palestine, Greece and Persia. A lb. of hashish can easily fetch £150, and Egypt enforces very strict regulations against its consumption. Bedouins and Chinese employ a similar technique in running dope. They both use ships, one of the desert, the other of the sea. Camels are forced to swallow metal containers containing hashish, and so pass across frontiers undetected. The animals which act as carriers are old and useless, due for slaughter. They never re-cross the frontier and the drugs are recovered after killing. The idea was a brilliant one, and it worked successfully until the British Army started to probe the inside of camels with mine detectors. That checked the traffic for a little while. Then the Arab learned that mine detectors are only sensitive to metal, so he immediately commenced hunting for non-metal containers which cannot be digested. Perhaps when he hears of plastics he will invite them as a blessing. Though hiding-places on board ship are numerous, the smuggler pays great attention in deciding upon the one most likely to prove most effective against any extensive probing. Whenever possible the Chinese always employ a tanker to carry any of their opium. Oil serves an excellent purpose in drowning the penetrating smell emitted by the drug. A favourite and quite effective trick is to seal the opium in cigarette or larger tins and sink them in a tank full of oil. The tins are secured to various parts of the tank's structure in order not to be drawn through the suction pipes in the process of unloading. These tins are recovered after the tanks have been freed from dangerous gas fumes. Black or brown paint helps to camouflage the tins against the dark background of steel and oil.

The greatest breeding grounds for smugglers are the English Channel and China Sea, and there they mostly come to grips with the law. Smuggling in the Far East is carried to the point of violence. In the English Channel and Eastern Atlantic shores of America it is a relentless war of wits—who conceals best and exposes most. Travellers who attempt to slip their undeclared goods at Dover, Folkestone, Harwich and other well-known ports of entry stand a very slim chance of success. The old-time tricks of double-bottomed suitcases, stuffed toys, motor cars with false panels and overcoat linings are worn out. No new trick once discovered works twice with the Customs. The professional, before making his dash with a load of articles through one of these transit ports, first makes a few regular journeys through them. Finally he notes the weakest spot in the Customs' cordon and trusts to his cunning. If he is shrewd he would not make it a regular venture.

Repeated smuggling incidents inflict damages on any country where they occur, but sooner or later a slip is sure to be made and subsequent arrests aid at putting a few smugglers out of the way. Every merchant vessel entering a British port is subjected to a Customs examination. This can vary from a mere check of the ship's papers to a most rigid examination, when everything on board is pulled out of its place. It amounts to a really formidable task, for coal bunkers

are turned over, food stores minutely examined, panels removed, fenders split open, and other damage done to the ship in the cause of justice. But it is somewhat unexplainable why the tops of masts are left alone—a little space which can house valuables.

When a ship berths in daytime in a London waterway, in nearly every instance the Customs would be found awaiting her arrival. They step on board before anyone can leave the ship. When high tide falls at night-time ships must necessarily dock in the dark hours. In such hours, instead of being on the spot, the Customs have to be sent for. An interval of six minutes is sufficient to clear undeclared goods from on board a vessel and hide them ashore nearby. A pile of sand, cranes and tarpaulins have all been used, and are still being employed in eluding the Customs just by a few minutes to spare. The British Customs wanted to enlist the aid of their French counterparts to smash the English Channel smuggling traffic. While the British executed their task with maximum thoroughness, in the writer's experience the French had not yet woken up to the situation. When a vessel docked in a French port the Customs were not always on the spot in time, more often from one to two hours late. In that interval not only was all the cocoa sold out, but plans made and orders taken for the next trip—for it was always safer to have regular customers. Search parties of the British Customs execute their duties with real thoroughness, but the French Customs can still find more room for tightening up their anti-smuggling cordon. The United States Customs are not short of the British in their efficiency. As British ships had established a regular traffic of Irish sweepstake tickets they were aroused to the situation. They confiscated thousands of these tickets, but also many hundreds of thousands were successfully landed. On one occasion bundles of these tickets were discovered stowed in the hold to pass as part of the cargo. The result was a thorough comb-out of the vessel; they even undertook the trouble of raising the dynamos and other machinery in the engine room from its bed plates and took a good look underneath.

Does smuggling pay, as there always exists the risk of detection? It does pay, especially if the smuggler, in addition to his cunning and luck, is ready to receive his punishment when caught. In all cases after the first few successful attempts the smuggler would have accumulated sufficient money to defend himself against the law. He knows that whatever kind of goods he smuggles he must have the money ready to pay for his crime if he is caught. The most serious setback he can suffer is imprisonment. He usually chuckles when he is fined and is able to meet it; but he fears imprisonment. It is the law's best safeguard, for it means putting another law-breaker out of the way. A fine only invites him to return to his trade, this time avoiding the mistake which nearly had cost him his liberty. When world trade becomes stable, petty smuggling will partially vanish. Only jewellery and drugs will remain open to the smuggler, and their traffic will revert to pre-war lines.

MERCHANT SEAMAN.

THE EVOLUTION OF JEWISH ART.

JEWISH visual art is considered by many Jews and non-Jews as non-existent. The Jews have been satisfied for generations to be regarded as the "people of the book," and have therefore considered themselves as non-qualified for a display of creative powers in the field of the visual arts. It should be remembered, however, that creativeness finds many different forms of outlet; national groups excel in one particular sphere of culture at a given period and a few centuries later in another field, and the same individual may be concerned in different types of artistic creation. Michelangelo was a sculptor as well as a poet. Poets like Goethe have been executants of some repute in the visual arts. And in this country we find in Blake a personality which can be equally well described as an artist or as a poet: in fact, he was both. If, therefore, it should be admitted that the Jews have so far played only an intermittent rôle in the creative side of the visual arts, the question is as to what were the social conditions which diverted the Jews' creative powers particularly into the spheres of religion and literature?

It is in Jewish history that we find the answer why the Jews' influence on the visual arts has so far been more indirect than direct. Its starting point is a negative one—the Old Testament prohibition of pictures or graven images. This does not mean, as some critics have assumed, that the Jews had no feeling for æsthetic qualities, but on the contrary that they were acutely aware of the power of images and of the danger they represented to the monotheistic cult of Judaism. The strict application of the prohibition of images preserved in Exodus xx, 4; Leviticus xxvi, 1; Deuteronomy xvi, 22 is not so much an æsthetic injunction as an insurance against idolatry in surroundings where idol worship was general. The more this declined the less necessary was the enforcement of the prohibition, so that in the Talmud a stoa with figures on the floor is allowed, although it is forbidden to bow down before them. The same attitude is also expressed by a Rabbi Abun, whereas Josephus, especially in *Antiquitates* (viii, 7, 5) gives the strict rabbinic point of view and disapproves of all images—an attitude particularly clear in his description of the Temple curtain, where he explains that the colours represent the four elements but that there were no representations of figures. Josephus was thinking of heathen and possibly also of Jewish readers who might have been indulgent towards pictorial representations. In the tractate *Aboda Zara* (44b) Jews are allowed to visit a swimming bath containing a statue of Venus, since no one says "The bath was made as an adornment for Aphrodite" but "Aphrodite was made as an adornment for the bath." This means the statue was meant as a decoration and was not destined for worship.

The Temple in Jerusalem displayed no novel architectural features. But in late Hellenistic and early Roman times the Jews have contributed one outstanding feature in the development of architecture—the creation of the synagogue. Although the structural forms of the buildings were frequently borrowed from the Jews' environment, the idea of having an enclosed space open to the whole of the congregation and existing for the purpose of worship of an unseen God was new, and it retained a powerful influence on the future development of the church as well as of the mosque. Furthermore, the synagogue introduced galleries for women and a niche for the Scrolls, two forms

which were taken over by Christianity, whilst Islam borrowed only the latter. It is true that the impulse of Jewish art comes rather from the subject matter than from the formal side, but since art owes its very existence to a combination of these two elements, this fact does not impair the importance of the synagogue's architectural creation. In the sphere of decoration we see in Dura-Europos on the Euphrates (A.D. 245) Old Testament stories and legends told in the "continuous style" familiar from Indian and Roman examples (cf. M. Rostovtzeff: *Dura-Europos and its Art*, Oxford, 1938) but with a special emphasis on abstract ornament.

The illustrations of the Old Testament cycles, found in Dura Europos and on many Roman sarcophagi, denote a Jewish iconography and pictorial decoration, which influenced Christian art and at a later period the decoration of Jewish religious books and wall paintings, the latter especially in seventeenth- and eighteenth-century Poland.

In the Middle Ages and the Baroque the evolution of Jewish art continues in different ways in the East and in the West, the former developing in the ghetto certain aspects of folk art which persisted in Poland right into the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries whilst the Spanish and Portuguese Jews of Holland and England were in close touch with the arts of the Protestant Church.

During the Emancipation the classical tradition was absorbed in a highly individualised and abstract manner. We mention only the half-Jew, Anton Raphael Mengs, the contemporary and friend of Winckelmann, whose fame spread over the whole of Europe, and the Jewish medallists, J. Abraham and Abraham Abramson of Berlin, who commemorated Moses Mendelssohn and the Emancipation of the Westphalian Jews in works reflecting a synthesis of the Jewish and classical traditions, foreshadowed in the spirit of Philo of Alexandria. The fusion of the Dutch and the Jewish traditions found expression in the great painter Joseph Israels (1824-1911), whilst Max Liebermann (1847-1935), the centenary of whose birth was celebrated last year, represents the height of Jewish emancipation in Germany.

He was mainly a portrait painter, and in his later years gave also the "portrait" of his garden frequently and from intimate and loving knowledge. His sense of colour, the violence and decorativeness of his brush, are equalled by his expressiveness. Like Rembrandt, like Franz Hals, he does not belong to those whose early maturity leaves them "stuck" after a short while. He developed consistently and his powers grew. "Each artist creates his own technique," Liebermann said.

Is it possible to find in the work of Israels and Liebermann any typical Jewish features, features which are characteristic and specific? If we look for such features we should not be satisfied with Jewish subjects. These we find in both Israels and Liebermann, and also in their great non-Jewish master, Rembrandt. But the spirit in which a subject may be approached is more important than the subject matter as such. Jews have always been interested in architecture, in abstract ornament, in the world of the Seen as a symbol of the Unseen. This emotional and spiritual character is found in Israels as well as in Liebermann. But it may be fairly said of many Jewish artists that their creations—as far as they appear Jewish—are more akin to propaganda or information than to an art of a universal appeal.

It is Chagall (in 1887), who, at the present time, succeeds in combining the European elements with a Jewish background, and leads from a

medieval tradition to European fame, expressing warmth of feeling, Jewish subject matter and a modern emphasis on expressionist forms with the technical excellence of the Paris School.

At the present time no Jewish revival of art has yet taken place in Palestine, the immigrants developing further certain stylistic elements derived from their countries of origin. The future may, however, develop a regional and national style in a country which, for generations, has been connected with Jewish religious and national aspirations.

A revival of Jewish art, whether in or outside Palestine, is, however, bound up and determined by a renaissance of the Jewish spirit and the Jewish religion.

The image of the Temple indicating the Eastern direction and the niche for the Scrolls in the Synagogue, replacing the Holy of Holies of the Temple, symbolise the uninterrupted flow of Jewish spiritual aspirations and traditions: their meaning is religiously expressed in the turning towards Jerusalem in prayer. In 1 Kings, viii, 44, as well as in Psalm v, 8, and in Daniel vi, 11, Jerusalem is mentioned as the centre of "orientation." But the most important reference to this subject is found in the Talmud (Mishnah Berakoth iv, 4-6 and Gemarah) where it is stated that "he who is abroad has to turn towards Israel, he who is in Israel has to turn towards Jerusalem, he who is in Jerusalem has to turn towards the Temple." It is this orientation towards religion which unites Jews of the past with those of the present, and gave and may well give in the future the inspiration to Jewish art.

HELEN ROSENAU.

THE MISSISSIPPI.

"YES, you all like the river, I reckon. You ain't seen her when she gets nasty—she's nobody's friend, she ain't—she's most everybody's grave. . . ." Those words of an old riverman to a holiday party aptly sum up the character of "Ol' Man River," the Mississippi—although as a matter of fact the river is more often called "Ol' Miss" by the rivermen themselves—which recently broke bounds once again, rendering tens of thousands of people homeless, threatening the great manufacturing city of St. Louis, and doing damage equal to at least £25,000,000. There the river reached its highest level for 103 years, and along some stretches where the average normal width is under a mile it swept over the surrounding country to a width of ten miles. "Ol' Man River" has always been unruly and resentful of man's control, yet man has tamed it sufficiently for it to become the main artery of a huge inland waterway system draining all that part of the United States lying between the Appalachian Mountains on the east and the Rocky Mountains on the west. With its tributaries it forms the largest inland waterway network in the world, 15,000 miles navigable for commercial transport purposes. Up and down its muddy yellow waters ply barge fleets laden with the oil, steel, flour, grain, agricultural implements, lumber, sulphur, scrap iron, coffee and a thousand other items needed to feed and equip the Middle West.

During two world wars, and in wars before they were fought, the Mississippi played an indispensable rôle. About eight years back, during the heyday of the steamboat era, the Mississippi system carried some 12,000,000 tons of freight a year. In World War II a fleet of 1,000

towboats and 5,000 barges carried more than 100,000,000 tons of freight, most of it destined for United Nations battlefronts. During the Civil War the Mississippi was both a battleground and a transportation route, but for a time the railroads killed its prosperity. The first world war provided the initial impulse of a revived river fleet, and to assist in carrying war cargoes President Wilson established a common carrier barge service between St. Louis and New Orleans.

That was the commencement of the revival of the prosperity of the Mississippi, and now the river fleet is an investment representing tens of millions of dollars. The commonest type of craft is the towboat, built of steel, with stern wheels of screw propellers. A single large barge can carry 16,000 barrels. Up to a dozen of these barges, lashed together, can be pushed (not towed, strangely enough) by a single towboat. "Floating palaces, with gilding, pictures, great mirrors, stained glass, rich carpets, grand pianofortes, elegant furniture, and everything which can attract and please. A thousand passengers are lounging in the great saloons, or reading under the awnings on the promenade deck. When the dinner-bell rings they all find seats in the great cabin and are served with every luxury of the season. . . ." So runs a contemporary description of one of the powerful steamboats which plied the river a century ago. That colourful era has passed, but the Mississippi is still a dramatic feature of the American scene, and it appeals to the Americans as few other natural wonders of their country, for everything about it is "colossal, gigantic."

For a start the fertile valley of the river extends almost from the Canadian border to the Gulf of Mexico. In the northern State of Minnesota, where in the ice-cold waters of Lake Itasca the Mississippi rises, it flows through vast wheat regions past the great milling city of Minneapolis. Further south it touches Hannibal, Missouri, early home of Mark Twain, one of whose most famous books is *Life on the Mississippi*, in which he describes his adventures as a river pilot. So it flows on through the pastures of Wisconsin, on through corn country again, then through rich tobacco lands, beyond which again extend huge cotton-producing areas, until it reaches New Orleans, a monument to French genius. One hundred and seven miles beyond it reaches the Gulf of Mexico, pouring into it 670,000 cubic feet a second.

Although exceeded in volume of outflow by the Amazon, the Missouri-Mississippi system is the longest on earth, 4,502 miles as near as can be accurately measured. Equal in greatness to the main stream, the Missouri flows 2,456 miles from the Rockies before it joins the Mississippi 18 miles above St. Louis. One realises why to the Indians this mighty waterway was the "Father of Waters." There are 250 tributaries to the Mississippi, and they can boast hundreds more. Altogether they drain an area of the United States as large as the combined areas of England, Wales, Scotland, Ireland, France, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Turkey, Austria and pre-war Germany. Over 50,000,000 people live in the highly fertile basin irrigated by the Missouri-Mississippi system.

Mention has been made of the source of the second stream, Itasca Lake. It was not until 1832 that Henry Schoolcraft followed the Mississippi to its beginnings, where, issuing from the lake, it is only a dozen feet wide and two deep. For a time it rushes north, but after much twisting and turning it settles into a south-easterly flow. The Missouri takes its rise in the Rocky Mountains of south-west Montana, dashing first northwards through a splendid mountain region. Sixteen

miles east of Helena, in Montana, it pours through a canyon with walls twelve hundred feet high, the Gates of the Rocky Mountains. Here the beauty and grandeur of the scenery is almost unparalleled. Further along its course, about 350 miles from its source, are the Great Falls of the Missouri, where the river descends nearly 400 feet in sixteen miles by a series of four cataracts, the highest of which has a fall of 90 feet. The Missouri and its tributaries drain an area of half a million square miles.

As contrasted with the rapid fall, in places, of both rivers in their upper courses, the combined stream flows in vast bends and curves through the great alluvial valley it has built. Here the fall is almost negligible, a mere six inches per mile, and the bottom waters are almost still. In consequence there is a continual deposit, for it is reckoned that in every thousand cubic feet of water borne down the river there are from twelve to fourteen cubic feet of suspended sand and soil. Every year 40,000,000 cubic yards of sediment are carried to the Gulf. The total excavations during the building of the Panama Canal amounted to only 339,000,000 cubic yards. This suspended matter faced the river authorities with their biggest job. Some idea of its gigantic quantity can be judged from the statement that, spread out, it would cover the Isle of Man with soil to the depth of half a yard! The deposit continually raises the river bed, and as well creates shifting bars. Those in the delta's main channel are kept in check by jetties, and the authorities spend on an average \$40,000,000 a year to increase the Mississippi's navigability.

From the aspect of flood prevention the problem closely resembles that in China, where in much the same fashion the Yellow River has raised its bed by the deposition of silt. There the patient Chinese have, in the course of centuries, constructed huge earthworks to control the river. In America, in a much shorter period, similar earthworks have been built. These are known as levees, and since the early years of this century over fifteen hundred miles have been constructed. The levees are anything from 8 to 40 feet wide at the top, their outer sides sloping gradually to the flatter ground around. The system used along the Mississippi is now the most extensive of its kind in the world. The first levee was built in the eighteenth century to protect the young settlement of New Orleans. This great port of half a million people literally depends for its existence upon the strength of the levees. New Orleans was founded on a swamp, 107 miles from the mouth of the Mississippi. High levees protect the low-lying city much in the manner of a Dutch town. In the year of the great floods, 1927, breaks had to be made elsewhere in the levees to relieve the critical pressure on the city's defences.

Naturally flood water plays a big part in the story of the river, and it made possible a remarkable incident told by Major R. Raven-Hart, who just before the war paddled over a thousand miles down this "Father of Waters," as the Mississippi is often appropriately known. He says that in 1844 the steamboat *Belle Air* was coming down on a flood and (quite understandably) lost her way at a place called Chester. "She knocked the top storey off a three-storey building; she efficiently demolished a stone mill; she pushed over casually several brick-built houses; she showed her contempt for law and order by making her way *through* the county jail. She went on with hardly a scratch on her paint, and (one feels) with the self-conscious dignity of a slightly drunken matron."

Those were the great days on the Mississippi. Some mention has been made of the palatial steamboats which sailed it then, and impressive though the wonders of Nature are where the "Father of Waters" is concerned, there is no question that it is man who made it romantic and colourful. Until the coming of the steamboat the river was not much used. But when it appeared it was possible to exploit the potential wealth of the valley. Traffic was able to move both ways, not only with but against the current. Produce could be transported quickly and cheaply to widening markets. As Major Raven-Hart says, most of the historical contributions the Mississippi has made to America's story dates from the splendid days when "the arrival of a steamboat meant everything—entertainment on board for the planter and his family, negro waiters taking trays of food (and what food!) ashore for the smaller fry, revenues of \$15,000 a trip, \$600,000 a season."

All the amenities of the cities of those days could be found on the broad bosom of the Mississippi. Wealthy planters lounged in the cabins of the luxurious passenger steamers; show boats equipped with theatres played to enthralled and open-mouthed villagers; and captains of rival packet ships staged all-out races to prove their superiority. There were many picturesque characters on the river and nearby banks in those days, such as Mike Fink, the Snapping Turtle, an almost legendary figure of the early eighteen-hundreds, who was wont to describe himself as "a Salt River roarer, a ringtailed screamer, loving swimming and chockful of fight"; and bandits like the redoubtable "Colonel Plug," who inhabited caves in the bluffs overhanging the river, and enjoyed reputations much like those of Australia's bush-rangers. To this very day the rivermen retain much of their predecessors' picturesqueness and toughness. There is only space to mention one of them here, lanky, gaunt-cheeked Captain Barney, who every evening lowers a tin bucket into the muddy river, drinking his fill of the thick, yellowy-brown fluid. "Keeps my health a-goin' good," says he. "It's this here filtering and all these fancy fixings they do to the water that causes all the sickness there is nowadays. Just takes all the strength out of it."

RICHARD C. STONE.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

A POLICY IN THE MAKING.

IN its general aspect the world situation is rather like a post-war mountain of rubble, upon which the leaders of the Western Powers are only now beginning to work. The rubble consists of disappointments, disillusiones, broken ideas, confused motives and muddled purposes. Before constructive diplomacy can be started, the mess must be cleared away. After long and mischievous delay that essential preliminary work has been begun. The main muddle to be cleared away is the notion that there can be an understanding with the present rulers of Russia in their present state of mind, or any form of co-operation with them in the constructive work. When it was a case of defeating Germany, when the business in hand was destructive, Russia could and did help. There is no modern rival to Russia in the business of knocking things down. Now that the far harder business is afoot of making the world safe for decent people to live in, Russia is not only

valueless but harmful. Indeed, she merely carries on the destructive work, knocking things down indiscriminately, devastating the countries of Eastern Europe, enslaving their people, undermining the foundations of civilisation itself in a still wider scope. For three years since the war in Europe ended the Western statesmen have been standing holding the door open to Russian co-operation in the post-war work, and with rather unimaginative patience have continued thus to stand while Russia continued knocking the things down. When Czechoslovakia went down and Finland was blue-printed for the like fate, the Western leaders seemed at last to wake up to the folly of their own behaviour. Like stretched elastic that is let go, disillusionment burst into simultaneous expression throughout the Western lands, and eyes were opened to what none the less had been obvious for several years.

In Germany the ceremonial walking-out of General Sokolovsky from the Allied Control Council signalled the Russian move to force the Western Powers out of Berlin as a preliminary step to the setting up of a puppet government in the familiar manner, and put one more seal on the proved absurdity of four-Power pretence to joint administration. To have allotted Russia a zone which surrounded Berlin was as foolish as to have allowed the Russians (in the guise of Jugoslavs) a share in the administration of Trieste. At Lake Success, after Russia had used every obstruction at her disposal to thwart the work of the Atomic Energy Commission, Mr. Gromyko was bluntly told that it was a waste of time to continue discussion with Russia's spokesmen on the problem of international control. At Geneva, where a United Nations Conference on freedom of information staged another commonplace farce, Mr. Hector McNeil bluntly attacked the Russian system of suppressing all free information and of using every instrument of information as a weapon of tyranny. The non-Russian Powers who had been responsible for the Italian treaty now proposed that Trieste be handed back to Italian sovereignty. For a year the Russian "Jugoslavs" had been pressing through the open door that had been gratuitously provided for them in the free city, to storm the citadels of Western civilisation. Though it was obvious what Venezia Giulia stood for in the post-war conditions, the Russians had been given a foothold in it by the Western politicians. At last Western official opinion has woken up to facts which have stared it in the face for several years.

Any new-born puppy whose eyes were not yet open could have told the Western pundits seven years ago, when Russia entered the war against Germany, that she was not fighting the same war as the Western Powers, though she was helping to destroy the accidentally common enemy. It is now possible to recognise that the truth, at least in part, has dawned in the West. It would take a thick volume to quote adequately from the official Western statements about Russia that have been made in the past few weeks. But even now there is a reservation to be noticed in the disillusion. Field-Marshal Smuts has expressed the still active muddle in Western minds by postulating an understanding with Russia as the alternative to another war. Now the horror connoted by the possibility of formal physical war with Russia needs not to be argued. There is no opposition to the argument. The practical question is how best to avert it, which means how best to deal with Russia at the present time. It is arguable that the mere idea of formal physical war is a red herring that distracts realist thought.

The essential conflict between the Russian bid on the one side for world tyranny in a materialist and atheist setting, and on the other side the old civilisation of free individuality in a Christian setting is already being waged, and the Russian aggression is far advanced. The actual instrument of aggression is the widespread discontent resulting from the two world wars, the attraction of the malcontents into Russia's service, and the overthrow of their State through their instrumentality. At the moment of the overthrow the said malcontents are then swept into the net with the rest of the people, and the full tyranny is imposed from Moscow.

From the Russian point of view, formal physical war is not only unnecessary, but would be a dangerous complication, in her purpose. From the Western point of view another war would not only spell disaster beyond endurance and probably—this is not an exaggeration—the total final collapse of Western civilisation, but would as its first result increase the mass of discontent which is the breeding-ground of the very Communism it would be the theoretic object of the war to combat. Neither from the Russian nor from the Western point of view is formal physical war indicated as the realist instrument. In that sense Stalin differs from Hitler. War might result from an accidental conflagration, from the playing with fire, but hardly from cold intention. Czechoslovakia was annexed and enslaved by the existing Bolshevik method of internal political intrigue, which differs radically from the Nazi method of broadside military force. The realist object of present concern seems therefore not to be the hypothesis of possible physical war, but the fact of present war which is being waged by other means. It becomes clear that the talk of still holding doors open to understanding, accommodation, co-operation and the like, and still more the quite riotously absurd condition attached to such talk that Russia shall not commit any "further" aggression, is tantamount to fiddling while Rome is burning. The war, now in progress, must be faced in the conditions now ruling. What is primarily needed is clear thinking and a logical, consistent policy.

The waking-up process is incomplete. For instance, we ought at least to decide what our objective is. If our objective is to defeat the inroads of aggressive Russian Communism, why in the name of common sense do we persist in antagonising, instead of cultivating as an ally, the one country of Western Europe which has decisively crushed Communism within her own borders, which was the cockpit of the first Communist onslaught in Europe outside of Russia and crushed the menace: namely Spain? Which is more important: the fact that Spain is undemocratic, or that she is solidly anti-Communist? One has to choose between rival considerations. Can Spain be argued to be a menace to any other country except Russia? Secondly, if we are in fact at war with Russia, as we are in everything but in name, why do we prolong the topsyturvy and fantastic convention of maintaining normal friendly diplomatic relations with her? In other words, why do we nurture the serpent in our own breast? We are not living in the days of Queen Victoria and the quaint diplomatic conventions, but in the days of Joseph Stalin, where the said conventions are used as a Trojan Horse. The only practical result of our particular slowness in the uptake which makes us conform to an unsubstantial and indeed perverted convention is that while we hunt out the small fry in, for instance, our own Civil Service, we leave the real headquarters of the aggression in complete immunity.

The Russian Embassy in Kensington Palace Gardens enjoys extraterritorial security. No British policeman, no Briton of any kind, whether from Downing Street or from Scotland Yard, may enter its premises except by invitation of the Russian Ambassador, that is, of the Russian Government. In the middle of London there is a bit of Soviet territory surrounded by an iron curtain (which curtain we of our courtesy provide) and from which we ourselves are excluded, except those of us whom the Communist G.H.Q. wishes to see. It is in the premises of the Russian Embassy in London that the whole Communist attack upon Britain is being planned and directed. Members of the British Government, from the Prime Minister downwards, have publicly accused our Communists (or have made statements to that effect) of acting under the orders of a foreign Power. Yet we provide free, safeguarded headquarters for that foreign Power in our very midst.

This question of Russian diplomatic immunity in London is not a new one. When Moscow spokesmen in 1926 were openly boasting that Russia was responsible for the so-called general strike of May in that year, Scotland Yard did break through the iron curtain. In those days there was no formal Russian Embassy; but by the terms of the Anglo-Russian trade agreement of March 16th, 1921, diplomatic immunity was conferred on the Russian trade delegation instead. When Scotland Yard officers broke into the Arcos safes with their oxy-acetylene apparatus they accidentally violated the British Government's signature of the trade agreement aforesaid, and the resultant "crisis" involved the rupture of diplomatic relations between Russia and Britain. No harm was done to anybody by that rupture. It did not lead, did not even threaten to lead, to formal physical war. The embarrassment visited upon the British Home Secretary consisted merely in the confession he had to make to the House that he did not know the terms of the trade agreement between the two countries, and had given instructions to Scotland Yard in ignorance of the fact that Arcos had been given diplomatic immunity by the British Government itself. If he had been better informed, he would have reversed the order of procedure by breaking off diplomatic relations first and then bursting the safes in Moorgate, E.C.2. To-day there is no possibility of any such confusion in the setting. The order of procedure is plainly indicated.

If diplomatic relations with Russia were broken off and Scotland Yard promptly pounced upon the archives and safes of the Russian Embassy in Kensington Palace Gardens, the haul would no doubt cause surprise even to those who expected something pretty lurid. Timid minds stand aghast at the very notion of breaking formally with Russia. To hand an ambassador his passports is tantamount, they imagine, to a declaration of war, or at least it is the logical forerunner of such a declaration. Not at all. We live in abnormal times. There is an abnormal sort of war actually in progress. To maintain the Russian Embassy in London in present circumstances is as original a gesture as if during the Battle of Britain in 1940-41 we had allowed the Nazis the exclusive use of a London airport with safeguarded communications to the Continent. Everybody knows that the vanguard of Soviet aggression is the diplomatic representative in the country attacked. It is more than ten years since the first Communist attack in Europe was launched by the secret arrival in Madrid of a Russian diplomat. Every succeeding attack in "peace" time has followed that pattern. To sack a Communist civil servant in Whitehall and to leave the

Russian Ambassador at large in Kensington is rather like scolding a small boy for letting off squibs during an air-raid. The need of the moment is to get our perspective right and to appreciate relative values.

In Europe to-day it is a case of "touch and go." The Nazi menace of the past decade warped our perspective, and we underestimated the Russian menace. That is why, incidentally, we have committed our historic gaffe over Spain—a blunder that can be, and ought to be, retrieved without delay. There is no shame in admitting a fault, though political practice is not prone to such confession. By the normal political standards the admission of fault is regarded as a weakness, whereas in truth it is a source and a proof of strength. A friendly gesture towards Spain at this moment would do untold good to the Western cause, and would cause untold dismay in Moscow. For instance, what objection, in fairness, could be raised against an admission that the Spanish view of the second world war had at any rate some measure of justification, that Spanish warnings have in fact been largely fulfilled by the event, and that her help as an ally in the present ideological conflict would be of immense value? We were wrong on moral grounds to accept Russia as an ally in the struggle against Nazism (though the acceptance of her co-belligerency was beyond our control, outside our moral responsibility, and could legitimately have been taken as a windfall of fortune). As the moral motive was wrong, the result was disastrous. We should by contrast be right on the moral ground to accept Spain as an ally against Communism, because Spain stands for the same Christian civilisation, despite the exaggerated boggy of Franco dictatorship that troubles academically democratic minds, as we stand for ourselves. The present European danger in large measure is of an anti-Christian origin. Spain is a Christian country. There is no essential ideological incompatibility between Spain and the other Western countries; for the essential basis of our common civilisation is Christian.

In February 1943, when the political leaders and the popular masses in the West stood with their hats off to Russia, and our convoys braved the perils of the northern route to deliver supplies to Russia, Count Jordana, the Spanish Foreign Minister, wrote to the British Ambassador in Madrid a warning about the trend of events, in the course of which occurred the following prophetic passages: "Our anxiety over the present Russian advance is shared not only by neutral nations, but also by all those people in Europe who have not lost their quickness of perception and their awareness of imminent danger. Communism is a great threat to the world, and now that it has the support of the victorious arms of a Great Power, all who are not blind to facts must wake up to the full realisation of the peril. If Russia is the victor in this war, we believe that even England will come round to our way of thinking, and will not consider our actual fears to be groundless. . . . We are not in the war, neither have we a desire to enter it. Thus we can the more easily watch events with impartiality. . . . If the course of the war continues as now, it is likely that the Russian armies will penetrate deeply into German territory. . . . Should that happen, will not a Soviet-controlled Germany be a major threat to the Continent and to England? Will there be no danger of Germans furnishing their conquerors with the secrets of war and of munitions and armaments, of their placing at the disposal of Russia their engineers, their technicians, their specialists, all of whom

would assist Russia in building up an immense empire stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific? In our view, if Russia has been up to now the greatest menace for Europe, owing to her totalitarian Communism, and her military and industrial might, actually the menace is now immensely increased. We ask pertinently: Does there exist a nation or Power in Central Europe, in that mosaic of peoples and races so dis-united among themselves, so weakened by war or by alien occupation, that can be counted upon to withstand Stalin's pressure and check his ambition? There is indeed no such nation or Power. But we can remain sure that following the German occupation, Communism will begin to dominate those very nations we speak of. Consequently we consider the actual situation to be extremely grave, and we appeal to the good sense of the British people to reflect on this point; for if Russia should occupy Germany, nothing and nobody could withstand her. . . . If Germany were to cease to exist, we other Europeans would have to invent another Germany to take her place, and it would be absurd to imagine that her place could be occupied by a federation of Lithuanians, Poles, Czechs and Roumanians, which would in turn rapidly deteriorate into a federation of Soviet States."

The main prophecy therein made has not only been fulfilled. When it was uttered it sounded hollow and unconvincing to the average British mind, dominated and misled by the Hitler obsession, as was illustrated by the British Ambassador's answer to Count Jordana's warning. Lord Templewood (then Sir Samuel Hoare) answered Count Jordana by declaring roundly that "the British view is very different." He went on to argue that Russia would not be in a position after the war to dominate Europe because she "will need a long period of reconstruction and recovery in which she will depend greatly upon the British Empire and the United States of America for economic help." He went on to make his own rival prophecy, which the event has proved to be as wrong as Count Jordana's was right. After the war, he wrote, "there will then undoubtedly be great British and American armies on the Continent. These armies will be equipped with the finest modern munitions. They will be composed of fresh first-line troops, whose ranks have not been previously devastated by years of exhausting war on the Russian front. As for ourselves, I make the confident prophecy that at that moment Great Britain will be the strongest European military Power. The British Air Force will be the most powerful in Europe. . . . Moreover the British Army and the British Air Force will have behind them the British Navy, at that time the most predominant navy that Europe has ever seen in the hands of a single European Power. . . . British influence, it seems to me, will be then stronger in Europe than at any time since Napoleon. . . . I am not accepting the Minister's view that Russia is the great danger to Europe. . . . Nor am I accepting the Minister's view that Russia will embark on an anti-European policy. . . . There is no reason to think that the alliance formed under the stress of war will not continue in the peace and provide a peaceful and stabilising force in European politics."

It is human to err. Would that it were equally human to admit error. During the war we were wrong about Russia. After the war we are in danger of being wrong about Spain. It is of course unfortunate that General Franco is not elastic enough to humour the Western complex about "democracy" (which democracy none the less has produced a measure of Bolshevism in Great Britain) by

restoring some measure of the democratic practice in Spain. But we are none of us perfect. The essential thing in these raw times is to distinguish the essentials from the non-essentials. The unfortunate present fact is that the question whether Spain is to be treated as a civilised country and as a worthy ally in the Western defence against the inroads of atheist Communism is still answered in the negative. At the beginning of April the United States decided to exclude Spain from the list of European States which are to receive E.R.P. help, and to leave it to the sixteen European States already included in the list to decide among themselves whether Spain is to be a participant. The British Government made it known that its policy was unchanged, that is to say, that so long as Spain delays her formal reversion to democracy, she is to be *taboo*. When a little earlier the Portuguese Foreign Minister, Caeriro Da Mata, proposed to the sixteen nations that Spain be included, the proposal was received coolly, and Mr. Bevin merely remarked: "We take note of it." In other words, the complex about democracy—it becomes a complex when it obscures judgment on essentials—is proving an obstacle to Western unity and strength in a crisis that threatens the impartial destruction of all the Western countries, whether "democratic" or not. The reason for Spain's special form of government at this time is precisely that it was introduced to combat the Communist attack, just as in Great Britain democracy was virtually suspended for war purposes. The fact that in Spain the suppression persisted after the emergency passed—if the emergency can be said in fact to have passed—is unfortunate from the general point of view. But after all, it is primarily Spain's internal concern, and the Spanish people have no complaints against General Franco except in the usual sense that in any country there are always people who are against the government. In Britain, for instance, there are millions of people who curse the government regularly every day for its bureaucratic dictatorship, muddle and incompetence, and for the rope it gives to that very concept of State supremacy which our democrats throw into the teeth of General Franco.

The urgent thing is an assessment of relative values. The only quarter which derives satisfaction from this present split in the Western bloc is Moscow. The essential moral consideration ought to be that Spain stands as a doughty champion of Christianity, culture and civilisation against the barbarian atheist inroads from the East. There is little doubt that sooner or later the Western Powers will wake up to the essential value of Spain to the cause of civilisation and to its defence against the Russian menace, just as those Powers have woken up to the corresponding value of Italy. But the need is urgent, and it were better soon than late. Too many mistakes have been made. Russia could not have been in a position to threaten Europe up to the Rhine if we had not helped her into that position. First we made the mistake, the moral mistake, of acclaiming her, helping her, and equipping her as she advanced into Europe on the crude ground that who kills Huns is our friend. We were wrong. Next, by the Yalta agreement, we assigned Czechoslovakia to Russia as a sphere of influence, and General Patton, when within 20 miles of Prague, deliberately halted to enable the city to be "liberated" by the Russians, acting as he did under orders from Yalta. We ourselves thereby laid the first foundations for Russia's annexation of Czechoslovakia. Then we gave the Russians a foothold into the Adriatic through Trieste—in a grave blunder which only a year after the signing of the Italian treaty we are trying to retrieve by proposing that Trieste

should revert to Italian sovereignty. At last a stand is being made. President Truman signed the Foreign Assistance Act, 1948, on April 3rd, and ships carrying the first supplies to Europe left New York two days later. As they left the fate of Finland was in the balance, the Soviet authorities in Berlin were engaged in their attempt to drive out the Western authorities from the city, and the Italian elections were due to be held a fortnight later. The £1,325,000,000 worth of food and other essentials for the maintenance of life and the sustenance of strength and hope in those countries of Europe and the Near East not yet enslaved to the Russian tyranny are one of history's great gestures. History, we may hope and believe, will vindicate Mr. Truman's assessment of the gesture, expressed when he signed it in the words: "Signing this Act is a momentous occasion in the world's quest for an enduring peace. Our programme of foreign aid is perhaps the greatest venture in constructive statesmanship that any nation has ever undertaken."

There is cause for a beginning of confidence in the outcome, because till now Russia's advance has in fact been aided and abetted by ourselves, the very victims marked out by Russia. Much of Russia's reputed strength is a bluff, a bubble that needs only pricking. Once the Western Powers are roused, as they now are, and decide to make a stand, as they now have decided, the menace begins to recede. It has reached and passed its limit. Those who think the world is coming to an end in a riot of Bolshevist destruction are allowing their overstrained nerves to lead them a dance. Whatever may be God's plan or permit about the end of the world (which we none of us know), we can at any rate be confident that it will not come as the result of aggression on the part of this or any other anti-Christ; for Christ is omnipotent. Stalin's upside-down service to our generation may well appear to have been that he contrived to excite the apathy of Christians into action and thus to save the world from its political disease, of which he himself is merely a symptom.

GEORGE GLASGOW.

April 10th, 1948.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.

A VICTORIAN LIBERAL.*

Francis Hirst, the veteran Liberal and eminent economist, represents some of the finest traditions of the late-Victorian era. Able, industrious, cultivated, independent, public-spirited, this sturdy Yorkshireman, like Asquith, his cousin, and Philip Snowden, a friend of later life, has won respect and affection in quarters far removed from his own tabernacle. No man of his time has been less tempted to shout with the largest crowd or to abandon the principles of individualism when they went out of fashion in his own party. His reminiscences, like most autobiographies, are a manifesto no less than a record, another blow struck in his lifelong campaign against Imperialism, public extravagance, and the omnipotent State. Like a good Liberal and a good Cobdenite he believes that the world is one and that man is capable of progress if he is given a fair chance.

Though he has seen some of his most cherished doctrines rejected and the stable world into which he was born rattling into a new barbarism before his

* *In the Golden Days.* By Francis W. Hirst. Frederick Muller. 15s.

eyes, his book, which carries us from 1873 to 1906, is mellow in tone. Like the rest of us, he stands closest to those who share his ideology, but he maintained the friendships of his youth when some of his contemporaries followed other paths. Among them were his Wadham friends, F. E. Smith and John Simon. Of the former he writes affectionately but not uncritically. "If he had not enjoyed his own jokes and revelled in the convivial society which it was his pleasure to entertain, he would not have been either so lovable or so popular. With all his faults, such as excessive ambition, intemperate habits, foolish extravagance, and arrogance towards rivals whom he deemed his intellectual inferiors, I like to think of him at his best, the wittiest of companions in our undergraduate days." The author's picture of the years at Oxford, with his classical scholarship, his first in Greats, and his presidency of the Union, glows with the love and gratitude felt by all loyal academic sons towards their *alma mater*.

• The second half of the volume is dominated by the figure of John Morley, whose interest in the zealous young Gladstonian was aroused by his earliest writings on politics and finance. The invitation to help with the overwhelming accumulation of letters which confronted the biographer of Gladstone was joyfully accepted, and the friendship thus inaugurated remained unbroken till the death of the venerable statesman in 1923. The extracts from the author's diary recording the table-talk during the months at Hawarden at the turn of the century are delightful. Their common devotion to Gladstone formed a bond which was strengthened by their common detestation of the policy which led to the South African War. Though our professional army was small enough and the Boers possessed none at all, and though the casualties on both sides were fewer than those of a single battle in the Russo-Japanese and the two World Wars, the rights and wrongs of the struggle stirred the nation to its depths and for several years destroyed the unity of the Liberal party. Mr. Hirst provides yet another vivid eye-witness account of the memorable meeting at Manchester on the eve of hostilities at which John Morley, with Leonard Courtney at his side, threw down the challenge to Milner and Chamberlain in the finest speech of his life.

The closing chapter, entitled "Tariff Reform: the Revival and Triumph of Liberalism under Campbell-Bannerman, 1902-1906," continues the story of the feud between Liberal Imperialists who looked to Rosebery and the so-called Little Englanders who regarded themselves as the guardians of the Gladstonian faith. Here the hero of the drama is no longer John Morley, immersed in his biographical duties and suffering from throat trouble, but Campbell-Bannerman, one of the least ambitious of men, but a statesman who under a placid exterior concealed abundant stores of courage and a tenacious adherence to his convictions in fair weather and foul. The outlines of the portrait are filled in with lengthy extracts from the memoranda drawn up by his secretary, Arthur Ponsonby, for the use of Alfred Spender on his selection as the official biographer of the Liberal chief. What use C.-B. made of the power which came to him in 1906, and what part Mr. Hirst played with tongue and pen in the ensuing years when the European sky was darkening, we shall learn in the next instalment of his lively tale.

G. P. G.

RUSSIA RED OR WHITE.*

No living Englishman knows more about twentieth-century Russia than Mr. Philips Price, and no one has written with deeper insight into the complicated Russian character. Having spent some years in the country during the First World War as correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, he returned to it after the Second. Since he had witnessed the coming of the Revolution in 1917, and had known Lenin and other prominent actors in the drama, he was naturally anxious to see for himself how the daring

* *Russia Red or White. A Record of a Visit to Russia after twenty-seven years.* By M. Philips Price, M.P. Sampson Low. 7s. 6d.

experiment had worked out. In these vivid impressions of places and persons we shall find neither indiscriminate laudation nor wholesale reproof. He is greatly attracted to the people, which he finds essentially unchanged. The chief novelty is the sense of oneness, emotional rather than political, engendered by the terrible experiences of war. Traditionally inclined to obedience, the average citizen looks back with touching gratitude to Lenin "the Liberator," and senses the need for a firm hand at the wheel. Yet though the Government is rigidly Marxist, the Russians are not a nation of slaves. An interesting chapter entitled "Old Faiths and New" describes the crowded Sunday morning service in the cathedral at Moscow, and the author reckons that from a quarter to a third of the population attend church regularly; the old anti-God campaign ceased when it was realised that the Orthodox Church was no longer a danger, a rival, or a foe. The Soviet régime, it is clear, has come to stay.

That the country is gradually recovering from the terrible losses and devastations of the Second World War became clear to Mr. Price on his visits to Moscow, Leningrad, Kieff and other towns, great and small. There are plenty of hard and willing workers, but there is considerably less all-round efficiency than in most countries of the West. The Russians, as we used to read in the books of Mr. Stephen Graham, have never had much sense of time and method, and the general standard of life is still very low. A far graver failing from the Westerner's point of view is the utter absence not only of free institutions but even of any conception of their meaning. As in the times of the Tsars it is the mass, not the individual, which counts. It is encouraging to learn that the farther he got away from Moscow, the greater readiness he found to attempt to understand the mentality of the West. He made no secret of his democratic convictions and keenly regrets that they are not more generally shared; but, as he reminds us again and again, that is nothing new. "In summarising my impressions I was principally struck by the persistence of the Russian belief that the individual is less important than the community as a whole. There is not that fine balance between the citizen and the Commonwealth to which the Anglo-Saxon world aspires and in part at least attains; whenever there is any conflict between the two, individual rights take a back seat. . . . Throughout Russian history human life has been cheap, for the legacy of Roman law, the traditions of Western Christianity, and the value set on personality, which was confirmed and extended by the Reformation, was never felt in the Eastern Slav world." Geographical and cultural isolation have bred a suspicion of the West—and indeed of all visitors—which is extremely difficult to overcome. "If the foreigner is patient this suspicion gradually disappears, and then there is no people with whom it is easier to be friendly." Unfortunately the friendliness of the people is not shared by its rulers, with whom our official relations have grown steadily worse since the end of the war. Neither Mr. Price nor any other Russian specialist can tell us how the yawning psychological gulf can be bridged or how the baseless legend of an impending attack by the Anglo-Saxon democracies can be removed. Ideological antagonisms, we learn once again, cut far deeper into the flesh than material interests.

G. P. G.

LORD HALIFAX IN AMERICA.

Amongst the positive results of the late war has been the intermingling of British and American affairs: tested in action, both in Europe and in the Far East, their community of thought might well prove the salvation of mankind. Hence particular importance attaches to the collection of speeches made by the British Ambassador to the United States in the years 1941-46.* While they represent a model in the tactful interpretation of the actions of one nation to another, they continuously underline the basic beliefs held in

* *The American Speeches of the Earl of Halifax* Oxford University Press. 218

common by both and thus point far beyond the mere war-time occasion of the hour. There is little of mere speechifying, even if Lord Halifax can indulge in a kind of high-sounding oratory to which American audiences appear to listen with relish on formal occasions. That his contribution to Anglo-American thought is truly high-principled, and not just splendid speech, he proves again and again, particularly in his Lincoln speech of February 1942. If Englishmen can enter into the mind of Abraham Lincoln as convincingly as, on another level, Ernie Pyle, the journalist, entered into the mind of the British at war, a true affinity of their mental world has firmly been established.

To those who knew little of Lord Halifax his success in the States, and this as the successor to the popular Lord Lothian, came as a surprise. Yet there are few public men whose speeches have been as faithfully recorded, his pronouncements as a Viceroy of India covering the years 1925-31 and his speeches on foreign policy 1934-40; with the latter he had grown into a spokesman of the free world who, at the very last moment, took up the challenge of Hitler's aggressions. "We are fighting," he claimed in May 1941, "to preserve our own freedom, to right the long chapter of wrongs on small and almost defenceless States. . . ." The end is not yet. Yet the reader of these speeches need not give way to cynicism—as he must so often in the face of some facile war-time promises—since Lord Halifax's statements stand the test of time: hence, some readers might call his judgments extremely shrewd when this reviewer would call them expressions of true peace principles of timeless importance. His description of the economic position of Britain as it would emerge after the ending of hostilities proved surprisingly correct; equally clear-sighted was his forecast of a possible displacement of Mr. Churchill by Mr. Attlee. Peace, he said in April 1944, will "require us to revolutionise our thinking. . . . We shall have a long laborious road to travel. . . . Difficulties will appear almost insurmountable." It was then that Anglo-American co-operation would have to stand yet another test. And if it does Lord Halifax can claim to be one of its most important architects.

Of the multitude of subjects effectively dealt with by the war-time Ambassador two might be singled out. In January 1944 he went to Toronto to plead for an integration of the British family of nations so that in foreign affairs, in defence, in economic and colonial policy, and in communications, they might act according to preconcerted plans. This thought might yet prove fruitful, particularly in a world in which "war and the survival of human life on this planet are plainly incompatible" (December 1945). The other point made repeatedly is the confidence that the world has in fact progressed towards the recovery of the idea of a working society of nations: "If law is to be effective, it must be applied always, everywhere, and to all."

F. W. PICK.

MEDIEVAL ROMANCE.

Margaret R. Scherer's study *About the Round Table* (the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, 1945, 80 pp.) beautifully illustrated by material appearing in that splendid work *Arthurian Legends in Medieval Art*, by R. S. Loomis and Laura H. Loomis, and pictures by Dulac, Doré, etc., offers a brief but careful summary of the most important tales of the Arthurian cycle with special stress on Malory's *Morte d'Arthur*. One chapter deals with castles (Runkelstein, Rhäzüns), others with Lancelot and above all with Tristan.

During the war the interest in the immortal story of "Tristan" was in Europe revived by a prose poem and by an edition of Gottfried's epic (both reviewed in the *Journal*). America also did not lag behind in this respect. An adaptation of Gottfried's first part of "Tristan" (*Two Moods of Minnesong*, by Lancaster-Frank-Hammer, Vanderbilt University Press, \$2.00) appeared in 1944. The Pantheon Books published an attractive edition of *Tristan and Iseult* (1945, \$3.50), retold by Bédier, translated by H. Belloc

and completed by P. Rosenfeld, but in the illustrations by J. Nicholas one cannot help feeling that the artist forces realistic details into more or less stylised effects.

"Tristan" is also touched upon in Robert Briffault's important and stimulating study, *Les Troubadours et les Sentiment Romanesque* (Éditions du Chêne, Paris, 1945, fr.300). As to the difficult problems: influence of the cult of the Holy Virgin, Latin poetry, Arabic influence, etc., the author stresses the Arabic matter and rejects the idea of an indigenous stream in the Middle High German Minnesong. Another noteworthy point in Briffault's theory is that the cruel Crusade of 1209 against the heretics was a decisive factor in guiding the love-lyrics into a definitely idealistic sentimentalism. The book is richly illustrated and annotated.

A. CLOSS.

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Is this the Way? A Call to Jews, by Walter Zander (Gollancz, 1s.), is a striking little study of the Palestine problem. No Jew loves his gifted race more than he, but few have displayed such courage in rebuking the faults of temper and tactics which have complicated a very difficult situation. The gravest offence has been the obstinate refusal to recognise the strength of the Arab case and to seek a rapprochement of the two races through love and understanding. The creation of a Jewish State, which he naturally supports—assuming that it takes place—can only be a beginning, and it can only justify itself if a *modus vivendi* with the Arabs is reached. "For many years it has been our custom to put the blame for every new difficulty and every new setback to our cause on the shoulders of others." This fatal habit must now cease. "Essentially the Palestinian crisis is not political but spiritual. . . . The recognition that a debt is owed by us Jews to the Arabs for the sacrifice which our restoration must mean to them will enable us to persevere till at last we may succeed to win, as Mr. Gandhi has said, the Arab's heart." This eloquent and moving sermon—for such it is—will not be approved by the extremists who have done the Jewish cause infinite and perhaps irreparable injury. But it will win wide acceptance among the Jewish moderates and their non-Jewish supporters to whom alone we can look for help in the gradual healing of a running sore.

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In *India Called Them* (Allen & Unwin, 18s.) Lord Beveridge tells the story of his parents with the aid of their copious correspondence. That they were a remarkable couple no reader of these frank and revealing pages can doubt; yet neither of them won fame, and Henry Beveridge failed to reach the upper steps of the Indian ladder. Perhaps he was a little too independent to become the ideal bureaucrat. Both gave themselves without stint to the great sub-continent which they loved and where they spent so many strenuous years. It says much for their sturdiness of character that they could differ about such controversial issues as the Ilbert Bill and the religious education of their children without injuring their perfect relationship. Lord Beveridge is justly proud of them, and they had the good fortune to live long enough to witness the early triumphs of his distinguished career. If anyone is still tempted to look down on the massive Victorian age let him see in this shining mirror what it was like at its best.

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THE INTER-PARLIAMENTARY UNION.

THE world is split in two. Some people look on with despair, some with apathy, and some even with approval. Indeed the doctrine of one human family is in danger of becoming a heresy. No one dares to predict the end. Yet never were there so many proposals for federation, never so much talk of union "open to all." Now, while there is much good and especially elements of economic sanity in these proposals, their binding force is too often a common antagonism. In a word, union has come to stand for division. To be sure, the machinery of political organisation is universal. The United Nations is structurally complete in a way the League of Nations never was. The new diplomatic technique of "getting tough" has not itself created discord but has brought it to the surface. But discord in debate is to be preferred to strife in battle. A world forum, however noisy, is something worth preserving. Of course the United Nations have to agree and decide, and there lies the difficult and often impossible task. There are, however, other organisations with no decision to make, whose object is to discuss, and whose hope is to agree. "Getting tough" is no part of their panoply. They find, where they can, men of like mind, learn their difficulties, expound these to others, and strive always to enlarge the field of agreement. As an observer, I should judge that the World Council of Churches, with its precious association with Christians everywhere and in particular its links with the Greek Orthodox Church, is such a one.

It is, however, of another that I wish to speak, a body recognised by the Social and Economic Council as worthy of the close association known as Category A. I refer to the Inter-Parliamentary Union. Recent increasing activities and unmistakable signs of growth give it to-day a modest influence in international affairs. Under its present style this society has worked for nearly sixty years, but its foundations lie in the remoter past. They are to be found in the popular and largely working-class movement of the nineteenth century, aiming at arbitration, world organisation, and in general working for peace. The founder of the Inter-Parliamentary Union was Sir William Cremer. Some will remember him, as I do myself. He was the type of courageous uncompromising radical working man. His life spanned a century of political battle. He was born in the reign of George IV and lived till 1908. He was not what would now be called a progressive thinker. For example he was opposed to woman's suffrage and to Socialism. His passion was international arbitration. He advocated it when the idea was a jest. He lived to see the creation of the world court, and himself received the Nobel Prize. The early story of this movement is heroic—a few working men, speaking no language but their own, with no money and little encouragement, upholding the cause of peace. With the campaign became associated such men as Henry Richard, Elihu Burritt, John Bright, and in France, Lamartine, Victor Hugo and Frédéric Passy. As our conference in September will be held in

Rome I may recall Cremer's friendship with Mazzini, his meeting with Garibaldi, who visited London in 1864, and a speech made in 1879 by Aurelio Saffi, a Triumvir of the Roman Republic of 1848.

The British elections of 1906 shed sunshine on this cause. At that time Lord Weardale (Philip Stanhope) was president, and by British invitation the conference was held in the Houses of Parliament. The banquet, which I remember well, took place in Westminster Hall. In this splendid setting there assembled the delegates of many lands, and a military band played the national anthems of the participating nations. As well as members of the Liberal Cabinet the speakers included Count Apponyi and Mr. William Jennings Bryan. The great moment of the conference occurred when the Russian delegates received the news that the Duma had been dissolved. It was then that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman (after ascertaining that Sir Edward Grey had no objection) exclaimed, "*La Duma est morte, vive la Duma !*" Words of spontaneous sincerity which have remained a watchword for the international parliamentary movement. Perhaps I am not going too far if I describe our organisation as a working party for some great future world-gathering of unofficial parliamentarians. If the representatives of the millions of South America and Asia could meet with those of Europe and the United States, a picture might be drawn in truer proportion of popular opinion, and something might be done to arrest the movement towards compulsory enrolment into two hostile camps.

The recent meeting at Nice of the Governing Council of the Inter-Parliamentary Union and its Study Commissions had three main features : first the large attendance and the growing territorial extension of the Union ; next the high standing of the delegates and the temper in which they approached their work ; and finally the corporate spirit of the whole assembly, even a touch of crusading zest. Twenty-three nations sent delegates. To show how comprehensive was the representation I must record the names : Austria, Belgium, Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, Denmark, Egypt, Spain, Finland, France, Great Britain, Greece, Hungary, Holland, Italy, Lebanon, Luxembourg, Norway, Poland, Sweden, Switzerland, Syria, Turkey and Yugoslavia. Senator Alban Barkley, an active member of the Executive Committee and Democratic floor-leader at Washington, was at the last moment detained by the debates on the European Recovery Programme. Iraq and Eire had not selected new teams since the elections, and one or two other members such as Iceland and the Philippines sent no delegates, probably on account of distance and expense. If the representation was extensive it was no less influential. The British group, ably led by Sir Frank Sanderson, played an important part. We had Ministers in office from France, Sweden, Austria, Denmark and Belgium. There were world figures like Count Carton de Wiart, former Prime Minister of Belgium, and Count Michel Karolyi, President of the first Hungarian Republic. Former ministers were numerous, and eight Parliaments sent their Speakers or Deputy-Speakers. In particular Italy entrusted to the President of its Constituent Assembly Signor Terracini, the task of conveying personally his Government's invitation to the Union to hold its annual conference in Rome in September next.

Though our organisation is centralised at Geneva, membership in fact multiplies most quickly from the missionary work of adherents among their neighbours. Countries form joint groups with others. Great Britain, for example, is thus linked with France, Belgium,

Czechoslovakia and Italy. The Scandinavians have a group of their own, including Iceland and Finland. Benelux needs no mention; it has long ago formed a region. The new and striking development is in the Middle East, where the Arab League has adopted the regional plan. Egypt is translating and circulating the proceedings of the Cairo conference in the Arabic language, and the presence of Lebanon and Syria at Nice was due to the activities of Heykal Pasha, President of the Egyptian Senate, and a member of our Executive Committee. Saudi Arabia and Transjordan may claim admission through Egyptian sponsors. Further to the East things are moving, too. Pakistan is responsive to action by the Arab world. Pandit Nehru sent to Cairo a message of goodwill, and I have just received a telegram from U Tin Tut saying that the Burma Parliament is preparing for early membership.

- It may be that Siam will join. Beyond Siam lies the Philippine Republic, which is a member. Ceylon is a possible candidate, as indeed is Nepal. Japan was a member up to the outbreak of war. Of South America I have as yet said nothing. The British group last year sent an influential delegation, led by Mr. Michael Stewart, M.P., to the chief Latin-American States. Chile recorded the visit in a special brochure. Brazil, Peru and Uruguay have also shown an active interest. No doubt if the 1949 conference were to be held in Washington many delegates from the southern hemisphere would be present, as they have been in the past.

It is, therefore, not entirely fanciful to call the Union a sketch plan of a world parliament. But given all this, the critic may well ask, "What can you do? What comes of your, no doubt, well-meant efforts?" It is true that the Union has no executive power. But not to be called on to make decisions has advantages of its own. It enables debates, as we have often seen, to be conducted with freedom and candour yet amidst great differences of opinion without bitterness. It enables the work of moulding public opinion to proceed unhampered, and that is what is really important. And it can be effective. I may mention a resolution passed at our Budapest conference in 1896. It contained a plea for a permanent Court of Arbitration. The Russian Consul-General sent a copy to St. Petersburg, where it lay unheeded until, later, Count Muravieff came into power. Being sympathetic, he is said to have taken the resolution from its pigeon-hole and recommended it to the Emperor, whose famous rescript was issued in 1898. This account given by the St. Petersburg correspondent of *The Times*, though denied semi-officially in Russia, is believed to be true. Anyhow it is some evidence of the value of organised unofficial opinion. The debates at Nice were not so important as those in Budapest, but they illustrate the same principles.

On one commission there was a discussion on the codification of international law and the revision of unequal treaties. Under the masterly chairmanship of M. Rolin, President of the Belgian Senate, resolutions were agreed, though clearly on many points, as for example that of unequal treaties, there were the sharpest differences of opinion. The interest of the Economic Committee, presided over by the Italian delegate, Signor Persico, lay chiefly in the examination of regional economic agreements by delegates from countries which take entirely opposed views. For example, Professor Kauppi, a Finnish Liberal, explained the reasons why Finland could not participate in the Marshall plan. The question of the protection of mother and child, placed on the agenda of the Social and Humanitarian Committee at the desire of

Count Carton de Wiart, was less controversial. The British delegate, Mrs. Middleton, was warmly praised and asked to act as *rapporteur* in Rome.

The session of the Governing Council was of course the real test of the organisation and its methods. Here all States are equal. For example Sofia and Washington have two votes each. There is no veto. There is no need for it, because nothing has to be finally decided. The Council, of course, has its rules. No State government may be attacked ; it has no concern with the domestic affairs of its members. There was no difficulty in applying these rules, and outside them there was complete liberty. Here were men of high standing. They represented countries some of which in the view of the ordinary newspaper reader have such wide differences as to make the interchange of opinion by their spokesmen impossible without bitterness and discourtesy. Yet the work of the subcommission was discussed with dignity and approved. Finally a resolution was submitted by the French ex-minister, M. Paul Bastid. It had been debated in committee for over three hours. When submitted to the Council it was accepted unanimously, all the delegates rising in their places. Here it is :

PEACE MESSAGE TO BE SENT OUT BY THE INTER-PARLIAMENTARY COUNCIL.

“ At this time when nations are increasingly drifting apart and the unity and ideals which united them during the war seem to have been abandoned, the Council of the Inter-Parliamentary Union meeting in Nice, representing the parliaments of the world and therefore peoples, not governments, urgently appeals to men and women in every country to dedicate themselves to the cause of peace and goodwill between nations.

A third world war will be impossible if the peoples of the world determine that it shall not happen. The Inter-Parliamentary Council accordingly sends this message to the world, believing that a greater understanding of common interests among all peoples will unite them in a fervent desire to live in peace, and calls upon them to bring pressure upon their respective governments in order to renew understanding and co-operation on the basis established during the war, to put an immediate end to all aggressive policies, and to take the most energetic measures against all elements likely to encourage conflict between the nations as well as against any propaganda, whatever its origin, in favour of aggressive war.”

STANSFORD.

AMERICAN PRESIDENTIAL PROSPECTS.

UNDER present-day conditions there are few parallels of any value to be drawn between one presidential election and another. The political organisations remain, unchanged in form and seemingly as strong as ever. It is still taken for granted that the United States is a two-party country, and therefore that the President must be a regular nominee, either Republican or Democrat. Nevertheless the old pattern of the campaign was broken in Franklin Roosevelt's three terms. Aided, of course, decisively by the war, he could hold

together the discordant elements which had combined for his first success in 1932. There was no unity, either political or social, in the Democratic host which obeyed his command. Three of his four electoral victories were personal. New forces were gathering throughout the Republic, and the question, naturally, was raised whether the death of the most powerful modern President might not be the signal for a rebuilding of the old party structure.

Roosevelt's last majority was relatively small, and it was obtained by means of a new labour organisation, the Political Action Committee of the C.I.O. There were those who deduced that this effective venture contained the promise of a national Labour Party, but nothing that has occurred in the interval goes to support this view. The 1944 result, however, made one fact altogether clear, namely, that no future President can be elected if a main body of organised labour is arrayed against him. President Truman's relation to this most important, though not yet cohesive, power in the nation is a leading puzzle of the present campaign, while the intervention of Henry Wallace as head of a third party creates a situation of a kind unknown to the American people since Theodore Roosevelt in 1912 threw the victory to Woodrow Wilson. At the time of writing, several weeks before the first nominations in Philadelphia, there is one point only upon which public opinion may be described as virtually unanimous. It is that, whether the Democrats nominate Mr. Truman or any other known Democrat, the next President of the United States will be a Republican.

In a two-party system the swing of the pendulum, though uncertain in time, is automatic. The electorate cannot be held back when a majority has come to believe that it is time for a change. Yet the United States has never at any time presented a political scene even remotely resembling this of 1948. The issues are extraordinarily confused; but none the less it is not difficult to list the subjects that will be most prominent during the four months of debate between the choice of candidates and the election on November 2nd. These are more numerous than usual, and they include: Inflation, controls and taxation; defence, with the insistence of the military authorities upon compulsory training and service, and a mighty air force; the Taft-Hartley Labour Act in relation to the trade union vote; the race-colour question, intensified by Mr. Truman's demand for Negro civil rights; the Marshall plan and America's obligations in the reconstruction of Europe. The headlines, moreover, indicate that the nation is harried by fears of a third world conflict and by agitation over the hideous expedient of so-called preventive war. An almost universal terror of Russia and Communism prevails, and it produces a condition of the popular mind that is hardly to be realised in Britain. The sporadic calls for a General as President are not to be explained without reference to the possibility that before polling day all domestic matters might be swept away in a tempest of war fever. Nor should we shut our eyes to one other possibility which may seem fantastic at this distance. It is conceivable that for some millions of American voters the tragedy of Palestine may loom as an issue more compelling than the Marshall plan or even the menace of Communism.

Until the beginning of this year it was assumed that, since the President must if possible succeed himself, the Democrats would not think of an alternative to Mr. Truman. Hence the choice of a candidate was a problem only for the Republicans, and their perplexities were manifest. The American system is alone in the world as displaying the

practicability of great parties being maintained without the emergence and acceptance of national leaders. The Federal structure is accountable for this result. During more than thirty years the Republican Party has had no central figure ; and nothing in this connection is more curious than the fact that even the dominance of Roosevelt in the opposite camp did not act as a stimulus towards the building up of a national leader in the party which had long possessed the larger resources of ability and administrative experience. Wendell Willkie was a convert, and a transient. After his defeat in 1940 the party managers ignored him, leaving the field open for Governor Dewey of New York. It is hardly disputed to-day that if in 1944 the end of the war had been plainly in sight the Republicans would have won. Mr. Dewey is a proved vote-getter. He is a cautious and successful Governor of the most important State and for eight years past has been recognised as available. He is markedly outside the world of international affairs, and it is arguable that his habit of refusing to commit himself on great questions until silence is no longer possible has told against him during the past two or three years. In any case he now has a number of formidable rivals, and the chances of his obtaining the nomination have undoubtedly been reduced.

The senior in the Republican group is Senator Vandenberg of Michigan, whose standing has undergone several changes since 1936, when he was first named as a possible. He was then a leader of the Middle-West isolationists, seeming to be as firmly set as any one of his associates. His attitude and temper were transformed by the war and the facts of Europe. He became a strong supporter of the Roosevelt policy and was a delegate to the San Francisco Conference for the shaping of the United Nations Charter. His advocacy of the Marshall plan and his skilful handling of the Senate through the protracted debate have given him a rank in Washington superior to that of any Republican Senator for many years past. As a self-made Mid-Westerner he conforms to a favourite type. Beginning to earn at nine, he was editor and manager of a newspaper at 21. Like all Americans of his kind he is conservative, and he confesses an unquestioning faith in the American social system. Everything about him is senatorial—physique and manner and oratory alike. His 64 years bring him just within the age-limit for aspirants to the White House. He is to-day the first choice of an immense number of Republicans and others who care little for the party label. In advance of the party convention, however, it is impossible to estimate the Vandenberg following, or to gauge the opposition that is to be expected from the machine. Nor, until the Middle-West delegates begin to declare themselves, can the strength of the surviving isolationist sentiment be measured, together with the hostility to Mr. Marshall as the Secretary of State who has reversed a cherished tradition in American foreign policy. There is a widespread belief that the best possible Republican ticket would be Vandenberg and Stassen. But the early primaries have not furnished any evidence of a popular demand for the Senator ; and the question may well be asked whether a politician so ambitious as the ex-Governor of Minnesota would be prepared to step down and accept the unjustly despised office of Vice-President.

Harold E. Stassen is by far the most positive and energetic challenger in the ring. He is just over 40, with a record that fully accounts for the behaviour which opponents on his own side denounce as arrogance. His success in public life has been spectacular. He belongs wholly to

Minnesota, nearest of the north-western States, and comes of German and Scandinavian stock. He has seen his way from the start and has followed it with unflagging industry. He avowed his ambition of being Governor by 35, and he made it with an easy margin. Resigning in order to serve in the navy, he returned from the war to enter the presidential race, a year at least before any other contestant thought it prudent to come out. Mr. Stassen is usually described as a liberal Republican. It is plain that he represents a multitude of the younger people, and he makes a strong appeal to the small-town and rural voters, in whom lies the main strength of his party. They admire his simple mode of living; he is of their kindred. He has revived the campaign methods which the older generation knew in connection with W. J. Bryan. If he has none of the Bryan oratory, he is the equal of the old Tribune in mobility. He knows nothing of fatigue in touring and speech-making, and wherever he goes a local organisation comes into being. He is ready to express himself on all questions; he has seen the world; he is conspicuous among those Republican politicians who contend that Marshall aid should be withheld from nations committed to a socialised economy. His successes in the primary elections have been the most striking feature of the opening manœuvres; and although the Ohio result in May was described as a setback, Mr. Stassen needed only to point out that he was challenging Senator Taft on his rival's own ground.

Before the lines of battle were drawn the general belief was that in the Republican convention a deadlock between Taft and Dewey was almost unavoidable. Mr. Stassen's progress in the field has altered this prospect, without in any way lessening the interest of the Senator's position. Robert A. Taft, son of the genial President who failed of re-election thirty-six years ago, is head of a fortunate Ohio family. He shares with Vandenberg the leadership of the Senate. He is the best-informed of the Republican aspirants, and of unusual competence in his proper sphere, which, as it happens, is grey in colour. His speeches abound in facts and figures, and his platform style is like unto the material. Of necessity, his former complete isolationism has been greatly modified, but his reluctant vote for the Marshall plan showed plainly enough that the Vandenberg view of America and Europe will never be his. No one questions his integrity, and his candour earns respect. On one important matter after another in recent years he has reversed himself, and he is not given to apologising for a change of view. His name is attached to the Labour Act, which the unions are determined to overthrow, and yet it would be altogether unjust to look upon this hard-working Senator as an enemy of organised labour. The chances in a political democracy with a vast electorate are, as we know, beyond computation, but it would assuredly be a resounding surprise if the American people were to enthrone a second President Taft.

Six months ago, when Henry Wallace announced his decision, the immediate inference was that a Republican victory was now beyond all doubt. A Progressive candidate at the present time must draw mainly from the Democrats; and in addition there was the fact that Mr. Truman, for contradictory reasons, was making enemies in his party. Mr. Wallace, however, met with a series of shocks for which he was unprepared. His resignation from the Truman Cabinet had brought many groups, with able men and women, to his standard. His early mass meetings were sponsored in a manner which encouraged a belief that the Democratic Party could be reinvigorated and won over

to a new international policy. But a third party, as he found, was not in the reckoning. Most of his influential associates fell away. The labour leaders, upon whom he was counting, at once dissented. It was obvious that, as politicians, they preferred to consider the claims of the Democratic President who had vetoed the Taft-Handley Bill. And—an ironical circumstance—Mr. Wallace's editorship of the weekly *New Republic* was lost. The progressives, as always, were split, Mr. Wallace's Russian attitude being a sufficient and inevitable reason. There can be no doubt that his tour in England and Europe last year had wrought a change, not easy to define, in his mind and temper. His followers gave him credit for proposing a scheme of European reconstruction free from the political conditions that were alleged to be inseparable from the Marshall plan; and upon starting his campaign Mr. Wallace was compelled to develop an all-round assault upon the Secretary of State and the whole policy of the Truman Administration.

In American politics Henry Wallace is a unique figure. He is, as a prominent Washington correspondent said, "a lovable and exasperating man." East and West he evokes a popular response that no other leader could hope to equal. The managers of his meetings have always to prepare for an overflowing audience. The money flows in continuously, and his fund is not by any means made up only of small contributions. The author of the phrase about the destiny of the Common Man could not be other than a rallying centre. In several States, and notably in California with its messianic tendencies, the Wallace party is very large. His plea for co-operation with Russia, taking little account of the obstacles set up by Moscow, falls in with the young people's loathing of all policies that seem pointed towards war. The slogan "Wallace or War" is a sure vote-getter up and down the land; although, on the other hand, the support of the Communists, offered to any candidate who will oppose Marshall, gives the politicians a handle that is being mercilessly used. Early in the present year there were few practitioners of the Gallup method to estimate the Wallace poll at more than, say, five or six millions. To-day it is not unusual for the figure to be doubled, and we may soon see a further conjectural increase. Even so, however, the most adventurous calculator does not reach a result that would avail to upset the normal working of the electoral college.

Throughout the United States the choice of the Republican candidate will be taken as a sufficiently clear indication of the national poll in November. Mr. Truman and his party have every reason to be apprehensive; and it would be possible to cite evidence in favour of the theory that the President himself is no longer seriously wishing for the nomination. The signs of internal revolt are ominous. The anger of Southern Democrats against a President who has dared to champion equal rights for the Negro, and who does not change his tone as the election draws near, may be appeased in time, but the demonstration is none the less significant. And meanwhile the cry is raised elsewhere that a Vice-President who could not have been elected to the highest office cannot be an adequate Chief Executive in an epoch of crisis. By all the accepted standards of measurement 1948 is a Republican year. The Democrats have been in power for more than fifteen years. The Republicans are convinced that their turn has come. They are hardly less convinced that their opponents could not win even in the impossible event of their sounding a unanimous call for General Eisenhower. And, indeed, we may in this connection conclude that

two things are incontestable. If the American people were turning to a soldier for national leadership, it would mean that war was imminent ; and this being so, the most renowned of living American generals would not accept a party candidature for the political headship of the Republic. "

During the pre-convention manœuvres the scene alters from week to week, and this year the changes are more baffling than usual. On the Democratic side there is a closing of the ranks behind Mr. Truman who, however, cannot count upon a united party, still less upon a warm personal following. The South is resentful ; Labour is variously divided ; the President's stand on Conscription causes many defections. His instant recognition of Israel, while affecting the Jewish vote, was clearly decided upon in anticipation of Moscow. Stalin's reply to Wallace, coupled with Mr. Marshall's attitude, can hardly fail to yield contradictory results, on the whole unfavourable to Mr. Truman. Meanwhile, as the Philadelphia assembly approaches, the Republicans are confronted with a welter of personal and political issues beyond anything they have known within living memory. A deadlock between the three most prominent contestants is being discussed as almost inevitable, Washington correspondents forecast with some confidence the choice of a candidate by the party managers in conclave, or what the press invariably calls "the smoke-filled room," although it is as well to remember that a sudden turn in the convention can bring all such calculations to naught. There is, indeed, only one inference which the unbiassed observer seems justified in drawing from the confusion displayed by the three parties. It is this, that there will be reason enough for surprise if in November the American people do not elect a conservative Republican as President until 1953.

S. K. RATCLIFFE.

ITALY AFTER THE ELECTIONS.

THERE is no doubt that April 18th, 1948, the day of the first political elections after the approval of the Republican Constitution, represents an important date in the history of the peninsula. Italian voters have shown that Italy is not prepared to become the field for a new Communistic experiment. If Signor de Gasperi has secured an absolute majority it was not because the majority of the voters shared the Christian-Democratic ideas, but simply because they did not want Communism to get control. He knows that out of the nine million votes secured by his party in Parliament at least three million came from members of other groups who at the last moment preferred to support the Christian Democrats in order to guarantee the defeat of Communism. He is also aware that a large section of the Christian-Democratic voters consisted of farmers and workers to whom he had promised during the election campaign a reorganisation of agriculture, a distribution of the land among farmers, especially in Southern Italy, and a larger contribution of the wealthier classes to the State expenditure. The Communists have been defeated but not destroyed, and it is evident that the party led by the Cominform will take advantage of the errors of their fiercest opponents if they do not adopt the method of violence to get into power. On the other hand, how would the wealthier classes who have given their support to the Christian Democrats welcome a Leftist policy of the new Government

resulting from the elections of April 18th, 1948, a policy which the Government must develop unless it risks the loss of support of the three million voters above referred to, and thus enable the Communists to regain the lost ground? Such are the still unsettled conditions of the political situation.

The chief key is to be sought in the course of what is called the "third force" represented by the co-operation of the Workers' Socialist Party (Saragat), the Socialists of Signor Matteo Lombardo, and the Republicans. The group could be increased by the fusionist Socialists led by Signor Romita, former Minister of the Interior, who, after the defeat of the so-called Popular Democratic Front, has attacked Signor Nenni, the advocate of the *entente* between the Socialists and the Communists. Such a force could muster 100 to 120 Members of Parliament, and its existence could not be ignored by the Christian-Democratic Government, as may be seen from the fact that Signor de Gasperi has continued to insist on the co-operation of the Italian Workers' Socialists and of the Republicans in the Cabinet. Another key to the political situation might come from the efforts which are said to be made especially in Genoese business quarters to organise a new Leftist Liberal Party ready to come to an understanding with labour on economic and social principles. Employers should be more ready to support such a party than the Italian Workers' Socialists, one of whose aims is the application of a planned economy, if not a scheme of nationalisation of certain industries.

The consolidation of all these efforts cannot be realised at once. Thus for the time being the political scene must be dominated by the two main political units which have conducted the elections, the Christian-Democratic Party and the Communists. This constitutes the greatest danger of the situation. Who can doubt that, though they realise that Italians are against Eastern ideologies and that the Communist leaders have made a psychological error in basing their election campaign on the idea of Italo-Russian co-operation, the extreme Left might try to get into power with an act of violence after an incidental error of the Government? The most satisfactory feature in this connection is the efficiency to which Signor Scelba, the present Minister of the Interior, has brought the police forces and the Carabinieri. The Prefect of Milan has at his disposal about 20,000 to 30,000 men efficiently motorised and armed, so that the authorities can quickly transfer these forces from one district to another. On the other hand, an important section of the Communists might be ready to join in demonstrations, strikes and even acts of violence against private individuals, but would probably abstain from anything like a civil war which an act of violence against the Government might involve.

The defence of democracy in Italy is still connected with two important factors: the successes which Italy may attain in the international field, and the improvement of the economic situation, which is still far from being stabilised, though Italians are neglecting no effort to show their will to work. Public opinion follows with the greatest interest the international situation. For example, the announcement that the Western Powers had raised the question of the return of Trieste to Italy made by M. Bidault at the Turin meeting with Count Sforza in March secured to the Christian Democratic Party more votes than any speech of Signor de Gasperi, Signor Scelba, etc. It is not surprising, therefore, if public opinion is now concentrating on the efforts of Count Sforza to obtain the consent of the Allies to the

revision of the peace treaty, and to entrusting the administration of the former Italian Colonies to the Italian Government, which has promised to prepare the Arabian populations for independence. The question of the revision is no doubt the direct consequence of the plan to return Trieste to Italy, since how could she defend the large Adriatic port from an Eastern attack if forbidden to increase her army and navy? Everywhere countries are reducing the immigration quotas; even Argentina, whither it was first expected Italy could send at least 100,000 emigrants yearly, now appears unable to take more than 30,000. Italy thus attaches great importance to the possibility of sending workers to the former Italian colonies. It is interesting to note that the extreme Left Press speculates on the difference in the Allies' point of view in this connection, and insists on the fact that the United States of America and Great Britain have not concealed their opposition to the return especially of Libya and Somaliland, while Russia has warmly supported the settlement of the colonial problem in favour of Italy. There is no doubt, therefore, that should the present Government fail to realise its international programme the extreme Left will take advantage of this and try to regain the lost ground.

Another important way open to the Government in the international field is represented by the initiative of Count Sforza in promoting international economic co-operation, above all the proposal of an Italo-French Custom Union which might partially compensate for a refusal of the Allies to entrust former Italian colonies to Italian administration. The importance of the development of international economic co-operation for the future of this country is realised also in Italian business quarters, as may be seen from the initiative taken by the Chamber of Commerce and Industry at Genoa in promoting an Inter-Parliamentary International Trade Meeting to enable members of the World's Parliament to approach international business people and hear from them the difficulties which they have to face in developing trade. The meeting is to be inaugurated on September 13th, 1948, at Genoa, and should conclude its session with a resolution urging the various Governments to remove all the restrictions hindering the development of international trade. These developments prove that behind the political situation there is still the economic background, since with a policy of full employment political quarrels will much decrease in importance.

Italians are neglecting no opportunity to show their will to work hard. The latest confirmation is offered by the twenty-sixth Milan International Samples Fair, inaugurated on April 29th and closed on May 16th. It has shown what Italians have been able to make in the post-war period, despite the consequences of the war on their economy. Its importance is clearly shown by the fact that it included 5,600 exhibitors, of whom 1,500 were foreign firms. In addition to agriculture and textiles the Milan Fair has revealed important initiatives, particularly in the textile machinery, machine tools and other interesting achievements of engineering which attracted especially the attention of the overseas buyers, including official buying missions from China, India, Philippines, Venezuela and Argentina. The Argentine Government purchased in Milan a milliard lire worth of machine tools.

Another interesting demonstration of the will to work is represented by the progress realised in the railway system and in the Mercantile Marine. In April 1945 the Italian State Railways system was almost entirely out of operation, while at present it is possible to go in eight

hours from Milan to Rome by electric train travelling at an average speed of about 80 km. per hour. Judging from the material exhibited at Milan by the State Railways Administration, there is no doubt that further improvements are to be expected before 1950, when pilgrims are to come for the new Holy Year. The Mercantile Marine Minister has recently announced that merchant tonnage is now reaching 2,200,000 gross tons against 500,000 gross tons in April 1945, 300,000 gross tons in September 1943, and 3,500,000 gross tons on June 10th, 1940. Most of it has been purchased by Italian shipowners on the second-hand international maritime markets with the profits realised through the operation of the "Liberty" tonnage entrusted to them; and the success has been such that even Greek interests led by Consul-General Eugenides have entrusted their tonnage to Italian ships' operators.

On the other hand, there are many difficulties, beginning with the position of the automobile industry, the activity of which is only about 40 per cent. of its output capacity, the hindrances which the iron and steel industry is facing in connection with the reconstruction of the Elba iron and steel plants, the fact that, though having exceeded its pre-war output, the Italian electric industry is 10,000,000,000 kWh. yearly short in the production of power to meet the enlarged consumption, while the construction of new hydro-electric plants is hampered by finance, the fact that only 10 per cent. of the cotton industry is provided with modern spinning and weaving machinery, while 90 per cent. of the machinery must be renewed to meet the foreign competition, and the carrying out of this modernisation is prevented by the shortage of capital. Finally even the restoration of the telephone, telegraph and road systems have not been completed for lack of financial means and raw materials.

The European Recovery Plan would be an important factor in consolidating the economic and consequently the political situation. The trouble is that, in addition to the financial requirements of trade, industry and transport, there are the not less heavy financial requirements of the State and, as a matter of fact, public opinion is now discussing whether the E.R.P. funds should be used to help private economic activities with the view of increasing the national output, or to improve the position of the Budget and of the various activities controlled by the State, including the Istituto per la Ricostruzione Industriale (I.R.I.), the State Railways Administration, the deficit of which has grown very large in the course of the past three years since railway fares and freights have been increased only seventeen times since 1940, while the cost of operation has increased sixty times.

Since lifting of the fiscal pressure on the working class is closely connected with the reorganisation of the Budget, it is evident that the idea of using the E.R.P. funds to put in order the State finance might appear attractive to the Government as an easy way to secure the support of the voters who have given their adhesion to the Christian-Democratic Party without being members, and to prevent the Communists from claiming that the followers of Signor de Gasperi has mislead labour. Independently of what the attitude of Americans may be, it is evident that the employment of the E.R.P. funds only in the reorganisation of the Budget and of the State-controlled industries and transport could not create the basis for that settlement of the economic situation likely to influence the political position in a decisive way. What would be the use of a highly efficient transport system if it

should not have at its disposal sufficient passengers and freight to pay its way?

Interest has been shown in the past few months by private foreign capital in investments in Italy. Swiss capital has been invested in the electric industry. American financial corporations have reached an understanding with industries, especially in the chemical field. Mr. Stettinius, the former Secretary of State, has recently visited the country, discussing with leading business men the possibility of American private capital co-operating in the economic reconstruction of the country. It remains, however, to be seen whether Wall Street will be satisfied with the guarantees offered by the Italian political situation. This is the darkest point which the Government will have to face should it decide, with American consent, to use the E.R.P. funds for the reorganisation of the Budget.

ANTONIO GIORDANO.

THE GRAND OLD MAN OF SWEDEN.

THE ninetieth birthday of Gustav V is sure to unite the whole Swedish nation in a common feeling of devotion and respect. During recent years I have often seen him appear in public, for instance, when he was sitting in the royal box in the Stockholm Opera. At the same time I noticed the reaction of the public towards the King. Their attitude was truly familiar. Nobody showed any marked reverence or curiosity, but everybody was aware of him. His presence influenced the consciousness of all. His simplicity, his lack of formality, his tremendous vitality made him quite naturally some sort of *pater patriæ*. There was something sober in it all. It was taken for granted that he was there, that he was ruling, and that sometimes in serious situations he was raising a warning and entreating voice.

Gustav V is the last of those long-lived European sovereigns of the nineteenth century who to whole generations were the representatives of their country. I am thinking first of all of Queen Victoria, Francis Joseph and William I. None of them was actually a genius. Lacking imagination and bound to tradition, they often resisted progressive developments. All of them needed good advisers. But long years of hard work replaced generally what they lacked in genius and creativeness. They knew how to impress through sublime dignity, and their simplicity flattered the man in the street. Their age gave them a tremendous advantage over the ever-changing personalities on the public stage. After many a warlike adventure they seemed destined to introduce long periods of happiness and peace for their countries. Thus, it mattered little that Queen Victoria was not wholly of British descent. She could do without this national advantage. Her intelligence, her strength, her determination, her love for the nation created more good will and admiration than any sovereign had enjoyed in England since Queen Elizabeth. The same can be said about Gustav V. There is not a drop of Swedish blood in his veins; he is a Bernadotte, son of Oscar II and Princess Sophie of Nassau. When he was born Austria still ruled in Italy and was the leading member within the German Bund. The Crimean War had just come to an end. With it began the series of conflicts between Russia and Great Britain, and the same fight against Panslavism and Imperialism which we are witnessing

now in a changed and sharpened form. In this respect one might draw a straight line from the day Gustav V was born, in June 1858, to this day. No telephone existed then, and no electric railways. Neither radio nor moving pictures had been invented. However, one great achievement of Sweden, though not a technical one, has remained unaltered: the traditional well-proven love for peace.

King Gustav was introduced into politics when he was sent to represent his royal father in Norway, then united with Sweden by the decision of the Vienna Congress. At the beginning of this century, however, this unity became more and more intolerable. The national self-consciousness of the Norwegians could no longer be suppressed. For quite a time the fight for complete sovereignty seemed most dangerous. In order to preserve the union Sweden would have had to use such measures as England once found expedient in using against Ireland. However, the intelligence and the tolerance of the sovereign and the nation stood the test. Though most reluctantly, Oscar II gave Norway her full freedom, and Gustav, the young heir to the throne, agreed. He did not act Percy Hotspur. He fully realised even then that the obedience of a nation has to be voluntary and that—to use the words of the greatest Hungarian statesman of the past—one has to unbutton a coat completely when it once has been buttoned wrongly. King Edward VII tried—surely with the kindest intentions—to influence the young king's decision. In a letter he suggested as the best solution that the King's brother, Prince Carl, now the respected president of the Swedish Red Cross, should take the crown of Norway. Modestly but determinedly the King replied that, unfortunately, he was unable to follow Edward's advice since this would be against the constitution, and since the crisis was too deep to lend itself to such a comfortable solution.

Here we notice already one of the most important features in the character of Gustav V: his remarkable modesty. Whatever he does, he does unobtrusively. He never indulges in showy performances. He so hates all pomp and the expense of it that he even refrained from any ceremony at his coronation. His motto—'with the people in the service of my country'—was an absolutely honest declaration to democracy. But, just like the other monarchs of his time, he was by no means resigned to silence or giving up all initiative. His sympathies lay with the Right, and the question which occupied the whole of Sweden then was rearmament. The details are of minor importance to-day. The main thing is that the King, in opposition to his Cabinet, demanded an immediate and thorough solution of the problem. Things went so far that a huge peasant demonstration took place in Stockholm in order to support the attitude of the King. The conflict grew so violent that the Prime Minister accused the King officially of being prejudiced. Staaff, the leader of the Liberals, demanded even that he should first submit all his political speeches to the Cabinet.

Gustav refused this with the utmost determination; the ministry resigned and a new Cabinet took its place. Also, later on, when the question of the Aaland Islands came up, he used his personal contacts and personally appealed to the Tsar in order to secure a peaceful solution of the ticklish problem. His attitude during the recent war is contested, but no one doubts that he acted according to his best judgment and knowledge, and from no other motive but a deep concern for the welfare of his country. We all know that for at least a year Sweden was helplessly at the mercy of Germany. Everything depended

on gaining of time for necessary rearmament. Hitler had to be strengthened in the belief that Sweden would defend her neutrality against any aggression. Thus the King took it upon himself to give Hitler such assurances. He staked his whole authority and actually threatened to abdicate (though not formally) if the Government and Per Albin Hansson should refuse the transit of a German division through Swedish territory. Later on he justified this action by stating that, no doubt, the king has to act strictly according to constitutional practice under normal conditions, but that he must assume the right of acting on his own initiative in the moment of obvious danger. Of course, this attitude is not in conformity with the general rules of parliamentary democracy and the responsibilities of the ministries. The result of his action, however, was favourable for Sweden, and no one in Sweden or anywhere else has thought seriously of passing judgment on the King for his yielding to pressure in such a fateful moment.

As soon as this emergency was over he showed himself in his true colours : humane and an enemy of all force and suppression. In every way possible, and surely with his approval, Sweden has supported her neighbours, and in many instances even Great Britain. The King personally pleaded with Hitler for the Jews of Norway and Denmark, and actually achieved more than anyone else could have done. He made, however, one mistake, perhaps the first and only one in his life, when in a personal conversation he tried to influence the famous journalist Segerstedt, the most valiant opponent of the neutrality policy, without achieving the slightest result. But such details do not alter the general picture of this venerable personality.

Immediately upon the declaration of peace he devoted his time and energy to aid the war-ridden nations and to further the co-operation between the Scandinavian countries. The latter was the main theme of his most recent public declaration. It is difficult to estimate his actual influence on the decisions of his Cabinet, since, like Queen Victoria, he is a strictly constitutional monarch. One thing, however, can be stated : Gustav V does not consider his own opinions as decisive ; in no way does he give one party the preference, and the present purely Socialist Cabinet has his same loyal support as had the coalition Government of Per Albin Hansson, the continuation of which he would have certainly welcomed in times of such heavy economic strain. For he is not only the symbol of the preservation of peace for nearly half a century ; he is likewise the symbol of Sweden's development into a prosperous industrial centre and of a tremendous progress in social legislation. He himself grew up in a period of liberalism, of a *laissez-faire* which is still prevalent here and there, but his subjects are to-day guarded against extreme poverty through health and accident insurances, old-age pensions and allowances for children. At the same time, as in all countries after the war, the attempt is made to plan and direct and maintain a balanced economy through licences and premiums, price control and forced loans. With the remarkable calm and adaptability which is characteristic of King Gustav he has agreed to all these changes.

Has the King, who to-day in most instances merely has to sign his name, shown any special individual activities in other fields ? Hardly to any considerable extent. He has not inherited the poetical and musical talents of his forefathers. He does not compose music as did Carl VI. He is no poet as was his father ; he does not paint as did his brother, the much-regretted Prince Eugen, who died last year, and he

is not particularly interested in science as is his son, the Crown Prince. He has, however, rendered a great service to medical research in Sweden by giving five million crowns out of his private capital for the promotion of cancer research, and thus secured the gratitude of all medical scientists. In private, however, he distinguished himself as a sportsman, to be more precise, as an excellent tennis player, Mr. G., as he preferred to call himself. It was wonderful to see him play, and watch the strength and subtlety of his movements in spite of his great age. This, together with some beautiful embroideries which partly were intended for the church, created an atmosphere of true homeliness around him. He is a democrat, not only in his activities as a king, but also in his mode of life. Unlike the other long-lived sovereigns of the nineteenth century, he is fortunate not to have his old age poisoned by private worries. Married to a princess of Baden, the very charming Queen Victoria, and fairly early a widower, he has an excellent helper in his son, who fulfils his many duties with the same simplicity and unpretentiousness as the King himself. He has also, apart from the unavoidable military training, a great number of scientific and artistic interests. He is an expert archæologist, who himself directs and personally attends excavations. I myself have had the opportunity to watch him at art exhibitions, and have seen how painstakingly he examines every item. Through his wife, a sister of Lord Mountbatten, close ties connect him with Great Britain, which he last visited to attend the wedding of Princess Elizabeth. He has won the heart of the Swedish people through his simplicity, honesty and never-failing sense of duty.

To grow old means to outlive events and men. Sometimes a tragic fate even decides that people outlive themselves, their fame and reputation. On the ninetieth birthday of the King of Sweden it can be said that this does not hold true for him. When a few weeks ago it was rumoured that he had died—a rumour the origin of which has remained unknown—the whole nation was mourning; minutes of silence demonstrated the depth of their emotion, and many cried. It is a saying that those who are rumoured dead still have long to live. Thus we can believe and hope that the grand old man of Sweden may remain at the side of his people as a faithful adviser during the present dangerous crisis, which also directly concerns his country.

ERNST BENEDIKT.

Stocksund, Sweden.

THE FRENCH ZONE OF GERMANY.

THE creation of the French Zone of Germany, if not an accident, was certainly an afterthought. In 1943, when the final plans were drawn up by the Allies for the partition of the defeated nation, the line closely followed the present frontiers of the British, American and Russian zone borders. No mention was made at the time of the French. It was only in the last stages of the war, after the personal intervention of President Roosevelt, that they were included in the division, and their portion was carved out of parts of the British and American zones.

This makeshift measure is clearly reflected on the map. The French zone is incongruous and disjointed, consisting of two triangular-shaped sections without geographical or economic unity and lacking in a

proper administrative centre. One might have expected complete chaos to result, yet the zone for a long time succeeded in balancing its budget. This fact is the most important aspect of the French occupation, and the chief reason why France for so long refused to join Britain and America in a unified administration for the whole of Western Germany. On closer examination it reveals the whole character of French policy towards Germany.

The French zone, in spite of its outward disadvantages, is by no means poor. Stretching from Lake Constance in the south, across the rich Black Forest region, along the Rhine, and then following the frontiers of France along the Lorraine province, the area is a considerable asset to an impoverished country like France. Though the smallest of the four zones, measuring only some 16,000 square miles, with a population of about six millions (roughly a third of the population in each of the other three zones), it is highly developed and is divided almost equally between agriculture and industry. Over one-tenth of Germany's coal is produced in the Saar; nearly half of Germany's leather and shoes, as well as most of her precision instruments, come from this region; it has important chemical industries and is rich in timber, tobacco and wine. It is, however, hopelessly deficient in nearly all foodstuffs, particularly wheat, sugar and potatoes, which have to be imported from America or Canada and paid for in dollars.

The French knew the problems they faced when they settled down to administer the country. They knew how much it would cost to feed the population, but they also realised that the zone could be made to pay, and it was towards the latter objective that their policy was directed. They employed a few simple principles in carrying out their plans. They reserved for themselves a monopoly of the zone's foreign trade, divided the industries into priority classes, and controlled all industries with an iron hand. The entire economy was based on the assumption that the Germans had plundered enough during the war to see them through at least another six years. All products, therefore, that could be squeezed out of the zone had to be exported, chiefly to France, partly to pay for the food the Germans required and partly by way of indirect reparations. This method yielded remarkable results. The Saar production was stepped up to over 80 per cent. of its pre-war output; and a steady flow of exports, consisting of chemicals, wood, electric power, machine-tools, textiles, musical instruments, watches, and even prefabricated houses, was kept up. Between August 1945 and December 1946 the French exported \$30,000,000 worth of manufactured goods and another \$31,000,000 of raw materials—and this although the zone was working to only about 40 per cent. of its industrial capacity. In the same period France imported foodstuffs worth \$45,000,000. The net profit, therefore, amounted to some \$16,000,000 at a time when Britain was spending about £80,000,000 on her zone in Germany. Naturally the French were reluctant to join the Anglo-American zone, for they could point to their own experiment as a model of administration.

French policy was, no doubt, profitable, but it was not without its drawbacks. In the long run any policy which tries to force an artificial self-sufficiency upon a dependent unit could only be ruinous, as the French finally discovered. Not only did it remove the cream of the industrial plants (the zone was hit by three waves of dismantling), but the standard of living of the Germans fell so low that the French were compelled to alter their tactics and not only to import more food but

also to divert part of the current production to the German producers. Their plan was ingenious and based on a percentage of the total goods produced for exports. In South Baden, for instance, the workers receive 10 per cent. of all the goods if their exports for the quarter are between \$4,500,000 and \$5,500,000, 20 per cent. if they are between \$5,500,000 and \$6,500,000, and up to 50 per cent. if they are over \$8,500,000. As a result life in the French zone is very different from that in the Anglo-American zone. Money has regained its value, partly because there is no black market (for which the goods are lacking), partly because these goods, when obtainable, can be bought at their proper value or exchanged for other goods. Moreover, unlike the neighbouring American zone, the French zone suffers from a shortage of labour.

This new policy of giving premiums had the effect of raising production by over 100 per cent., but food imports rose by 300 per cent. and imports of raw materials were also heavier. The total turnover for the first months of 1947, as was revealed towards the end of last year, showed an adverse balance of some \$7,000,000. This sum was not large, but it was the first time that the French had run into a deficit, and it showed that there was a limit to productive capacity. More important still, it marked a turning point of French isolationism in its policy towards the Germans and to the Allies. If some kind of a payment had to be made for the upkeep of the Germans, there was little reason why the French should not join the other two Western zones on condition that they should have the Saar and the exclusive use of its coal. This ambition has now been fulfilled. The Saar, if not yet an integral part of France, is certainly no longer a part of Germany.

This development characterises the underlying current of French policy. Their zone is comparable, on a diminutive scale, to the Russian zone. Both are distinguished by the fact that they have a definite policy, directed towards national ends, which can be very "tough" or very lenient as the occasion may demand. Just as the Russians favour the Communist elements, so the French wooed the Saarlanders with all kinds of gratuities. As for the rest, one would have expected to find a traditional French contempt, if not hatred, for the Germans, but there is no visible sign of it. The French are firm but fair, having learned from the occupation of their own country that a harsh treatment does not pay. Their attitude can be summarised under three headings, and has never been altered in fundamentals: (1) The Germans must not starve, but rations must be kept down to a minimum; (2) they must be made to work so as to pay for the occupation of their country; (3) they must be excluded from all administrative positions. The reason for the success of the French is that the essential character of their occupation is static. They have come to stay and have taken root: almost every administrator has stayed put ever since the occupation started. The only major change occurred last December, when the military group asserted itself over the civilian administration and caused the resignation of the Governor-General Laffon. And every administrator, unlike his counterpart in other zones, not only knows his job but realises that his is a long-term task which he must see through to the end.

"At home" the French have settled down to a comfortable if somewhat crowded existence. This, too, is based on a long-term policy. It is communal, "*comme chez nous*." Often, in fact, it is hard to believe that one is in Germany and not in a provincial French town. But though they share their homes and their kitchens, the trams and the

cinemas, the gulf seems greater than in any of the other zones where there is a much stricter segregation. No doubt if familiarity used to breed contempt in the past, the different smells left by French and German cooking in one kitchen do so now—and with a vengeance. Fraternisation is not noticeable, if it exists at all, because there is little a Frenchman could offer in a material way. The only element which Germans and French seem to have in common is a poverty which covers the zone like a grey mantle within whose folds life continues, curiously normal, in two parallel grooves.

Nevertheless the French have not done badly. The cost of living in the zone is one-fifth of what it is in France. And though the French deny that their people live off the land, the Germans must provide every Frenchman with three lb. of butter and forty-eight eggs a month, and the household of a general is entitled to 750 eggs. The Germans, on the other hand, receive 150 grams of butter a month, and forty eggs a year, and the total meat production is almost equally divided between the 6,000,000 Germans and the French occupiers. Exactly how many of the latter there are has never been known. The German claim of 35,000 for the town of Baden alone (with a normal population of 25,000) is probably exaggerated; the French estimate of 15,000 is too low. According to a memorandum prepared by a German Ministry last year there were in the French zone eighteen Frenchmen for every 1,000 Germans as compared with two or three Americans in the neighbouring American province. Lately, however, the French have indicated a cut in the strength of their numbers. This secrecy is characteristic of the French zone, which is almost completely cut off from the rest of Germany and the rest of the world. Little news comes out of it and little penetrates into it. The Press is timid and interest in that part of Germany is negligible. It is, in fact, the forgotten zone; the more forgotten, the better it suits the French.

They have always regarded their charge as an internal affair, and the recognised aim of French policy has been to establish a firm "cultural bridgehead" across the Rhine and to introduce the best of French culture, literature and academic thought. The reopening after some 150 years of Mayence University; cultural weeks in Tübingen, Constance, Freiburg; good, comprehensive exhibitions of modern German paintings; visits of French students; "infiltrations" of Boy Scouts; exchange with youth organisations; tours of the Ballet des Champs-Élysées or the Paris Symphony Orchestra through the zone; the opening there of the Institut de France; lecture tours by André Gide and Gabriel Marcel; exhibitions of paintings by Picasso—all these activities are part of the attempt to focus the attention of the Rhineland on France and to show that the Rhine could not divide what in effect ought to be considered as a cultural unity. Perhaps the only black spot in this connection has been the unfortunate treatment of Professor Heidegger, who has been retired from Freiburg University and whose manuscripts of major philosophical works remain unpublished. But in spite of these ambitious cultural and educational plans which the French had for the Germans, this revival was built upon the quicksands of economic exploitation. The ground, it can now be seen, was ill-prepared and has not borne healthy flowers. It is doubtful if it contributed to a better relationship of the Germany and the France of to-morrow.

STEPHEN SIMMONS.

NICOLAS BERDYAEV.

NICOLAS BERDYAEV, who died recently in France, was the inspirer of an important school of thought among Russian *émigrés*. Since 1922 he lived outside Russia, but, unlike many other thinkers who had known the old Russia, he was not entirely hostile to the philosophy of the Russian revolutionary leaders. One can divide the Russian *émigrés* into three classes. First there are the so-called "Whites" who adhere to the old régime: they have largely died out or no longer have importance. Secondly there are those opponents of the Tsarist régime who are Western in their outlook and who had their heyday in the short-lived Kerensky régime of 1917: they consist largely of the Liberal intelligentsia. Most typical of them was Paul Miliukoff, the leader of the "Cadets" or Constitutional Democrats. Others were the emigrant Russian Social Democrats or Mensheviks, of whom a number have settled down in Great Britain and the United States. All these are completely Western in their outlook, and in consequence have lost their roots, if they ever had any, in Russia. They represent a type of Russian who has always appeared in Russian history, and is so impressed by the achievements of the West that his main idea is to transplant its ideas and outlook to Russia. Russia for them is just a backward country which never passed through the Reformation, and so now has to catch up with the rest of the world. When the Russian people failed to follow them in 1917, turned out Kerensky and put in Lenin, they felt deeply insulted. But it can be reasonably held that the Russian Communists more truly represent the aspirations of the Russian people than the exiled Mensheviks.

There is a third kind of Russian *émigré* whose work will probably be found by historians of the future to have been the most fruitful of all. Some of them are found to-day among the leaders of the Orthodox Church in the West, who are prepared to co-operate on terms with the new Holy Synod in Moscow. Others in the sphere of literature and philosophy have sought to clarify men's minds about the Russian Revolution and to interpret it in the framework of Russian history. The most outstanding figure in this circle of *émigrés* was Nicolas Berdyaev, who never allowed the stream of his mental activity to become severed from its spiritual sources in Russia. He was no blind devotee of the West, and remained to the end loyal to the traditions and outlook of the Eastern Slavs, although he also saw their weaknesses.

It is vital that at a time like this we clear our minds about Russia, because the peaceful development of Europe will largely depend on how we interpret Russian thought and action to-day. It is easy to think that Stalin is just another Hitler. It is equally easy to fall into the mistake of the Russian *émigrés* of the Western school, who have never really understood their own country, and to see in Russian Communism an entirely new phenomenon unknown in Russia till now. Not so Nicolas Berdyaev, who saw it as a twentieth-century manifestation of what has appeared in Russian history before. If, therefore, we look at Russian Communism in this way, we can cherish the hope that Russian foreign policy is capable of changes and of new phases, as previously in the history of Russia. For as the reign of the tyrant, Nicholas I, was followed by the milder régime of his son, Alexander II, so, if we accept this theory, it is reasonable to suppose that the present truculent form of Russian Communism will give way in due course to a milder régime, though doubtless still totalitarian.

In his two great works, *The Origin of Russian Communism* and *The Russian Idea*, the latter published last year, Berdyaev develops his theory of Russian history. "Leninism and Stalinism," he maintains, "are not classical Marxism. Communism is a Russian phenomenon in spite of its Marxist ideology." The Russians, he thinks, have taken ideas from the West, but have never slavishly imitated them. When Russia embraced Orthodox Christianity, she put her own emotional interpretation upon it, and she has done the same for Marxism. Communism in fact is the new materialist religion of Russia. Moreover, in the past, Russians have always had a strong Messianic strain in their mental make-up. The Tsars of Moscow regarded themselves as the defenders of the Third Rome and the only true Christians. The Slavophiles also thought that Russia alone could show mankind salvation. So to-day, in the traditional line of Russian thought, Communism is the apocalypse of a world revolution which will show mankind how to become truly free.

Nicolas Berdyaev was the leader of that school of emigrant thought which saw much good in what the Communists have done for Russia. "The Russian Revolution awakened and unfettered the enormous powers of the Russian people and established the best legislation on property in the world," he said. Its totalitarian nature, too, was for him all in keeping with Russia's past. But he sought to find a philosophy which would recognise the material achievements of Russian Communism while preserving "liberty of thought in man" and a spiritual relation between him and his Creator. Having started life as a Marxist he ended it as a Neo-Christian, but did not allow himself to be blinded by dislike of the cruder aspects of Bolshevism. The mere fact that the temporal powers in Moscow have made a concordat with the Orthodox Church shows that Marxism and Christianity can live together in the same country. It was Berdyaev's great work that he founded a philosophy which helped to make it possible for these two religions to exist side by side in Russia to-day, and the hope is that in time the one may mitigate the rigours of the other.

M. PHILIPS PRICE.

"THE SHAKESPEARE OF SPAIN."

THE majority of present-day Britishers seem to take very little interest in the Spanish literature of the past. For the majority it is apt to be represented mainly by *Don Quixote*, with the possible addition of the *Spiritual Romances* and almost modern *Autobiography* of St. Teresa. As for the crowd of brilliant Spanish playwrights, near contemporaries of Shakespeare or Dryden, there are few whose popular appeal has, outside their own country, survived the times they lived and worked in. Calderon (despite the praise of such critics as Schlegel and Goethe, Fitzgerald and Tennyson and the well-known enthusiasm of Shelley, to whom he seemed "a sort of Shakespeare"), constitutes no exception to the general rule. Yet it is a pity that this particular dramatic poet should, except in Spain, be appraised and appreciated mainly by scholars, for, with all his strong national characteristics, Calderon had more than a little of the internationalist spirit. In his own way a citizen of the world, he possesses a claim to a world-wide remembrance, and discerning readers who acquaint themselves with his work will have their reward.

Pedro Calderon de la Barca—the Spanish pride in family which burdened an individual with as many family names as he could carry makes us thankful for the convenient custom of abbreviations—was born in Madrid, on January 17th, 1600, the fourth, and probably the youngest, child of Diego Calderon de la Barca, Secretary to the Royal Treasury, and of Afia Maria, his wife, who claimed descent from a noble Flemish house. Both parents are described by Calderon's first biographer, Vera Tassis, as "very discreet and Christian persons who gave their children an education conformable to their illustrious lineage," and we may infer that their circumstances also enabled them to provide a good deal more besides. The hardships and horrors which have haunted the early days of far too many geniuses appear to have been refreshingly absent, and there is nothing in our knowledge of them to explain the fantastic legend that he was acquainted with grief before he was born and shed tears in his mother's womb. Both in his pupil-years with the Jesuits and at the University of Salamanca he gained the reputation of a brilliant and eager scholar. The striking personal beauty, high spirits and amiable disposition which we hear he possessed would have increased his popularity with his fellows. There was apparently no trace of the gloomy pedant about this dashing young gallant, who, when his brother Diego was wounded in a stabbing affray, did not, according to the story, hesitate to gate-crash a convent in search of the assailant, rumoured to be hidden there.

Yet the graver side of his character seems to have developed early. The title of his first juvenile play—*El Carro del Cielo* ("The Chariot of Heaven")—suggests that the thoughts of the boy in his teens were already occupied with those supernatural themes which were to play so dominant a part in his adult work. During his childhood there had been a temporary lull in the foreign wars whereby Spain struggled to retain the far-flung possessions which were already slipping from her weakening grasp. But the futile wasteful hostilities had soon started again, and we hear of Calderon serving in the Spanish forces in the Milanese and the Low Countries for at least a decade, roughly, from 1625 to 1635. Thoughtful student and creative artist though he was, it is not surprising that he should have looked upon arms as a career of honour and duty. The long Moorish domination of Christian Spain, as Ticknor reminds us in his *History of Spanish Literature*, had made every Spanish gentleman a soldier. It had, moreover, established an unfortunate association in the minds of Spaniards of all classes, not only between warfare and patriotism, but also between warfare and religion. The traditions of those desperate days, when (said legend) the hidalgos had stabled their steeds in their very bed-chambers in order to be ready at a moment's notice to mount and charge the misbelieving foe, had been handed on, only too eagerly, from generation to generation; and though the Moors were gone Spain still visualised herself as the great Christian State, militant in a world of heathens and heretics.

Educated as he must have been in such ideals, Calderon is likely to have made a sufficiently zealous soldier, but his creative work was never neglected. At least two of his best plays—*El Principe Constante* ("The Constant Prince") and *La Vida es Sueno* ("Life's a Dream")—belong to this period. *El Principe Constante* is a romantic historical tragedy, written round the chivalrous crusade of Prince Ferdinand of Portugal against the Moslem Power in North Africa. Taken prisoner by the Moors, Ferdinand is carried to Fez, where he is repeatedly offered his

freedom if he will but surrender the Christianised city of Ceuta to the Moors. But he steadfastly refuses what he regards as a betrayal of God's cause, and his unflinching endurance of the truly horrible sufferings which precede his ultimate death gives a genuine and moving power to the play. Nor is the proper degree of love interest lacking. The Princess Phoenix, daughter of the Sultan of Fez, loves and is beloved by her father's General, Muley Hassan ; but she is betrothed by her despotic parent to the King of Morocco, and, by the typical insult added to injury, is to be escorted to this undesirable bridegroom by Muley himself. How this unpleasant programme is cancelled through the mysterious intervention of the dead Ferdinand is made clear in the course of the drama, which, like the majority of the best Spanish plays and all of Calderon's, is written entirely in spirited lyrical verse. In it occurs the lovely sonnet on the mutability of all earthly things, one of the few specimens of Calderon's verse which have found their way into anthologies and the affections of English readers. Significantly placed in the mouth of the self-doomed, self-devoted Ferdinand (when bringing the Princess Phoenix the flowers she has bidden the Christian captive gather for her), it predicts the fate of the blossoms and compares it to that of mankind.

Estas que fueron pompa y alegria
Despertando al albor de la mañana,
A la tarde seran lastima vana
Dormiendo en brazos de la noche fria.

(" These which waked at morning in pomp and joy, at evening will sleep their last sleep in night's cold embrace.")

La Vida es Sueno has also for hero a deeply injured prince, Sigismund of Poland, long imprisoned in a lonely fortress by his superstitious father, who thus hopes to prevent the fulfilment of a threatening astrological prophecy. Whilst in a drugged sleep the unconscious captive is carried from prison to palace and back again from palace to prison, with the result that the happenings in this series of swift and apparently meaningless changes come to appear to him as figments of his dreams, and, when he is at last restored to his princely state, he has learnt to regard the whole of life as the stuff that dreams are made of and to accept all transitory experiences, good and evil alike, with philosophic patience and calm.

Qué es la vida ?—Un frenesi !
Qué es la vida ?—Una illusion ! . . .
Toda la vida es sueño
Y los sueños, sueños son.

(" All life is a dream and even that we dream is itself an illusion.") In this play, too, along with the strong dramatic interest, the lyric verse is of entrancing sweetness. Verse was the usual medium of the Spanish dramatists of the time ; but to few of them could the habit have been so completely second nature as to Calderon. Whether he employs the Spanish " national " metre of seven or eight syllabled trochaics, with their repetitive rhymes and frequent assonances, or the more familiar Italian forms of *Sonnetto* and *Terza Rima*, the music of Calderon's lines flows with unfailing vigour and beauty and is a constant delight.

Several other plays contrived to get written in those years of exile and military routine ; among them, the fine scriptural tragedy *Los Capellos de Absalon* (" The Hair of Absalom "), a highly dramatic

reconstruction of the vengeance of Absalom on his half-brother Ammon who had ravished his sister, and the sacred comedy *El Purgatorio de San Patricio* ("The Purgatory of Saint Patrick"), an ingenious and exciting elaboration of the eerie legendary lore associated with the gloomy rock-cavern in Northern Ireland so long believed to be a direct route to the Other World. Both show admirable stagecraft. In the former, for instance, it will be noted how the peaceful pastoral scene of the sheep-shearing which precedes the murderous attack on the unsuspecting guests contrives to be, at once, a striking contrast to the horror that follows and a forecast of its inevitability. And in the latter the sombre but genuinely happy ending, in which we see the repentant ruffian Enius emerging from his awesome adventures in the cavern to receive the forgiveness of the royal maiden whose blood he has shed, and to be welcomed in Paradise by his old comrade, Saint Patrick, is depicted convincingly enough to make the most sceptical critic suspend his scepticism.

In 1635 the death at a ripe age of Lope de Vega, most prolific and popular of dramatists, left vacant the place of court poet and playwright which he had filled so long, and Philip IV, a fervent patron of the arts and himself a dabbler in playwriting, now insisted that Calderon should return to Madrid as the great man's rightful successor. In that gay yet gloomy city, with its keen mountain air and almost Oriental habits, its peculiar mixture of luxury and squalor and still more peculiar paradox of its proud and powerful Church and its proletarian patron-saint, the Ploughman Isidor,* the King had built himself a new pleasure-palace, the *Buen Retiro*, for the sumptuous production of new plays, and for several years Calderon was to keep it richly supplied with dramas of all varieties. Ingenious comedies of the "cloak and sword" type, with intricate plots and snatches of humour, tragedies of love and jealousy (illustrating the terrible Spanish "point of honour," which gave the head of a family the right to inflict death on anyone suspected of dishonouring his house), and a host of dramas and melodramas, drawn from such varied sources as scripture, hagiology, classical myth and history poured from his apparently tireless brain and pen.

Something of the far-flung range of his repertory may be guessed by a passing glance at two of the multifarious productions of those crowded years: the thrilling little tragedy of jealousy, *El Pintor de su Dishonra* ("The Painter of His Own Dishonour"), and the very beautiful martyr-play *El Magico Prodigioso* ("The Wonderful Magician"), both happily adapted for the English reader in the free yet faithful renderings of Fitzgerald. The hero of "The Painter" is a certain Don Juan, an artistic nobleman who, having vainly attempted to reproduce on his canvas the beauty and charm of his adored wife, Serafina, begs her to spare him further disappointment by never sitting for him again. Serafina jestingly promises that she never will "except she die for it"; ill-omened words passionately recalled by Juan when, as the victim of his fatal jealousy, she is about to die by his hand.

... "Once before I tried
To paint that face, the daylight drawing in
... As man I failed, and what love failed to do
Shall hate accomplish?"†

* San Isidro el Labrador, literally, Saint Isidor the Labourer. Angels, said his legend, drove his plough for him while he prayed.

† Fitzgerald's translation.

Hate proves, indeed, only too successful, and, as the curtain falls on the unfortunate artist, we know that its appalling masterpiece, Serafina's dead face painted with blood, will haunt his visual memory for ever.

"The Magician" breaks very different ground. Its story bears a strong resemblance to that of Faust, and Goethe openly acknowledged the debt. But the Christian maiden, Justina, who excites the lustful desires of the pagan philosopher, Cyprian, is no frail yielding Gretchen. Indomitable in faith and chastity, she not only frustrates the evil designs of her lover and of the enterprising fiend who prompts them, but also contrives to inspire Cyprian with a genuine love, to convert him to Christianity, and, under the very eyes of the disgusted demon, to lead him along with her to martyrdom as to a marriage feast.

I once said that I could love thee
But in death and since together,
Cyprian, we now must die
What I promised I present thee!

(Translation by Denis F. MacCarthy.)

Both for its enchanting lyrics and the sublimity of its sentiments some critics rank "The Magician" as Calderon's finest play; but in view of the many masterpieces which here perforce remain unnoticed it seems fairer to call it simply *primus inter pares*.

When he was nearing his fiftieth year, fate wrought a signal change in Calderon's life. He had never married, and a veil of mystery obscures what was almost certainly his one serious love affair. We are ignorant of the name and rank of the lady who in or about 1649 became the mother of his only son, Pedro José.* But there seems reason to believe that she was an actress at the *Buen Retiro*, that she died soon after her child's birth, and that her loss wounded Calderon to the heart. He fell gravely ill and, after his recovery, sought and, in due time, received priest's orders, becoming King's Chaplain and withdrawing, more or less, from secular activities. It is perhaps to this period that we may ascribe the fine portrait of him by his artist friend, Alonso Cano, an incident in whose stormy career is supposed to have suggested the plot of *El Pintor*. At any rate, it is to his skill that we owe our knowledge of Calderon's "cloak of clay"; the tall slender figure in its sombre dignified garb and the pensive hidalgo-like, long-featured face with its lofty brows and dark, reticent, yet expressive eyes—eyes which, according to the legend, had wept before birth and which by now had sufficient cause to weep again. Despite the personal grief of bereavement and the patriotic grief of his country's accumulating disasters and defeats, the thirty years of life that remained cannot be described as unhappy. He seems to have left Madrid (Philip IV died there in 1665) and lived mainly in the cathedral town of Toledo, where his sister, Dorotea, was a nun and where, withdrawn from the distractions of the capital, he could concentrate on the sort of literary labour which now appealed most to his high idealism and sensitive spirituality. A succession of *Autos* or *Comedias Sacramentales*—those allegorical mystery plays which were presented in the open air at Corpus Christi—now occupied more and more his creative thoughts and dreams. In all he wrote nearly a hundred of them,† and though the prescribed subject, the Real Presence in the Sacrament, suggests considerable monotony, his vivid and daring fancy could invariably be trusted to find some new

* "Pedro José"—the "José" after Calderon's brother, who seems to have died about this time.

† "The starry Autos," Shelley called them, and most of them deserve the adjective.

dramatic setting for the dogmatic exposition and to weave around it some novel, intriguing plot. He was incapable of becoming a mere preacher. He had still a thrilling story to tell, a sweet song to sing. Those ripened years were to have a fitting close. In the late May of 1681, while absorbed in the preparation for the coming festival of a lovely little *Auto* (*La Divina Filotea*) on the mystic marriage of God and the soul, suddenly yet peacefully his own soul took flight.

Calderon has sometimes been described—we may almost say dismissed—as a typical Spaniard of his age, whose strongly national traits alienate our sympathies. But not a few details in his life and work suggest that his intuitive imagination transcended the bounds of his nationalism. Passionately patriotic, he was yet anything but blind to the faults of his country, frankly denouncing in *El Pintor* the “accursed custom” of the point of honour, and giving us in more than one play the portrait of a dastardly hidalgo put to open shame by a noble Moor. And, though reared in a rigid Faith, he seems to have contrived, while holding firmly to its Divine Verities, to keep clear of its temporal man-made errors—for example, the inhumanities of the Inquisition, from which even Lope de Vega is said not to have been entirely free. But of course these and all his other claims to world-wide honour are summed up in the fact that he was a born poet.

G. M. HORT.

COLONISING THE SOVIET ARCTIC.

THE Soviet Union is making remarkable headway in the development of her polar provinces, a vast area including approximately three million square miles of inhospitable tundra. Its population has been increased fivefold to some two million hardy souls in twenty years, and it is no less remarkable that merchant convoys should sail through the once-legendary and fabulous North-East Passage than that tomatoes should be grown on Dixon Island and wheat in areas where even the polar willow wilts, and that cattle (wearing eyeshades against the summer sun!) should low where once the reindeer and the husky were the only domestic animals. And this is not all. Indeed, the Soviet Union is putting her polar regions to industrial purposes, no doubt with a view to the creation of a second “behind the Urals” in case of an emergency. For example, Igarka and Kirkovsk, with a population of twenty-three and forty-odd respectively twenty years ago, are to-day thriving industrial cities of twenty thousand and forty thousand workers.

As recently as 1920 there were only thirty-six schools in the five million square miles between the Kola Peninsula (White Sea) and the eastern extremity of Siberia. It was not unusual for half the population of isolated villages to die of smallpox, for there were no hospitals. Less than half the coastline had been mapped, coastal shipping was restricted largely to skin and bark boats and small coasters from the Pacific, and trade restricted to barter in the ivory tusks of mammoth prized from the tundra. The wolf rather than man reigned in Arctic Russia. To-day there are more than one thousand up-to-date hospitals, clinics and crèches at all except the smallest polar settlements, and the birth-rate exceeds the death-rate by 21 per cent. Six hundred schools and training colleges have been built for the twenty-six nationalities found between the Bering Straits and the Barents Sea, and illiteracy is fast

disappearing. Ships ply along Siberia's northern coast from July to early October, carrying into the Pacific the produce of the Arctic's heavy industries, which range from iron mining to the manufacture of cellulose. Harbours have been built on the mighty River Ob and the Yenesei. At least fourteen major airports are in operation, aircraft being used not only for transport purposes but for guiding merchantmen convoys through the ice floes of the Kara Sea and beyond.

The colonisation of the Russian Arctic has increased the size of the U.S.S.R. by one-third—theoretically. But it should be stressed that civilisation in the vast miles of the Russian North is necessarily as limited as oases in a desert. The imaginative might see in the former's colonisation an event no less great than that of the Antipodes and the Americas. Perhaps they are right. But communication between city and settlement is uncertain, because, as in Alaska and Arctic Canada, there is nothing between the two extremes of transport, aircraft and dog teams, and blizzards can ground the former for weeks on end, particularly in winter, when extreme cold also brings coastal and river shipping to a halt. On the other hand it is true that although much of the Arctic is a river and frozen wilderness of skree, glacier and bog, much of it is agriculturally productive: Canada's sub-Arctic wheat-fields produce better quality and more corn per acre than any in the Dominion; Arctic Sweden provided more hay last year than Southern Sweden; and I have seen immense cauliflowers and cucumbers growing as much as 400 miles north of the Polar Circle. No less are Russia's polar regions rich in minerals.

The development of the Russian North was a direct result of the 1917 Revolution. Until then Arctic Russia and Siberia were considered to be "polar" in the extreme use of the word. The Bolsheviks banished to Siberia by the Tsarist régime knew better. They returned to Moscow with memories of rivers teeming with fish, along which the Arctic's immense wealth in minerals, timber, furs, and, in the brilliant summer, agricultural produce could be carried towards the Pacific ports. Russia embarked on a series of five-year plans designed to transform a wilderness into a self-sufficient colonial province, self-sufficient because of the impracticability of maintaining so vast an area from existing rail terminals. Explorers and engineers were despatched from Leningrad and Vladivostok to establish permanent camps in the Arctic of Russia and Siberia. Ice-breakers sailed to discover a passage through the ice packs of the North-East Passage. Temporary airstrips were built, and reconnaissance planes were sent to spy out sea-ice concentrations, and to guide the icebreakers through the floes. Simultaneously, carefully selected pioneers, led by geographers, engineers and meteorologists, left by overland and sea routes to establish bases in the river estuaries, on polar islands and in the coastal hinterland. They built radio stations, docks, blocks of flats for the workers then being recruited far to the south. Meanwhile Russian expeditions left to discover in Peru potatoes which would grow in the Arctic. They brought back a wild species growing near the snowline in the Andes, and at agricultural research stations experiments were made with the new potato, and with wheat, vegetables and cattle.

First hopes were pinned on the early establishment of a sea route linking the Pacific and the Atlantic along the north Siberian coast. This route has been so well developed to-day that trade can be maintained regularly in the summer between Europe and western Arctic Siberia, and between America and the far north-east. I was told on my

last trip north that the Russians plan to keep the "coal route" to Spitzbergen open this winter; a bold plan to be sure, for Spitzbergen is locked in the Ice Barrier from October to June, and, if it materialises, one of considerable importance to Archangel and Murmansk. For four hundred years navigators sought, without success, a route beyond Murmansk and through the North-East Passage. Discovered early this century the route was made commercially practicable in 1934 when the Soviet ice-breaker *Siberiakov* crashed through the icepacks from Archangel to the Pacific in a single season. To-day, merchant ships, convoyed by ice-breakers and scouting aircraft, do the trip in three weeks; and the importance attached to the Stalin Arctic Sea-Route may be gauged by the fact that in 1940 an Arctic expert, Peter Shirshov, was appointed chief of the People's Commissariat of the U.S.S.R. Merchant Marine. Russia's Arctic fleet, which is the largest in the world, was augmented by four powerful ice-breakers early in the war, and it is planned to build 10,000-ton transports capable of making the round trip Murmansk-Bering Strait without refuelling.

Little notice was taken of Professor Schmidt's first expedition (in the 'twenties) to conquer the Russian Arctic. Likewise the fantastic journey of a Russian party which, under Rear-Admiral Ivan Papanin, drifted fifteen hundred miles on the Siberian icepack in 1937 was taken seriously in this country only by a discerning few. Since then a formidable network of naval, military and air bases has been established in the Russian Arctic. The naval base of Polyarnde, near Murmansk, commanding the entrance to the North-East Passage, is one of the best equipped in Russia. Equally important are the naval base of Petropavlovsk, Kamchatka, which overlook the Aleutian Islands, and that at Cape Providence, opposite Alaska. Since 1936, when the Soviet hero Molokov laid the foundation of the Stalin Air Route by flying from Moscow to Rudolph Island, and then to Petropavlovsk by way of Zemlya, seven all-the-year-round air routes have been established in the Russian North. Air bases have been built on Dixon Island, at Obdorsk in the Gulf of Ob, at Wellen, Novey Port and Bolsheretskoe: between Vladivostok and Welen there were at least fourteen fully equipped air bases before the United States embarked on her present military programme in Alaska. The strategic value of this military network is obvious, and behind it the Russians are developing several heavy industries. It is estimated that there are four hundred million tons of coal in the Soviet's northerly regions, at least three major oil deposits, two platinum regions, twenty-six gold-bearing areas, twenty-four copper and iron ore fields, six asphalt and eighteen graphite deposits. How many of these have been broached is not known, but it can be said that the world's biggest opalite mines are in Kola Peninsula. Gold and platinum are mined in the riven Chuki Peninsula, and oil wells have been sunk near Ukhta Pekhora and at Khatanga, a town situated as far north as Central Greenland. Rich deposits of salt are being mined near Khatanga. Salt is of great value in Arctic economy, for without it the tremendous wealth of the fish in the rivers cannot be exported. Canning factories are planned, and may already have been built, at Khatanga, and others are contemplated. Industrialisation in the hinterland is also making headway. Timber cut in central Siberia in the spring is rafted downstream to the Arctic coast during the summer for processing during the winter, and is shipped off the following summer. The full working shift continues throughout the long, bitterly cold and sunless Arctic winter, when the towns are floodlit.

On the other hand the continuous sunlight of summer is a considerable aid to agriculture, causing most species of vegetables to attain early maturity and a size seldom seen in temperate zones. Fruit trees on the Norilsk Experimental Farm (situated on the Seventeenth Parallel in a region subjected to intense winter cold), bear heavy crops; potatoes, cabbages, onions, carrots and sugar beet are grown in considerable quantities; tomatoes, cucumbers and spinach are raised in thirty hothouses. Livestock thrives on the farm. More than two hundred calves have been born in its byres, and a subsidiary farm houses two hundred pigs from stock originally bought in Yorkshire. In 1942 an experimental sowing of melons yielded encouraging results, as did that of 60 acres of oats for fodder. Fresh vegetables are available even in winter, several varieties being raised in forcing houses built deep in the permanently frozen soil. One such forcing house, on Dixon Island, provides the local community with several of the basic vegetables, power for the ultra-violet light being supplied by windmills. The first hothouses were built above ground. These proved useless, for 90 per cent. of the heat was lost in winter. The first hothouses sunk into the ground likewise proved useless, for the heat melted the subsoil, causing collapses. To-day they are packed in insulating material, and the blizzards against which they are built are used to provide electric power and ultra-violet light through the medium of windmills. Ultra-violet light is also used in the byres on many of the State farms.

The industrialisation of the Soviet North rests on a foundation of agriculture. It is the declared Soviet policy to make each region self-supporting, and only the establishment of agricultural research stations has made this possible. At the latter the frost-resisting quality of the small potatoes brought back from the Andes was married to the high yield of ordinary potatoes. Several new species of spring wheat were developed, with special reference to speedy growth. The yields were poor until Professor Lyssenko, of the Moscow Academy of Sciences, hit on the idea of storing wheat dry and, in February, damping it and throwing the silo doors open to the frost for a few hours. This gives the grain a flying start, for it has already germinated when planted in March. Known as vernalisation, this process has made it possible to grow wheat hundreds of miles farther north than was possible before. Yet more remarkable is the development of a tea bush that will withstand thirty degrees of frost and a new type of frost-resisting cotton plant. The magic word that has accomplished all this and more is *Glavseumorpitj*, an organisation equivalent to the East India Company.

FRANK ILLINGWORTH.

JAMAICA.

THE original inhabitants of Jamaica, the Arawak Indians, are now a vanished race, having been long exterminated, through hard and unreasonable work and physical cruelty, by the Spanish who colonised the island after its discovery by Columbus in 1494. The Arawaks were a peaceful race of people who lived simple lives, and as a pastime smoked tobacco by inhaling the fumes from a cheroot inserted in the nostrils. They were extinct by 1655, when Jamaica was taken by the British, and all the reminders of them to-day are a few relics of pottery, the remains of the site of a village, and the

picture of two of them supporting the coat of arms of Jamaica, and the very name Jamaica itself, which is a modification of the Arawak name for the island, Xaymaca, literally meaning the Land of Wood and Water, an apt description.

With the coming of the British the resources of the island were exploited and the foundation of modern Jamaica was laid. The English and Scotch settlers tried to create a type of life and outlook to which they had been accustomed in their own countries, and for the most part there is little to commend their irresponsible way of life. As distinct from this planter class there was a large number of other immigrants from the United Kingdom, whose lot was pitiable and hardly distinguishable from that of the slaves which had been brought into the country for work in the sugar plantations. Thus between the whites and the blacks was the structure of a country's life being laid and provision made for the emergence of an entirely new race of coloured people. At different times other nationals have found their way to Jamaica either as indentured labour like the East Indians, or for trading purposes such as the Chinese. Jamaica to-day is a land of United Nations, all of which have equal rights and opportunities, and in spite of what superficial observers may assert there is no colour prejudice. The composite society of Jamaica to-day is a triumph of co-operation and goodwill, for within one national framework separate and distinct sections of population have their being, each dependent on the others, and each making its own peculiar contribution to the general well-being of the whole.

The smallest section within the community is the white minority forming about 2 per cent. of the entire population. It includes the planter class (but they do not monopolise the planting fraternity), professional people, and they, too, hold but a very small proportion of the professional callings, bank clerks, Government officials, and a small proportion of the ministers of various churches are white missionaries. The small minority of white people wield a power out of proportion to their numbers, and some of them are only in the island for a time; thus it is a constantly changing personnel, but in this minority are those white persons indigenous to the island, descendants of those who made Jamaica their home in past centuries. Descendants of old-time planters, missionaries, and Government officials of yesterday. The indigenous whites are a proud and worthy race of people, many of whom have at heart the welfare of Jamaica, and give to the island service and affection which does them credit. In a country where the black section has become race-conscious the white minority is still respected and honoured, and its secure place in the life of the nation is gratefully acknowledged. In passing, it may be worth mention that Jamaica has no "poor whites" problem comparable to South Africa; there are, in fact, no "poor whites" to create a problem.

The next smallest section, for want of a better term, may be described as the cosmopolitan section, and this includes those who cannot easily be classed among the three main groups of black, white or coloured. This cosmopolitan section is about 4 per cent. of the whole, and includes East Indians, the descendants of Indians who were imported as cheap labour shortly after emancipation in 1834. It was then said the sugar estates could not be profitable unless manned by cheap labour, and as ex-slaves were beginning to demand better wages and working conditions, planters refused to employ them; to supply the labour market East Indians were indentured, and many of them did not return to their

own country when free to do so. Their importation was an injustice to ex-slaves as well as the beginning of a problem which has never been solved, for to this day they remain a minority, with their own faith and customs, and have not quite adapted themselves to Jamaica ways and outlook. They are not persecuted, or segregated, but accorded an acknowledged place within the nation's life. There are Chinese, too, also first brought to the island as a source of cheap labour, in this cosmopolitan section; but their ingenuity and gift for business soon removed them from the category of cheap labour, and to-day they have captured the bulk of the island grocery trade as well as other trade. The Chinese also have every freedom, and no one molests them or requires them to pay for the privilege of trading in the island. Many of them frequently visit their birthplace in China, or that of their ancestors; but they marry and rear families in Jamaica, for they have made a home in the country of their adoption. He lives on friendly terms with all other peoples, and though he has his own restricted society and is absorbed with his own national customs, and rarely takes any part in the social or political life of Jamaica, of the nation as a whole he is an acknowledged part. Others, too, have their place in this small section: Assyrians, Syrians, Indians (as distinct from East Indians) and others who make their own contribution, but it must not be thought that any section is merely tolerated. They have a place in the life of the whole and all are expected to acknowledge the rights and privileges of every other race, just as there is accorded to all a recognised place within the circle which included all, whatever their race, colour or creed.

An important section of Jamaica's population is that termed the "coloured people," forming some 17 per cent. of the entire population. They are the descendants of the days when black and white freely mixed, and of that origin there need be neither regret nor reticence. They are to-day a people in their own right. They are neither black nor white, but, as the designation implies, coloured, and their colour ranges from a deep chocolate brown to alabaster. In this section are to be found the intelligentsia of the island, and many of them fill important administrative posts in industry, commerce and Government. They are a charming, attractive and vivacious race of people, neither English nor African, but who deserve the title West Indian, for they are truly West Indian, having there had their origin. The coloured people have a great responsibility, for while they, too, are a minority (they are increasing in numbers yearly), much of the island's life and destiny is theirs. They are a cultured people, making a contribution to art and literature which embodies their own soul longings, and which indicates they have a right to their own individual existence. The coloured peoples of Jamaica are one of the good things that came out of the past days. They have already evolved coloured traditions, now honoured and respected features of everyday life.

The biggest cross-cut of Jamaica's population is made up of black people, about 75 per cent. of the population, and to them the country has become their home, and some would say the country belongs to them. In the main they are to-day little different from the working-class people of England. The Jamaica Negro aims at a greater measure of independence both personally and nationally, and there can be no denial that he is the backbone of the island. He is industrious, ambitious, race-conscious, and many of them (by virtue of service overseas during war-time) well informed on world affairs and the agitations in

different countries for the rights of the under-privileged. But he is poor stuff for Communistic propaganda, for the Jamaica Negro has far too much good sense to be led away by wild promises, and, more important, he has a gift of humour which will save him from being lost to reason. He is independent, for in his veins is the blood of those who in days of slavery refused to be enslaved. He is the descendant of slaves, but to see him now is to acknowledge the triumphs of the human spirit. In days of slavery slaves were treated worse than animals: they had no civic, social or political rights, and religious comfort ministered to them was by unrecognised Free Church missionaries, who kept alive in the hearts of slaves the spirit of freedom, and to these missionaries modern Jamaica owes an unpayable debt. Slaves worked from sunrise to sunset—all through the night when the moon shone during the sugar harvest—men, women and children alike, some naked, and others covered only with rags. Exhausted with hard work under a blazing sun they were kept going by the overseer's whip, and at such times when allowed to rest they crept away to nurse their aching bodies in huts, windowless and cheerless, and lie on beds of straw. They suffered indignities, and went through mental and physical torture; punished for the least offence; constantly whipped; bound hand and feet in irons; tin-plate collars fixed round the neck to prevent them eating cane in the harvest field; pepper, salt and ashes rubbed into wounds that had been made by slapping the buttocks with hot wood; fastened near nests of wasps and ants, in fact every kind of punishment was devised to make a subjected people suffer and to destroy their independence. It is a great tribute that the Jamaica Negro to-day has charm and grace, is friendly and has no bitterness, that he has in fact surmounted the bad start his ancestors got in Jamaica, for while in slavery days destructive forces were at work, redemptive forces, too, were working, and these have been the deciding factors in the making of a nation. The black man in Jamaica to-day is Jamaican; he loves his country, it is his country, and hundreds are giving honourable and distinguished service for the benefit of their fellow men. Jamaica is their home, and they want none other, and there is no "back to Africa movement," for the present-day Jamaican is proud of his homeland.

These many sections of a community through their mutual understanding of each other's gifts and talents, and by their affectionate goodwill for one another, have made one nation out of different peoples and are united in a common endeavour to apply to the good of all the terms of their new political constitution, and if greater measures of self-government have been given to them they remain intensely British. The different peoples live together amicably, some are rich and others are poor, with the greater number coming between the two extremes, but all grades are bound in a common interest in all things Jamaican. As a community they have their problems, and in keeping with many other post-war countries labour agitations and strikes are frequent occurrences, for the "working classes" are demanding a greater share of the profits of commerce and industry. A new social order is arising and the discontent with wages, housing and working conditions, and political consciousness, only indicate the rise of the new order which a million and a quarter people want to assure for the good of their children. Many contributory factors have played a part in the urge to a wider life, and such luxuries as cinemas, newspapers and radio must not be overlooked in assessing those factors, nor yet must the tourist trade.

In living together the people have made so good a job of it that they have created an atmosphere in which visitors not only feel comfortable and welcome but absolutely safe. Tourists who sometimes think they take to Jamaica money as well as their gracious presence should remember they are able to enjoy the amenities of a hospitable country and appreciate the incomparable scenery, and play beneath a pleasant sun, because of the charm and ease of the people of Jamaica, who are never rude to anyone who knows how to receive a welcome. This one small island has given to the world an example of what the world mostly needs, the art of knowing how to live together, and how people of different races can make one nation.

FREDERICK PILKINGTON.

THE THUGS.

THE word *thug*, commonly used to describe ordinary ruffians, comes from the Hindustani and means *deceiver*. It found its way into the English tongue as a result of the public interest aroused by the sensational disclosures in 1831-2 of the steps undertaken to eradicate bands of pious and organised murderers in India, who preyed upon travellers whom they lured into their power for the sake of their property, and killed by strangulation. Far from being mere highwaymen, they were members of a very ancient community, whose conduct was governed by laws and a ritual whose origins are lost in confused fable, but were not the less strict for that. Thuggee was widespread throughout India, from Bombay to Assam, from north to south, and had been carried on for centuries. Yet not merely had no hint of it reached the ears of British administrators prior to 1810, but, far more remarkable to those familiar with the peculiar construction of Oriental society, its very existence was unsuspected by the vast majority of the native inhabitants with whom the Thugs lived on terms of the closest intimacy.

Their method was to kill travellers who fell into their hands on the road with their special weapon, the *roomal*. This was a strong white handkerchief, normally concealed in the clothing. It was slipped around the necks of victims from behind, after they had been lulled into a sense of false security, and treated the approaching Thug as a friend. Once over the head the *roomal* was twisted tight with a quick turn of the wrists, death being so swift that the travellers were rarely able to utter a choked cry before collapsing unconscious. The manipulation of the *roomal* required considerable skill, initiates being given a thorough training in their grisly craft before being allowed to practise it in earnest. This is typical of the efficiency with which the Thugs built up their organisation, retained its unity, and guarded its grim secrets.

Bands of Thugs were drawn from many diverse elements of Indian society, and comprised both Hindus and Moslems. One theory of their origin is that they were descendants of vagrant Moslems who continued to plunder India long after waves of Mohammedan invaders had been succeeded by Moghuls and Tartars. But the religious beliefs which went hand in hand with their robbery rather indicate a Hindu root, for Thugs, whether Hindu or Moslem, worshipped the Hindu goddess Bhowani, and all alike placed the most ardent trust in her power. She was the wife of Siva, in Hindu mythology, the goddess of

destruction, and no action was undertaken without seeking her intercession. Her guidance was sought by signs which were interpreted by the religious teachers who always accompanied Thugs on their expeditions. When the omens were unfavourable plans were amended accordingly. The braying of an ass, an owl's cry, and the sounds of certain other beasts after a votive prayer constituted a favourable augury, whereas the sight of a hare was considered the presage of disaster, and led to the immediate abandonment of all plans.

Thugs, although they tended to collect into settlements, were far from being wandering tribes, and when not on the road plying their secret profession, lived the normal lives of respectable citizens, following trades suitable to their caste. Frequently their wives and families had no inkling of the source of their wealth. Any race or religion could be initiated, although in practice initiation was often hereditary. Their success cannot be understood unless something is known about the communications of India before the introduction of the railway and telegraph. In the first half of the nineteenth century even main traffic routes, except for a few roads constructed by the East India Company for military purposes, were nothing but tracks worn by the constant passing of feet. Travellers, who often encamped outside towns rather than within the gates, had little or nothing to do with the village folk of the settlements they passed through. There was thus no means of tracing the progress of a merchant carrying jewels or precious metals from one place to another. Towns and villages were interspersed between long tracts of uninhabited plain or forest, so that it was often impossible to notice the disappearance of a traveller, and there was every opportunity to dispose of him. It was also customary for perfect strangers to approach one another and unite their caravans for company and mutual security, a fact taken advantage of by Thugs to persuade parties of merchants smaller than their own to entrust themselves to their protection.

Each Thug in the gang had his own task, in which he was a skilled "tradesman." The *jemadar*, or captain, having fixed the place of execution, sent *belhas*, or gravediggers, ahead of the party to prepare for the reception of the victims. The men who carried out the strangling, known as *bhuttotes*, were allotted their victim and marked him, as do members of a football team, throughout the remainder of the journey. Perhaps those with the most skilled task of all were the *sothas*, whose duty it was to inveigle the suspicious merchant to entrust himself to the protection of Thugs by persuading him that they were respectable and disinterested travellers. *Sothas* would often expend much time and ingenuity luring *bunij*, as they called their prey, but even when they were safely netted the *jemadar* was in no hurry to despatch his victims. They might travel for many days in their assumed rôle of friendly travellers, perfecting their plans, and awaiting the most favourable time, locality and omens. But once the signal had been given no time was lost. Each *bhuttote* pounced on his selected victim. In a minute the traveller and his servants were dead, and the stripping and plundering of the corpses under way. The strangled and naked bodies were removed by *lughacees*, or members of the burial party, skilled in the complete concealment of graves. Corpses were pierced with a stake to prevent them from swelling when decomposition set in, and laid beneath a layer of thorn bushes, so that they should not be dug up by hyæna.

The deception practised in Thuggee was enormously aided by the

diversity of races in India, and escape by the parcelling of territory into a large number of political units. The many tongues spoken enabled Thugs to discuss their plans, if necessary, in front of their very victims, for it was a common trick to pretend that *Ramasi*, their private language, was a tongue unknown to the listener. By such devices they eluded detection for hundreds of years, and only a small number of Indians suspected their existence. Their activities were certainly exposed for a brief spell under the Moghul emperor Akhbar, when the administration of India was exceptionally united and orderly. But with the collapse of the Moghuls Thuggee returned to the oblivion dear to its heart, and its past record was forgotten. From time to time an Indian prince discovered and punished a Thug, but for the most part their secret was shared only by accomplices. The brief reference to them in the official records of Akhbar escaped British notice, and they had never been heard of when a large number of soldiers returning from leave disappeared in mysterious circumstances between their homes and stations in 1810. Thenceforward there were persistent rumours of a secret order devoted to strangling travellers which officials at first discounted with a sceptical shrug.

The reports were not to be quieted, and soon confirmation was received. In 1812 a detachment of British troops was engaged in pitched battle with nine hundred Thugs encamped in a group of villages. But the true nature of these "criminals" does not seem to have been fully understood, and even this was not enough to stir officialdom into making a proper inquiry. The written reports of political officers containing unconfirmed details of the sect were still regarded in Calcutta as sensational speculation, but a number of senior civil officers had become interested in the mystery. The efforts of these officers led to the arrest of Thugs guilty of murder, including one notorious leader named Feringhea. He was accordingly offered his life if he would make a complete confession. Feringhea agreed, and his confession opened the last chapter of Thuggee. So appalling were his disclosures that the Government hierarchy was rocked from end to end. Feringhea's tale of mass murder, hidden treasure and low cunning was so improbable and revolting that the investigating officer, a man versed in all the tortuous cruelty of which the Oriental mind is capable, himself almost discredited it. Investigators visited each locality described by Feringhea and each time found the bones of travellers lying in the graves as he had foretold.

There was no longer room for scepticism. It was revealed that dacoits, freebooters and all the variety of normal thief infesting the roads of India were only responsible for a fraction of the mysterious deaths of lost travellers. By far the greatest hazard lay in the silent *roomals* of men, skilled in cunning, who killed anyone from a coolie with a few *pice* to wealthy diamond merchant as a sacrifice to their destructive deity and personal avarice. Orders were issued for a thorough investigation, and the admission of at least one informer from each gang discovered. The Governor-General, Lord William Cavendish-Bentinck, was stirred, and formed a new branch of Government service, the Thuggee Police, staffed by some of his most experienced and military officers. Some confident magistrates still scoffed, and denied that such crimes could be committed in their districts without their knowledge. Investigation surprised even the most complacent magistrate, as well as providing much sensational reading in England. One magistrate discovered the strangled corpses buried

beside his courtroom, another that murders had taken place in the bazaar of his own cantonment. When political officers had recovered from their surprise at finding the hidden graves of hundreds of travellers within a few miles of their headquarters, the authorities had arrested 3,266 Thugs, many of whom were hanged, and others deported to the island of Penang. The Thuggee Police, before its disbandment six years later, were able to claim that through their untiring energy a crime had been completely eradicated from the long calendar of human misdeeds. It was a triumph for the humane administration of British law, the native states being, with some exceptions, completely indifferent, and sometimes obstructed operations which might have speeded the task of the police. The Thugs themselves died or languished in captivity unrepentant. They were convinced that their downfall was the result of neglect to obey the will of Bhowani, whom they had so zealously served. One imprisoned Thug, who turned informer, proudly told a British officer that he was responsible for the murder of 719 persons, most of them killed with his own hands. "Ah! Sahib," he added, with a sigh of regret, "if I had not been in prison twelve years, the number would have been a thousand."

MICHAEL NEWMARCH.

THE NORTH-WEST AND NORTH-EAST PASSAGES.

THE news of the discoveries of Christopher Columbus and Vasco da Gama stirred the greatest interest in the hearts of British seamen. English statesmen, prior to the break with Rome and the quarrel with Spain, considered themselves bound by the papal award which granted a virtual monopoly to Spain and Portugal of the southern routes; but this did not preclude attempts to find a way to Cathay by a northerly route running either east or west through the Arctic Circle. The geographers of the day, "persuaded of a new and nearer way to Cataya than by Capo de Buona Speranza," calculated that the North-West Passage would involve a voyage of only 2,480 leagues, or little more than half the distance by the southerly route. "All men with great admiration affirmed it to be a thing more divine than human to sail by the West into the East where the spices grow, by a way that was never known before."

The earliest attempts on the part of the English to find the North-West Passage, however, ended disastrously. John Cabot, a Bristol sailor of Venetian origin, obtained letters patent from Henry VII, and set out in two cockleboats in 1497, the year that Vasco da Gama rounded the Cape. He actually forestalled Columbus by reaching the American mainland a year earlier than the latter. In 1536 Master Hore, "a man of goodly stature and great courage, and given to the study of cosmography," organised an expedition consisting of "young gentlemen from the Inns of Court, and divers others of good worship, desirous to see the world." This they certainly did, though hardly in the manner that they had anticipated. They landed on the coast of Labrador, where they were reduced by starvation to eating one another, and were only saved from perishing utterly by seizing a French vessel. When they returned to England they were so disfigured by their privations

that one of them could only be recognised by his own parents from a wart on his knee.

People now began to turn their attention to the possibilities of an alternative route round Scandinavia and the north-east. John Cabot's son, Sebastian, became the head of a Company of Merchant Adventurers, formed for the discovery of "regions, dominions, islands, and places unknown." Under his auspices, a fleet, consisting of three ships of 160, 120 and 90 tons respectively, was fitted out under the command of Sir Hugh Willoughby and Richard Chancellor. They carried letters of introduction "to all Kings, Princes, Rulers, Judges, and Governors of the Earth, and all others having any excellent dignity in the same in all places under the universal heaven." In the bitter storms of the Arctic Circle the fleet became separated. Willoughby's vessel and another were caught in the ice off the coast of Lapland and perished. Here they were found two years after by Burrough, Sir Hugh sitting at his table in his cabin, his diary and papers before him. But when an attempt was made to move the vessels, they sank with their ghastly burden.

Meanwhile Chancellor fared better. "He held on his course toward that unknown part of the world, and sailed so far that he came at last to a place where he found no night at all, and it pleased God to bring him to a certain great bay"—the Bay of Archangel. He was invited to visit the court of Ivan the Terrible at Moscow, and on his return he received a patent from Queen Mary "for the discovery of lands, countries, isles, etc., not before known or frequented by the English." In 1556 he was drowned off the coast of Scotland, when returning with the first Russian ambassador to England.

The work was carried on by Anthony Jenkinson, who visited Moscow in 1557, and "came into the Emperor's presence, who sat aloft in a goodly Chair of State, having on his head a crown most richly decked, and garnished with precious stones." The Emperor dined "in a fair great hall, in the midst whereof was a pillar four-square, very artificially made, and at the uppermost part of the hall sat the Emperor himself, and at his table sat his brother, his uncle's son, the Metropolitan, the younger Emperor of Casan, and divers of his noblemen, all of one side. There were divers Ambassadors and other strangers, as well Christians as heathens, diversely apparalled, to the number of six hundred men, which dined in the said hall, besides two thousand Tartars, men of war, which were newly come to render themselves to the Emperor, and were appointed to serve him in his wars against the Lief-landers, but they dined in other halls. I was set at a little table, having no stranger with me, before the Emperor's face. Being thus set and placed, the Emperor sent me divers bowls of wine and mead, and many dishes of meat from his own hand, which were brought to me by a Duke, and my table served all in gold and silver, and so likewise on other tables there were set bowls of gold set with stone, worth by estimation 400 pounds sterling one cup, besides the plate which served the tables."

Jenkinson then proceeded to make an adventurous journey across Russia to Persia. He travelled down the Volga and crossed the Caspian Sea. "During the time of our voyage we set up the Red Cross of Saint George in our flags." This feat is referred to in Marlow's *Tamburlane*, where Tamburlane speaks of

Christian merchants that with Russian stems
Plough up huge furrows in the Caspian Sea.

Jenkinson duly reached the court of the "Sophie"* (Shah Tamasp) at Kazvin. "I delivered the Queene's Majestie's majestic letter with my present, which he accepting demanded of what country of Franks I was; unto whom I answered that I was of the famous city of London, and was sent to treat of friendship and a free passage of our merchants and people." But when the Shah learnt that Jenkinson was a Christian he replied, "We have no need to have friendship with unbelievers, and so willed me to depart." He even thought of cutting off Jenkinson's head and sending it as a present to the Sultan of Turkey, but desisted as one of his courtiers pointed out that "if he used me evil, there would be fewer strangers resort into his country." Jenkinson's exploits are referred to in *As You Like It*, when Rosalind says, "I would not give up my part of this sport for a pension of thousands, to be paid to the Sophy." Jenkinson's visit to Russia led to the formation of the Muscovy Company, which lasted till the seventeenth century, and at one time seemed likely to prove a formidable rival to the East India Company.

The scene now changes once more to the North-West Passage. With the accession of Elizabeth a fresh impetus was given to the quest. In 1575 Martin Frobisher and Michael Lok collected £1,600 to fit out two tiny barques for the purpose of making a preliminary survey of the North American coast. In an evil hour they brought home specimens of ore which were pronounced by experts as gold. A mania only to be compared to the South Sea Bubble seized on everyone, from the Queen downwards. A fund was raised to which Her Majesty subscribed £1,000, the Lord High Admiral £100, and even Sir Philip Sidney £75. A great fleet, consisting of fourteen ships, under the command of Martin Frobisher, destined afterwards to win immortal fame in fighting the Spanish Armada, was fitted out, and sailed for the gold-bearing coast on May 31st, 1578. Discipline was very strict, dice and cards were forbidden, and "God was served twice a day with the ordinary service of the Church of England." The fleet in due course put into what was afterwards known as Frobisher Bay in the south-east corner of Baffin Island, and suffered great privations in that barren and inhospitable land; at one time the sufferings of his crew were so terrible that Frobisher had a mind to end them by blowing up his ship. But the precious ore was at last loaded up, and the vessels returned with their cargo on October 1st. Then came the crowning blow. Two tons were essayed, and yielded exactly two grains of silver, the size of a pin's head, which was attached to the report by sealing-wax.

This disaster, which well-nigh ruined those concerned, put a temporary stop to Polar exploration, but eventually brave spirits were found who were willing to try once more. The foremost of these was Sir Humphrey Gilbert, half brother of Sir Walter Raleigh, and by birth a Devon man, like nearly all the great Elizabethan seamen. During his youth he had come under the influence of Sir Philip Sidney, the most romantic and chivalrous of the knightly figures which graced Elizabeth's court, and had attracted the attention of the Queen. He won his spurs in Ireland and the Low Countries, but his mind had long been exercised with the romantic vision of the North-West Passage. In 1576 he published his *Discourse of Discoverie for a New Passage to Cataia*, and offered to substantiate his theory "at hazard and peril of his life." In 1578 he received a patent from the Queen to occupy

* This was the name by which the Safavi dynasty of Persia (1449-1772) was universally known in Europe.

"lands not actually possessed by any people as should seem good to him." He sold his estates to fit out an expedition which proved a failure, but though he was nearly ruined he was quite undeterred. He wrote a noble letter to the Queen, in which he said : "Never mislike me for taking in hand any laudable or honest enterprise ; for if through pleasure or idleness we purchase shame, the pleasure vanisheth but the shame abideth for ever. Give me leave, therefore, without offence always to live and die in this mind, that he is not worthy to live at all, that for fear or danger of death shunneth his country's service or his own honour, seeing that death is inevitable and the fame of virtue immortal, wherefore in this behalf *mutare vel timere sperno*."*

In June 1583 Sir Humphrey Gilbert's second expedition, consisting of the *Delight*, *Raleigh*, *Golden Hinde* and *Squirrel*, with a complement of 260 souls, set out from Dartmouth. The Queen seems to have had a presentiment that she would not see her favourite again, and sent him on the eve of his departure a letter wishing him "as great good hap and safety to his ship as if herself were there in person," and as a mascot "a golden figure of an anchor guarded by a Lady." Disaster dogged the fleet from the first, for the *Raleigh* soon afterwards turned tail and made for home. However, they reached Newfoundland, and took possession of it in the Queen's name. It was now August and the weather was fair, "yet not without token of storm to ensue ; and the most part of Wednesday night, like the swan that singeth before her death, they of the *Delight* continued in sounding of drums and trumpets and fifes, also winding cornets and hautboys." Two days later she struck a reef and went down with all hands in sight of her consorts. Bad omens now began to appear. The phenomenon known as Saint Elmo's fire made strange and ghostly lights flicker on the rigging. A huge monster (doubtless a sea-lion) appeared, "yawning and gaping wide, with ugly demonstration of long teeth and glaring eyes." The sailors, superstitious as seamen always are, thought it was the Devil, but the Admiral laughed at their fears, pointing out that if it was the Evil One, so much more were they bound to resist him.

In order to encourage his men, Sir Humphrey Gilbert insisted on remaining aboard the *Squirrel*, a frail bark of ten tons, despite all persuasion to the contrary. "Monday the ninth of September in the afternoon, the frigate was near cast away oppressed by waves, but at that time recovered ; and giving forth signs of joy, the General, sitting abaft with a book in his hand, cried unto us in the *Hinde* so often as we did approach within hearing, 'we are as near Heaven by sea as by land,' reiterating the same speech, well beseeeming a soldier resolute in J sus Christ as I can testify he was. The same Monday night, about twelve of the clock or not long after, the frigate being ahead of us in the *Golden Hinde*, suddenly her lights went out, whereof as in a moment we lost the sight ; and without our watch cried, 'the General is lost,' which was too true, for in that moment, the frigate was devoured and swallowed up in the sea. Thus, as he was refined and made nearer unto the image of God, so it pleased the Divine Will to resume him unto Himself, whither both his and every other high and noble mind have always aspired."

Not much more was done during the lifetime of the great Queen, as the whole energies of the nation, and especially of the Navy, were devoted to the war with Spain. But in 1607 a fresh assault on the North-West Passage was made by Henry Hudson, justly known by

* Motto of the Gilbert family.

reason of his great exploits as the navigator. Finding the search for a passage an impracticable one, he turned south, and explored the American coast as far south as the site of New York, and sailed up the great river which bears his name. On his return he fitted out a vessel named the *Discovery* to continue the work. He set out in 1610, and the voyage ended in tragedy. He groped his way into the vast inland sea now known as Hudson Bay, and proposed to winter there. During the long dark months trouble broke out among the crew, who were discontented with the meagre rations dealt out to them. The mutineers determined to turn the master and all the sick men into the shallop and let them shift for themselves. "There was not fourteen days' victual left for all the Company at that poor allowance they were at, and there they lay, the Master not caring to go one way or another. They had not eaten anything these three days, and therefore were resolute either to mend or to end, and what they had begun they would go through with or die." Hudson, his son and seven others were turned adrift and never heard of again.

The mutineers suffered terrible privations on the return voyage. They were attacked by Esquimaux and only beat them off with great difficulty. Their food consisted mostly of wild fowl, and their sufferings are picturesquely described by one of the survivors. "We were content with salt broth for dinner and a half fowl for supper. Now went our candles to wrack, and Bennet our cook made a mess of meat with the bones of the fowl, frying them in candle grease till they were crisp, and with vinegar put into them they made a good dish of meat. Our vinegar was shared, and to every man a pound of candles delivered for a week as a great dainty." The crew became so debilitated on this diet that they could do little but sit idly watching the flapping sails, while the helmsman could scarcely keep the ship on its course. At length they reached the Irish coast, where they were kindly treated. Finally they dropped anchor at Plymouth, where they trumped up a story to account for the loss of the master and other members of the crew.

The last of the great explorers of the seventeenth century was Baffin, who had almost accomplished his task when he reached Lancaster Sound in 1615. (Baffin afterwards joined the East India Company, and was killed at the siege of Ormuz, while in command of the *London*. While sighting a gun, he received a bullet in the stomach, "wherewith he gave three leaps and died immediately.") By this time, however, the East India Company had opened a regular route to the East and the quest was abandoned as having no practical utility. And so the attempts of men in the seventeenth century to find a northern route to the East ended in failure. But indirectly the results achieved were of incalculable value. The American coast was explored, and the way was paved for the great wave of colonial settlement which followed later in the century. The discovery of Canada, the fur trade and the Newfoundland fisheries were other important consequences. The greatest achievement of all, however, was in the spiritual rather than the material realm. The adventures of the Tudor seamen, in their tiny, ill-found barks, without maps or charts or anything to guide them save their stout and dauntless hearts, is an eternal monument to the ability of the human soul to rise above the greatest difficulties, and at all costs

To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

H. G. RAWLINSON.

NATIONALISM IN FRENCH NORTH AFRICA

NATIONALISM in French North Africa has developed with rapid strides, particularly since the end of the war. So far the individual nationalist movements—some are inclined to think a little prematurely—have vegetated between periods of active resistance followed by repression, according to the normal curves followed by independence movements all over the world. It is only recently, however, that one can sense a general and growing impetus from the three uneven sources of Tunisia, Algeria and Morocco, uniting in a common headquarters in Cairo, the Moghreb office, where nationalist leaders from all three countries, with the exception of the Algerian nationalist Messali Hadj, still under strict police supervision, are concerting their efforts. It is significant for the Western world that the centre of North African independence should have moved towards the Near East and the rest of the Arab world. How far they will become integrated through the force of circumstances with the destinies of the other Arab countries remains to be seen.

What is the position on this fast-moving chessboard to-day? Contacts with the outside world are assured by Cairo, where the Moghreb office leaders enjoy full liberty of speech, of association and of the Press, and whence they can publicise their own co-religionists, particularly in the Near East. The furthest point they have reached so far is America, where Habib Bourguiba, the Tunisian leader, contacted United Nations delegates last year. As a result the Indian delegation brought the question of North Africa before the Economic and Social Council of U.N.O., but were told by the French delegate that "North Africa is France's concern."

In France itself the North African nationalists have representatives in the students who go to French universities and whose numbers steadily increase. In the French Assembly, judging from the recent debates on the new Statute for Algeria, they have a few sympathisers among the Communists and a sprinkling of Socialist members. The general public, on the whole, does not appear to be very well informed, and in any case is far too intent upon internal affairs to worry overmuch about what is happening in North Africa. France's position there is different from our own say in the India of yesterday. To begin with, she has sent many more people to settle in Africa. There are about one million Frenchmen in Algeria. Not only has she sent her own native-born people out there, but she has accepted as French citizens firstly the Jewish elements of the population, and then the Italian, Maltese, Corsican and other Mediterranean peoples who were willing to throw in their lot with the French and settle down to build the country. These people, and the particular category of Frenchmen whom one finds in greatest numbers in North Africa, are not exactly representative of the urbane, cultured, polished Frenchman of the metropolis. They are mostly of peasant stock, hardy, realistic pioneers who have succeeded in the main after many efforts. Many of them have ended up by acquiring colossal wealth and a liberty of action which they could never have enjoyed at home. Many of these successful "colons" have linked up with big businessmen from the metropolis to form large trusts, which in time have come to play a prominent rôle in the economy of North Africa.

Another fundamental difference is that France advocated from the

start an "assimilation policy" destined to convert the North African Arabs to their own Western and Christian form of civilisation. This took a more extreme form in Algeria, which was the first of the three North African countries to be conquered in 1830. The educational drive instituted from about 1857 concentrated on teaching the natives French and suppressing their own language, Arabic. It also prevented the 1905 law on the Separation of Church and State in France from being applied to Algeria, where the French authorities still have the right to interfere in Muslim religious affairs. It is gradually being realised, however, that this policy is unfruitful, and it has not been applied to the same extent to the later conquests of neighbouring countries, Tunisia and Morocco. Hence one of the causes of the unevenness of the three Nationalist strands. Algeria, conquered for 117 years, with no dynasty left, with less indigenous Arabic culture than her neighbours (a fact which she feels most acutely, and which gives her an inferiority complex *vis-a-vis* her own peoples) is more hostile and more bitter towards Europeans. There were people in France who realised the danger as far back as 1897, when Emile Wahl, educational inspector at Algiers, wrote :

On doit la vérité aux hommes de valeur et aux peuples d'avenir. Nos Franco-Algériens ont pris au contact des populations parmi lesquelles ils vivent des habitudes fâcheuses. . . . Ils sont souvent exclusifs et intolérants. . . . Les préjugés de race inconnus dans la mère patrie s'épanouissent en toute vigueur . . . qu'on y prenne garde ; il y a là un reniement des traditions généreuses de la France, il y a aussi un grave danger pour la paix sociale et pour l'avenir de l'Algérie.

In 1936 the famous "Blum-Violette" scheme aimed at far-reaching reforms and a new Statute for Algeria, but there was so much opposition from the French-Algerians that it had to be abandoned. Parts of it were brought up again recently in the form of a new statute, but this time, in the view of the Arab nationalists, the plan does not go far enough. It still calls Algeria an "overseas territory consisting of three French Departments," and it is still to be administered by a French Governor-General. The statute, after a stormy general discussion by the Assembly, was voted in the absence of the fifteen Muslim delegates, who decided to walk out on it immediately after the vote on Article 1. The two Muslim parties of Algeria were represented at the Assembly : the more moderate Ferhat Abbas party, inclined to a gradual winning over of French opinion, who call themselves the "Parti du Manifeste," and the Algerian Popular Party, or P.P.A., whose leader, the first of all the North African leaders educated in France to advocate absolute independence, is bearded Messali Hadj, who has spent many years in prison. Liberated last year, he is still, as I mentioned before, under *résidence surveillée*. The delegates of the P.P.A. expressed themselves with considerable force before the Assembly, condemning France's colonial policy so whole-heartedly that many French delegates reflected that it was perhaps a mistake to have allowed them to voice their opinions there at all, particularly in view of the fact that these opinions would be published in the *Journal Officiel* available to interested foreigners. It must be remembered, however, that it was the P.P.A.'s very first chance to express themselves at all. Many of the delegates, whom I had met personally in their own country, had not spoken so violently within their own four walls. On the platform of the Assembly they spoke with the pent-up vehemence of years—many of them had

been in prison and had suffered for their views—and here in France, the land of liberty, they spoke like men who have been kept in solitary confinement for a long, long time, and have repeated over and over again to themselves the words that they would one day let loose upon the world. In so doing, alas, they were inclined to go too far—the ground had not been properly prepared beforehand—and many Frenchmen who have never been to Algeria find it difficult to believe that their countrymen there behave very differently from those in the metropolis. There are many very real, basic reasons, too, why France is determined to hold on to North Africa and her important resources and strategic bases there. In spite of the very limited powers of the new Algerian Assembly, which is almost purely consultative, the debate and vote on the new statute has at least had the effect of ventilating the whole vexed question of Algeria. It has pointed out the necessity of making Arabic an official language on a par with French, of separating the affairs of the Muslim Church and the Government, and of suppressing the “mixed communes” whose faulty administration is recognised. Action on these points is left to the Algerian assembly under its Governor-General who represents the French Republic.

Tunisia, next door, is a French Protectorate, and has been so ever since the *Traité du Bardo* signed in 1881 between the Bey of Tunis and General de Bourmont. The treaty, incidentally, admitted the presence of French troops and French administrators until such time as certain frontier incidents between Tunisia and Algeria were settled and Tunisian finances put in order—they had incurred heavy debts *vis-à-vis* France. The Tunisian nationalists of the Destour party, which is very active and well organised, especially since Habib Bourguiba gave it a new impulsion by his rousing speeches right through the country, do not deny that France has contributed greatly to the modernisation of their country. Before her advent, and this applies to the whole of North Africa, such things as a good network of roads and communications did not exist, and the natives of the three countries certainly did not realise how much their lands could be developed. Now that they have realised it, or at least that a good percentage of the more educated elements have caught up with modern Western ideas and methods, they find that much more could and should be done. They believe it is time for them to take over again. The Tunisians are very anxious for their Bey—Moncef Bey—to be returned to them. He was exiled by the French in 1943, being accused of “collaboration with the Axis.” Moncef Bey is the first Bey who ever sympathised with the nationalists of his country, and from his exile in the south of France he recently delegated powers to Habib Bourguiba, the Tunisian Destour leader, now in Cairo. Bourguiba escaped to Cairo in 1945, just as he was on the point of being arrested for the sixth or seventh time in his own country, where the Destour party is considered to be illegal. Incidentally they are powerful enough to be consulted unofficially by the French Resident-General of Tunisia who hoped to persuade them to form some sort of a coalition this year. The Destour refused, like the P.P.A. in Algeria, as they stand for complete independence, and are very chary of any sort of compromise. The older elements of what is known as the “Vieux Destour,” who consider themselves wiser, have agreed to co-operate, and there is now a Tunisian Prime Minister—Maitre Kaak—sitting rather insecurely in office, for his unpopularity with the Tunisian people is scrawled in no uncertain terms over the walls of Tunis and other towns. Maitre Kaak, with whom I had a long inter-

view recently, is an extremely shrewd and cultured man in his late fifties. He is a well-known barrister, very interested in Tunisian music, and has an extensive knowledge of external affairs. He believes quite sincerely that the Tunisians are not ready yet to take over, and that they still need a "fairly long apprenticeship in matters of State."

The Destour party has organised cells in every town in the country, and even in remote villages and homesteads of the semi-desert area of the steppes. They are also in close contact with the Tunisian trade union called the Union Générale des Travailleurs Tunisiens, which is frowned upon by the authorities as being too nationalistic in character and inspiration. Ferhat Hached, their leader, is an energetic young man with extremely democratic and Socialistic views. I stress the word "Socialistic" because it is sometimes thought that there is a danger of Communism spreading in North Africa. If so it is not among the Muslim elements, with whom it is in fundamental opposition, for the tenets of Islam do not go with those of Karl Marx. It is true to say, however, that the Communist parties, especially in Algeria, support the Nationalists. It is easier for them to make headway in Algeria, where there is no vestige of Muslim authority, but much more difficult in Tunisia and in Morocco, where the Nationalists are linked up with their respective rulers—the Bey and the Sultan. The French Communist parties in North Africa are fairly active, and, of course, unlike the Nationalist parties, are allowed to hold meetings, publish newspapers, etc.

Morocco, which has been a Protectorate only since 1912, has had thirty-six years of French occupation, started by that great military and administrative leader, Marshal Lyautey. With its Arabo-Berber population of eight millions it has remained more behind the times than its neighbours. It has retained more of its purely Arab "cachet"—the Medinas, or Arab quarters of the towns, are separated from the European and have preserved their ancient beauty. You will see more flowing white "djellabas" here than anywhere else in North Africa, more of the aristocratic grace and pomp that only die when the Sovereign dies. The Sovereign, whose actual powers are limited, is a thoughtful young man of 35 who has on more than one occasion expressed his sympathy with the Istiqlal, or Independence party leader, Si Allal el Fassi, who was released after nine years of exile in Equatorial Africa last year, and who has since made his way to the headquarters of all North African nationalists, Cairo. Even Si Allal el Fassi, compared to the other leaders, retains some of the particularities of his country and of his classical Arabic education at the Muslim university of the Quaraouine. He is perhaps a little less practical, more interested in poetry and literature and the reform of Islam, further removed from the logic of the Western mind. His Majesty the Sultan, however, has a firm grip on his people, and is convinced that their first need is more and better education. He is a nationalist, but he knows that his people need to prepare themselves if they want to assume more responsibility and to be able to meet the European on his own ground. The Sultan has founded an Imperial college for his son and the sons of the big Caid and Pachas adjoining the palace. If too much modern "swing" music is heard proceeding from His Royal Highness's apartments when examination-time approaches, it is not unusual to see His Majesty, in one of his very rare fits of temper, stride along the courtyard to confiscate the offending records, which have most probably been smuggled in from Tangier.

Two waves of enthusiasm swept over North Africa last year : firstly, the news of Abd el Krim's escape to Cairo from the boat which was taking him from the island of Réunion, where he had been exiled for twenty years, to the South of France. In spite of his advanced years he is still ready to act in favour of North Africa's freedom, either in a peaceful ambassadorial capacity or otherwise if need be. The second wave of enthusiasm was aroused by Great Britain's action in withdrawing from India. This, to the North Africans, was a concrete application of the Atlantic Charter—"the act of a great and noble people." But waves of enthusiasm, like other waves, are inclined to subside. Abd el Krim is still in 'Cairo' at the expense of King Farouk, and it looks as though he is settled there for some time. Great Britain, the North Africans naïvely thought, would interest herself in her neighbours' colonial problems, and would urge France to put her own colonial house in order, too. They do not realise that Great Britain has a host of internal and external problems of her own, and that, particularly after the Syrian incident, we are chary of doing anything to upset the French. So North Africa still waits. Waiting, however, is a demoralising pastime, and it can be dangerous, too.

NINA EPTON.

SAMUEL BUTLER : AUTHOR OF *EREWON*

IN Samuel Butler's day one who engaged in the evolution controversy was either a whole-hearted partisan of Darwin or else took the side of the churchmen and opposed the very idea of evolution. The ranks on either side were closed with professionals, and suchlike tend to lose track of the main issues in defence of their respective vested interests. He was a source of embarrassment to both sides ; the fools did not suffer him gladly. He was an amateur who put forth his own theory of evolution, which had everything to recommend it except its origin in the brain of a literary person. And so he remained an outsider to the end of his days, an onlooker who punctured the pretensions of both scientists and churchmen, and, it must be added, of his fellow scribes. It was not comfortable to oppose him in a controversy because he was adept with that most potent of weapons, laughter. Taking the most correct of premises and walking on solid scientific ground all the way, he would suddenly whip out the most outrageous conclusion. It was safer for an opponent not to take even the first step, and so he was eloquently ignored. How is the Church to take a writer who says, "As an instrument of warfare against vice, or as a tool for making virtue, Christianity is a mere flint instrument?" Or again, "To love God is to have good health, good looks, good sense, experience, a kindly nature and a fair balance of cash in hand?" And how is science to take a writer who says such things as, "Science is daily more and more personified and anthropomorphised into a god? By and by they will say that science took our own nature upon him and sent down his own begotten son, Charles Darwin or Huxley, into the world, so that those who believe in him, etc." Elsewhere he says, "What we want is to reconcile both science and theology with sincerity and good breeding, to make our experts understand that they are nothing if not singleminded and urbane. Get them to understand this and there will be no difficulty about reconciling science and theology."

Samuel Butler was born in a rectory and reared to be a churchman. In his late teens, however, doubts began to bulge and fever in his brain, and we find him writing in 1861, "I think I am a Unitarian, but can't tell and won't say." He was engaged to teach a class of boys in the church school, and his disillusionment was complete when he discovered that the worst-behaved were those who had been baptised and thus supposedly were the elect. He gave up the idea of becoming a Church of England clergyman, and at the age of twenty-four sailed from England to New Zealand to become a sheep rancher.

The dose of religion he got from his parents was a mild enough case to immunise him from further attacks without seriously damaging his constitution. His ideas on religion to the end of his life were those of a sane but wary man. "We forget that every clergyman with a living or curacy is as much of a paid advocate as the barrister who is trying to persuade the jury to acquit a prisoner. We should listen to him with the same suspense of judgment, the same full consideration of the arguments of the opposing counsel, as the judge does when he is trying a case. Unless we can know these and can state them in a way that our opponents would admit to be a fair representation of their views, we have no right to claim that we have formed an opinion at all. The misfortune is that by the law of the land one side only can be heard." Butler made his mental reservations, but to his death stayed in the broad right wing of the Anglican Church.

His relations with science, however, were not so cordial. The professors formed a closed corporation against this man who had no degrees and no academic standing; no credentials, in fact, except his facile genius. He lived at a time when science was first being hailed as a Messiah about to usher in a golden age. He was the most interesting and convincing opponent that Darwin had. But he held no professorship, he had done no vast amount of research, and he did not make free enough use of the words "carefully, patiently, and earnestly." One was never sure that he was not joking. He was merely an unsuccessful painter, an amateur with a dexterous pen. He never did acquire a proper reverence for the stuffed shirts he was asked to appease, and felt that with this group against whom he tilted, the scientists, lay a far greater menace for men's future than lay with the churchmen. Were he alive to-day he might be of different mind. The wonderful benefits of science which smite even the man in the street were not so obvious in his day.

Butler's penetrating intellect ranged over a large area. He was also a painter of sorts, and a musician who revered Handel above all composers. He put forth heretical theories on the problem of Shakespeare's sonnets and on the authorship of the *Odyssey*. Of the latter he came to believe that it was written by a young woman who had access to the *Iliad*. This viewpoint with its supporting arguments he embodied in a book which should be caught up and distributed far and wide by feminists. The *Odyssey* is one of the finest epics in all literature, and, if Butler's theory holds water, is the only piece of first-rate literature written by a woman.

Butler's relation with his family was not a happy one. His struggle to break away and live his own life is depicted in his autobiographical novel, *The Way of All Flesh*. If parents are viewed askance to-day and are required to make good on their own merits before the critical eye of their offspring, it is due in part to the influence of this novel. His early environment was one of outrageous respectability. Before he

"could well crawl he was taught to kneel; before he could well speak he was taught to lisp the Lord's Prayer and the general confession." "I think the Church Catechism," he said, "has a good deal to do with the unhappy relations which even now exist between parents and children. That work was written too exclusively from the parental point of view. The general impression it leaves on the young is that their wickedness at birth was but imperfectly wiped out at baptism, and that the mere fact of being young at all has something with it that savours more or less distinctly of the nature of sin." In what is perhaps the bitterest passage in the book he advises "parents who wish to lead a quiet life. . . . Tell your children that they are very naughty—much naughtier than most children. Point to the young people of acquaintances as models of perfection and impress your children with a deep sense of their own inferiority. You carry so many more guns than they do that they cannot possibly fight you. This is called moral influence, and it will enable you to bounce them as much as you please. They think you know, and will not have caught you lying often enough to suspect that you are not the scrupulously truthful person which you represent yourself to be; nor will they yet know how great a coward you are, nor how soon you will run away if they fight you with both persistency and judgment. Keep the dice and throw them both for your children and yourself. Load them, then, for you can easily stop your children from examining them. Tell them how singularly indulgent you are; insist on the incalculable benefit you conferred upon them; firstly, in bringing them into the world at all, but more particularly in bringing them into it as your own children rather than as anyone else's. . . . True, your children will probably find out about it some day, but not until too late to be of much service to them or inconvenience to yourself."

In his satire, *Erewhon*, Butler describes adventures in a strange land where notions of propriety are quite the reverse of ours. If a man commits a crime or misdemeanour of any kind he is taken to a hospital and carefully treated at the public expense, or, if he is financially independent, he is treated at home. He lets it be noised among his friends that he is suffering from a severe fit of immorality and they come with tender words of solicitude. There exists a group of men "straighteners" who care for these moral delinquents, and prescribe the necessary treatment. A man who has forged a cheque or robbed with violence discusses his deviation from the straight and narrow with as much candour as we discuss our operations. But if a man fall into ill health or fail in any way bodily before he is seventy years old, he is tried before a jury of his peers and held up to public scorn. Hence the Erewhonians conceal ill health by every device of cunning and hypocrisy. If one suffers from indigestion, say, he hints by indirection that he is on the verge of dipsomania. Physicians have no standing in Erewhonian society and their trade must be practised *sub rosa*.

Butler is trying to bring out the fact that ultimately we are no more accountable for our moral than for our physiological depravity, but that we have been taught to have a guilty conscience over the one and not over the other. It is exceedingly bad manners to have measles, and ungracious to catch a cold. There is more than mere cleverness in his observations on physical health, as the more recent psychological studies have made clear. In nearly every person who is sick there is an element of wanting to be sick. This is more especially true of the chronically ill. The rationalisation is, "If only I were well how much

would I do ! But unfortunately I am not well and can be excused from doing what a healthy normal person is expected to do." The healthy person faces the issues of life, and if he fails, he fails. The semi-invalid faces the issues of life, and if he fails, he does not really fail because his illness provides a way out which preserves his self-esteem. The neurotic cannot allow himself to fail ; his illness is a weapon which he uses to prevent failure.

There are no machines in *Erewhon*. Centuries earlier they had been destroyed on the advice of a philosopher who saw that they enslave men. The writings of this philosopher are quoted at length, expounding a theory of the evolutionary emergence of the machine into a position of dominance over all life including man. Who can say that there is not now developing a kind of machine consciousness which is different from any kind of consciousness we now know ? What plant or animal has ever made such evolutionary progress as has the machine in the past century and a half ? The present generation of machines may be to future machines as the early Saurians were to man. Machines are fed, they make parts to replace injured parts, they reproduce by getting men to work for them just as flowers lure bees into performing the trick of fertilisation. Certain machines benefit man just as flowers benefit bees in a benevolent symbiotic circle. When their dominance is complete machines will keep men for convenience and care, just as men now keep cows, or ants. But there will be no question about who is on top. The claims of the machine will be paramount, and man will have to adjust himself to them. Perceiving the sanity of his reasoning, the people followed the advice of their philosopher, a thing unheard of outside *Erewhon*.

Butler's ideas on biology and his opposition to Darwin deserve a much wider discussion than there is space to give. According to Darwin, evolution was due to the accumulation of small divergencies preserved by their possessor in the struggle for existence. There was sheer chance in this process, no design. Nor was there an attempt to account for the creativity which caused the variation. This was inexplicable. The Darwinian apotheosised chance ; those of their clerical opponents who admitted the fact of evolution at all introduced an external designer. Butler introduced internal teleology into the process of evolution ; there was design but it was interior to organisms. Organisms developed powers and evolved organs out of a sense of need. " I would strongly urge the reader to use man, and the growing inventions and conceptions of man, as his guide, if he would seek to form an independent judgment on the development of organic life. For all growth is somebody making something. . . . Man is but a perambulating tool box, or workshop, or office, fashioned by a piece of very clever slime, as the result of long experience." His views on evolution were set forth in *Life and Habit*, and the resulting controversy with the Darwinists and with the master himself left him unrepentant but embittered at what he considered their unfairness in their treatment of him.

The world was not in his day, and is not even now, ready to accept a man of Butler's peculiar talents. He is too mercurial and cannot be neatly fitted into a category, and unless we can do that we cannot be comfortable with a thinker. The unpredictable is dangerous, related to the fear of falling which is one of our primordial instincts. Of himself Butler said, " I am not one of those who have travelled along a set road towards an end that I have foreseen and desired to reach. I have made

a succession of jaunts or pleasure trips from meadow to meadow, but no long journey unless life itself be reckoned so. Nevertheless, I have strayed into no field in which I have not found a flower that was worth the finding. . . . The streets are full of sovereigns crying aloud for someone to come and pick them up, only the thick veil of our own insincerity and conceit hides them from us. He who can most tear this veil from in front of his eyes will be able to see most and to walk off with them."

EDMUND A. OPITZ.

U.S.A.

ANTARCTIC WHALING.

MODERN whaling, with its factory ships, processing machinery, radar and aircraft, has progressed greatly since the days of Moby Dick. A factory ship can easily cost a million and a half pounds sterling. The ten catching boats that on the average accompany an expedition cost another million pounds. Whaling to-day is obviously a highly capitalised industry. That it is an industry there can be no doubt. A Norwegian expert recently estimated that if the maximum quota of 16,000 blue whale units is caught in the coming season, it will mean that one and a half million tons of raw material will have to be processed. A slaughter-house would have to deal with three million good-sized oxen to achieve a similar level of activity—and deal with them in four months, which is the length of the whaling season.

It is not always realised that pelagic whaling—whaling from factory ships and not from land stations—is quite a recent innovation, introduced for the first time by a Norwegian company in 1925. Factory ships, with their slipways and processing machinery, coupled with their freedom from the concession regulations which apply to land stations, have completely transformed the industry; and during the 1930's there was an enormous development, both in the number of expeditions and in the size of their catches. It was thus highly enhanced efficiency which, in a very few years, came to threaten the very basis of the industry—the stock of whales—particularly in the Antarctic, where whaling has tended to concentrate in the past twenty years. Here figures speak with more eloquence than words. In the 1925-6 season two factory ships with nine catching boats produced 57,000 barrels of oil. In the 1930-1 season, forty-one factory ships with 205 catching boats produced 3,420,000 barrels. In 1931 the world market collapsed, and all the Norwegian and several of the other nations' whaling companies agreed not to send out their expeditions in the following season. It was after this rather catastrophic climax that attempts began to be made to establish some form of voluntary agreement on production. These attempts achieved varying degrees of success from year to year, but never managed to limit catches to any specific number of whales. However, throughout the 1930's, whale oil production remained comparatively stable, and the record output of the 1930-1 season was never repeated.

A complicating factor was the entry of Japan and Germany into the industry. Japan appeared for the first time in the Antarctic in 1934-5, and Germany followed two years later. Japanese and German participation increased greatly in the next few years, and from 1936-7 to 1938-9 their combined output rose from 219,000 to 858,000 barrels. During this same period the production of the other old-established expeditions,

principally Norwegian and British, fell from 2,358,000 to 1,852,000 barrels. It is clear, therefore, that the Japanese and German share in Antarctic whaling grew disproportionately in this period, and at the same time hampered international regulation of the industry. For, during the whole time Japan has taken part in Antarctic whaling, she has operated without restriction, whilst Germany conformed to regulations for the first time in the 1937-8 season. During the 1930's the need for control had certainly not diminished in urgency. In 1932-3, seventeen factory ships and 112 catching boats produced 2,400,000 barrels. In 1938-9 thirty-four factory ships and 270 catching boats increased the 1932-3 output by only 11 per cent. The number of blue whales caught per catching boat fell from 160 in 1932-3 to fifty in 1938-9, in spite of the increased size and efficiency of these vessels. Not only was the number of blue whales on the decline, but also their size, whilst the proportion of immature whales was increasing. Nor did it help matters that the utilisation of the catch by the Japanese was very poor. In the 1939-40 season the number of barrels of oil produced per blue whale unit by the Japanese expeditions was 101, compared with the 122 barrels produced by the Norwegians.

The reproductive capacity of whales is small. The blue whale is generally believed to have only one calf every third year. If the stock of whales is reduced below a certain level, reproduction becomes even slower, as the whales are dispersed over a wider area. The regulations established before the war provided for the observance of close seasons, prohibited the taking of whales of certain species threatened with extinction, prohibited the taking of female whales with calves of suckling whales, and of whales of different species below the size limits prescribed. The regulations also required full commercial use to be made of every part of every whale taken, and limited the time within which, from the time of catching, whales must be treated. The purpose of these regulations was to limit the number of whales killed and to prevent the waste of whale material. Agreement was also reached on the establishment of certain sanctuaries where the catching of whales was completely forbidden. But these various agreements did not prove sufficiently effective, chiefly because of the failure to secure the limitation of the total world catch. Nations were still entitled to expand their whaling fleets and their catching capacity, as exemplified by Japan and Germany.

This, then, was the position at the outbreak of war. After the 1939-40 season whaling came practically to a standstill, and it was anticipated that the whales would have ample opportunity to increase their number in the protracted closed season that ensued. These expectations were not confirmed by the experience of the two post-war whaling seasons. On the other hand, the defeat of Germany and Japan removed the obstacles to a really satisfactory control of the whaling industry. As early as 1944 a protocol was signed in London establishing the principle of a limitation of the catch in the Antarctic. This catch was fixed at a total not exceeding 16,000 blue whale units, a limit confirmed by a new protocol signed in 1945. All whaling expeditions must report their weekly catch to the International Whaling Statistics Bureau in Norway, and it is the duty of this bureau to determine when the total catch of 16,000 blue whale units has been reached; and whether, as a result, whaling must cease before April 7th when the season officially ends. In 1946 another International Whaling Conference was held in Washington, where twenty governments were represented. A permanent agree-

ment was concluded, partly codifying previous international whaling agreements, and maintaining the total catch at 16,000 blue whale units for the season December 8th to April 7th.

It is worth remarking that in the first two post-war seasons the maximum limit of 16,000 blue whale units was of little practical significance, for the simple reason that the whaling companies, principally Norwegian and British, had not yet been able to replace their war-time shipping losses, and also because some of the expeditions were unable to commence operations at the very beginning of the season. Nevertheless, in spite of this, the total catch in the 1946-7 season by fifteen factory ships (seven Norwegian, four British, one Dutch, one Russian and two Japanese) was 15,301 blue whale units, and it is, therefore, feasible that if the Russian and Japanese expeditions had managed to reach the whaling grounds at the beginning of the season (which they failed to do) the maximum catch of 16,000 blue whale units might have been reached. In the season beginning on December 8th this year, two large new factory ships will take part for the first time, and there will be altogether seventeen expeditions with 175 catching boats, as well as three land stations (one Norwegian, one British and one Argentine). It thus appears very likely that it will be possible, for the first time since the war, to achieve the maximum quota of 16,000 blue whale units. It may, therefore, be necessary to cease operations before the official end of the season if the regulations are to be observed.

In the face of a total world fat deficit estimated this year at about four million tons, it is scarcely surprising that controversy has broken out concerning the restriction of production in the whaling industry, particularly now that the capacity of the industry has been built up again. Before the war the industry contributed about 500,000 tons to the annual supply of edible oils and fats. The present quota, however, permits a production not far in excess of 300,000 tons. If restrictions were lifted production might increase, although certainly not to the pre-war figure. However, it would make some contribution to meeting the immediate fats shortage, and as such it has been strongly recommended by Mr. Geoffrey Heyworth, chairman of Unilever & Lever Brothers in his recent broad survey of the fats and oils situation. Mr. Heyworth proposed a temporary suspension of whaling restrictions, say for two or three years, with a view not only to increasing the fats supply, but also as a means of aiding the European balance of payments—a cogent argument with whale oil currently selling at £90 a ton. Against this viewpoint it can be argued that the contribution which unrestricted whaling can make to the total fats and oils supply is very small indeed. A suspension of catching restrictions would possibly produce an extra 50,000 tons of whale oil in the coming season, which is estimated to represent less than half of 1 per cent. of the world's annual output of fats and oils. But with Europe facing a critical fats—and currency—shortage, the smallness of any particular contribution is not to be despised.

The real crux of the opposition to any lifting of restrictions in the whaling industry lies in the belief, supported by expert biologists, experienced operators, and responsible officials, that the stock of whales will be seriously threatened if unrestricted whaling is allowed to be resumed. A temporary suspension of restrictions might, in other words, be the prelude to the permanent cessation of whaling as a result of the elimination of whales. This would not be an unprecedented phenomenon. Several times in the past promising whale grounds have

been discovered, catching has started and increased, until the stock of whales was overtaxed and further operations were no longer economic and had to be abandoned. What has happened in the past in tropical and sub-tropical waters may as easily happen in the Antarctic. Moreover, there is no assurance that a subsequent reimposition of restrictions would restore the stock to its former level, for if the stock of whales is reduced below a certain level its reproductive capacity may be irreparably injured. Therefore, although unrestricted whaling might make some contribution to filling the European larder, the cost might be the complete exhaustion of this particular source of fats in years to come. The whaling operators are opposed to a suspension of restrictions, and, although it involves an immediate exercise in self-denial, the long-term interests of European economy appear to lie in the same direction. Whaling can never solve the overall shortage of oils and fats: the solution of this problem lies elsewhere.

One note should be appended, though it adds to the difficulty of the dilemma which at present faces the whaling industry. The maximum quota of 16,000 blue whale units must, if it is to be maintained, presuppose a certain limitation also in the number of expeditions taking part. During the war twenty-eight ships were lost, mostly whilst serving as transport vessels. Only thirteen survived. Since the war, however, a number of new vessels have been built, and the number of expeditions participating in the Antarctic season has steadily increased. In the season beginning on December 8th this year, seventeen factory ships are taking part, and next year there will be at least one more. The Russians and Dutch have taken up Antarctic whaling, and Argentina has ordered a factory ship, to be called *Juan Peron*, which will be ready in 1950. The new vessels built since the war are all of the largest and most efficient type. In the 1946-7 season, two Japanese expeditions were allowed by General MacArthur to take part, and similar permission has been given this year. Germany is also very keen to secure permission to resume Antarctic whaling, the justification, as in the case of Japan, being, of course, the urgent need for fats. However, if, as appears essential for the survival of the industry, the maximum quota is to be maintained, there appears to be no economic basis for such further increases in the number of expeditions. The existing factory ships, and the one or two under construction, should have ample capacity to catch and process the whole 16,000 blue whale units. To increase the number of expeditions taking part, and yet observe the maximum quota, means simply that each expedition must catch less than its capacity enables. Obviously, to ration the number of expeditions which each nation may operate is no enviable or easy task, but something like that will have to be undertaken. Perhaps the principle on which licences are issued to new catering establishments in Britain will have to be adopted—that those who were operating before the war should have the first chance of starting up again. On this principle Norway and Britain would head the list of licences, and if there is a black list—for black market offences—then Germany, and certainly, it would seem, Japan, would qualify. As far as the fats supply for these two countries is concerned, their direct participation in whaling would aid them little, as whale oil is allocated internationally, and whether they catch whales or not they will still be entitled to no more and no less than their fair share.

O. F. KNUDSEN.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE WESTERN UNION.

IF, as seems to be the case, any attempt at international unity on a world-wide scale is in present conditions out of the question, it becomes a matter of all the greater interest that something promising is afoot towards the achievement of unity in the restricted field of Western Europe. As Mr. Bevin claimed in his survey of May 4th last, there has been a "steady, methodical and useful progress" towards putting into effect the purposes of the Five-Power Treaty signed in Brussels on March 17th. The treaty provided for co-operation between the five Powers, namely Britain, France, Belgium, the Netherlands and Luxemburg, in economic, financial, social, cultural and military matters. The machinery for such co-operation is now being set up, including a permanent consultative council, which it has been agreed shall function in London. There is to be a permanent military committee, also sitting in London. Arrangements are to be made for a greater stability, a freer exchange of goods and better clearing arrangements in the economic and financial field: purposes which will have a bearing on the profitable use of American aid for Europe.

The project of a Western Union constitutes an attempt at sectional grouping, conceived within the framework of the United Nations Charter. This question of regional props inside a general system of security is not new to contemporary enterprise. When the conception of a League of Nations came out of the first world war Mr. Bernard Shaw was one of the first of the commentators to suggest that the project of a world-wide League was too long in the prospect, and that the ultimate object could be the more effectively reached by regional stepping-stones, so that when Europe, Asia, America, for instance, were separately organised, a final roof or umbrella could be put over the whole. To-day the regional principle is virtually adopted in Article 51 of the United Nations Charter, the first sentence of which reads thus: "Nothing in the present Charter shall impair the inherent right of individual or collective self-defence if an armed attack occurs against a member of the United Nations, until the Security Council has taken the measures necessary to maintain international peace and security." A quarter of a century ago the event showed that the world was not ready even for regional concepts of unity. No unity at all was dictated or produced by the unlearned lessons of the first world war, though much thought was given to the ideal of a United States of Europe, as first formulated by M. Briand in the 'twenties, and revived by Mr. Churchill twenty years later.

It is an odd thing how difficult it is for collective human enterprises, conceived in the common interest, to be successfully carried through. Something seems always to split. There is lacking a sound binding factor. The truth appears to be that the ruling motive has been negative, not positive in quality. Nations will combine for common defence in an emergency, and tend to fall apart when the emergency passes. The present movement for a Western Union is primarily dictated by fear of Russian aggression. Mr. Bevin, of course, in his review of May 4th, declared that there was nothing in it that was directed against anyone: but, equally of course, "the safety of their respective countries must be the first claim on responsible statesmen and parliaments." He added: "It will not lead to war, but the chaotic separation of the Western Powers, if allowed to continue, would leave

them open as a tempting prey. . . . Our liberty, our survival, and the maintenance of the position of the Western European nations in the world must be the subject of continual organisation and vigilance."

It is obvious, however, that fear is not good enough as the binding force of lasting union, because fear is essentially destructive. The problem is to substitute something constructive as the motive. Everyone talks about Western Union with a list of objectives, repeated parrot-wise as "economic, financial, social, cultural and military." Not to-day, but ages hence, it will be obvious that the enterprise, thus circumscribed, is rather like that of attempting to make a watch by collecting every separate part with the single exception of the mainspring—which makes all the difference. What is the mainspring of human constructive collective effort? We know the answer, but do not apply it. One day, not probably in our time, wisdom will dawn and we shall put first things first.

Even to-day there are glimmers of the truth bursting through the clouds, yet we perversely distrust them. Mr. Bevin, in his bluff, broad, genial way gave an instance on May 4th both of the gleam and of its rejection. In one short passage he spoke these words: "The treaty (the Five-Power Treaty aforesaid) provided for the closest co-operation of the partners in economic, financial, social, cultural and military matters, but it did not provide for union in the sense of some pooling of sovereignty or the creation of a European federated State. Such a dramatic move might appeal to idealists, *but* [my italics] in the world of international politics one was forced to proceed step by step and it was necessary to be realistic and practical." Irony is one of the overworked subtleties in a grim world. That "but" of Mr. Bevin's contains within itself a whole volume of irony. Such and such a thing may appeal to idealists, BUT we must be realistic and practical. When the world sees that the only realistic and practical thing is the idealist thing, the problem will be solved. God said to His children: "Love one another." The children say: "Yes, but. . . ." The "butting" is all wrong, because God, and only God, knows what is practical.

This matter of sovereignty, to which Mr. Bevin has referred more than once, is clearly the next stepping-stone to a better world. It will be surrendered sooner or later; later, it seems, rather than sooner. The risk will have to be taken before the world rids itself of the constantly recurring horror of mutual disservice and mutual destruction among the nations. The surrender of national sovereignty is the answer to the question, how can a constructive or positive motive be substituted for one that is destructive or negative in the search for international unity? When the peoples of the earth are divided into nations, each sovereign, each armed, the only probable outcome is war, unless the outcome be miraculously prevented. There are those who with some show of reason regard the splitting of the atom with its all too great potentiality for the simultaneous, universal, impartial obliteration of the human race, as the miracle in disguise. Short, however, of miracle the human race has at its disposal the use of common sense, which is the same thing as idealism, because God gave it. So long as nations are armed for "self-defence" against each other, the devil, in the guise of fear, will do the rest: and the nations will for ever be engaged in destroying each other in the misguided cause of "self-defence." If by contrast we were not sovereign, if we had no national armed forces, the disaster of self-defence by war could not arise.

But the devil is a hard and resourceful tyrant. Fear is his main

stranglehold over the welfare of man. No nation will take the initiative and the risk of disarmament and the surrender of sovereignty for fear lest some other nation will steal a march. Could there be a better illustration of the practical, realistic nature of the technique of love and faith ordained for us by God, Who knows our need, and the contrasting unpractical, disastrous nature of what Mr. Bevin and every statesman the world over calls the "realistic" and the "practical"? The common enemy is fear. Nothing in the wide world will drive out fear except faith in God and in God's children. Therefore this problem is neither economic, nor financial, nor social, nor cultural, nor military. It is religious. To ponder upon the realities and the practical things is, however, to jump ahead in one's imagination to a future era. To-day we bend our thoughts upon the Five-Power Treaty, gleaning from it what comfort we can.

Such comfort is acceptable, as far as it goes. A man in hospital, desperately ill, may derive some comfort from small things which in health he would despise. A sick world may similarly derive comfort from a Five-Power Treaty. One day, please God, this world will be in good health, and ready to embark upon the big adventure. The importance of the Five-Power Treaty and of the Western Union is limited to that of its deterrent effect upon Russian aggressiveness. In a short view such a thing is timely. The sort of exuberance that radiates from Moscow is tempted into widening fields of folly if it is thought that no opposition will be encountered. The Kremlin is now at any rate being made to count the cost.

The businesslike nature of the Western awakening was emphasised when on May 7th there met at The Hague what was called a Congress of Europe. It met under the chairmanship of Mr. Winston Churchill with the specific purpose of organising the sixteen nations who are the beneficiaries of American economic and financial help as the nucleus of a restored, independent and prosperous Europe. The door was open for the inclusion in its scope of any nation whose character conformed to the standards of civilised freedom now menaced from the East. The step taken from Brussels to The Hague, from an organisation of five nations to one of sixteen, was taken within two months. That fact in itself, fortified by the result of the Italian elections, should convince Moscow that the era of the Communist walkover is at an end. The ceremony that took place on May 7th in the Ridderzaal, or Hall of the Knights, was in many ways of an encouraging portent. A sense of urgency was created by the fact that in that same hall eight years before another ceremony took place, namely the public assumption of office by Seyss-Inquart as the agent in Holland of the man who had made a bid for the domination of Europe. That danger had passed. Another, even greater, was now pressing. The new ceremony, unlike the old—and in this fact, as Mr. Kerstens, chairman of the Netherlands organising committee observed, was of "special significance"—was attended by Mgr. Giobbe, delegate of the Holy See. It was significant because the new menace is ideologically launched against the Christian tradition in Europe.

Mr. Churchill made one of the best speeches of his career. He raised cheer after cheer as he made his points with his accustomed clarity, eloquence, punch and verbal artistry. He said excellently: "The movement for European unity, as our draft report declares, must be a positive force, deriving its strength from our common sense of spiritual values. It is a dynamic expression of democratic faith based

upon moral conceptions, and inspired by a sense of mission, guarded by freedom and sustained by law." He hit a prominent nail squarely on the head when he declared: "We welcome any Government where the people own the Government, and not the Government the people"—a condition which tempered his plea that "we seek nothing less than all Europe." Before Russia can take her place, her present rulers must either give way to others or be converted from their present purposes; a perhaps distant prospect. From The Hague on that day a ray of hope went out to a world that has suffered too much in our time.

THE BIG ADVENTURE.

There is other evidence, too, that influential minds in the West are being stirred to sound both a warning and the corrective hope in the general trend of affairs. The immediate scene looks complicated, but the essential facts, the trend and the issue are clear. Speaker after speaker at the Albert Hall demonstration of April 25th last, when representative Christians from the public life of several countries made their plea for Christian action as the solution of the world problem, showed how simple was the argument. After the argument, however, there remains the application. The mountain top may be seen, but there remains the ascent. When Signor Giodani asked on April 25th: Is the concept of Christianity to prevail, or is that of Lenin? he merely pointed to the mountain top. The path immediately ahead is rocky and treacherous. To glance even cursorily over the disorders and problems that challenge statesmanship is to appreciate the immensity of the task.

Even the truth about those disorders is the subject of unruly conference. When the United Nations Conference on Freedom of Information adopted three draft conventions at its final session on April 21st, the Soviet group of nations voted against them in every case. Security is necessarily a collective enterprise. How then is progress to be achieved when some of the participants are engaged in undermining the very ground upon which the progress must be made? How can the truth be pursued when the facts are suppressed or distorted, and alleged facts invented, behind an iron curtain, and those responsible for that technique ideologically and in formal conference reject the very proposal for freedom and honesty in the service of information?

None the less at this time the activity of what we used to call high diplomacy spreads apace. There is a London conference on Germany, but the talks are confined to Britain, the United States, France and the Benelux countries, and Russia takes no part. There is an Inter-American conference, at which a combination of States (Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Cuba, Guatemala, Mexico, Uruguay, Colombia and Ecuador) is disposed, against the advice of the United States, to question the rights and titles of non-American nations to the possession of colonies on the American continent. There is a Council of Foreign Ministers, inclusive of the Russian Minister, discussing and quarrelling about the Austrian treaty. There are active disorders in Colombia, Costa Rica, Paraguay and Yemen. There are disputes, sometimes expressed in physical conflict, in Berlin, in Czechoslovakia, in Kashmir, in Vienna, in Trieste and in Palestine. The recent elections in Italy, though they caused relief and gratification in the West did so on the exclusively negative ground that the Communists did not win—though the still formidable fact remains that one in three of those who voted in that old Christian land voted in favour of atheist materialism, even though many of them probably did not know or appreciate what

atheist materialism implies. New conferences spring up like mushrooms overnight—about American financial help for Europe, about the economic co-operation of those countries receiving it, about food and agriculture, about inter-allied reparations, about the situation in Palestine that is to result from the British relinquishment of the mandate. The Scandinavian countries face the question whether they can any longer maintain their traditional neutrality in view of the Russo-Finnish "treaty." And so on.

It has become impossible for any single human being at this time, even if he gave his whole time to the task, to keep abreast of these scattered, galloping manifestations of world-wide unrest, controversy and disorder. Can Christianity still the waves of unrest? A letter appeared in *The Times* of May 4th, written by Mr. Neville Hobson, in which the contrast was made between the unity of purpose and method shown by the Communists and the disunity of Christians. "Christianity," wrote Mr. Hobson, "will have little chance of withstanding the challenge of Communism and other disturbing philosophies so long as it remains so gravely disunited as at present." Such a warning is well worth sounding. It is arguable that the general issue now narrowing includes in its challenge this very question of Christian disunity; that the full effects of the Reformation are thus belatedly coming home to roost. The mills grind slowly. It was never more truly illustrated that the greatest enemies to a cause may be its followers.

Present events are forcing thought into the elemental depths. It is obvious that high diplomacy is, perhaps irretrievably, bankrupt. It seems likely that argument, say, between the Western Powers and Russia over the future of Germany or about anything is doomed to futility from the start, even if argument in the true sense can be said ever to have started at all. Abuse and the petty scoring of points by hook or by crook cannot fairly be called argument. It is a matter of wonder to simple people (unless their sense of wonder has been flattened by the familiarity of repetition) that in the big affairs of world diplomacy a certain high authority on one side can make a specific statement or allegation and a corresponding authority on the other side can roundly deny it and make the exact counter allegation. In the incident of the British aeroplane brought down by a Russian fighter pilot, for instance, the Russian authority, acting on the principle that the best defence is to attack, mobilised alleged "photographs" and other evidence to turn the tables, to prove that it was the British aeroplane that committed the attack, and to wind up the performance, in answer to the British demand for compensation, by demanding Russian compensation from Britain.

The days are gone when high diplomacy maintained a certain dignity and commanded respect. The like truth applies to politics in all its branches. Ministers of the Crown—at the top level, as the jargon puts it—are not expected by the man in the street even to speak the elementary truth. It is taken for granted that their business is merely to score over their party opponents, the means being justified by the end.

A deplorable example of that convention was given in the House of Commons on April 13th last. In a controversy about the Budget proposals that was waged across the floor of the House, Sir Stafford Cripps was arguing that the conditions following the second world war were comparable to those which followed the first. A Conservative critic asked: "Did we get a loan from America after the first world

war ? " to which Sir Stafford made the swift and the quite outrageous answer : " You got the loan during the war and repudiated it afterwards." His score was greeted with loud, wild cheers from the supporters behind him. The fact that what he said happened to be wholly misleading, and wholly at variance with historical truth, had no effect upon the situation. All that seemed to matter to his cheering back-benchers was that he rapped out something smart and devastating to the Opposition—devastating because the Opposition members, too, were all at sea. It may well be that neither Sir Stafford nor his admirers knew the truth : but is it not their business to take some trouble about the truth, and at any rate to refrain from making cheap scores unless they do know it ?

During the first world war, as was established on the authority of Sir Robert Horne, who was Chancellor of the Exchequer at the time (1921-2) when the loan was a matter of widespread discussion, the loan from the United States was technically incurred by the British, but was incurred in behalf of the French and Italian Governments. The two latter had reached the end of their resources in 1917, and the British Treasury was nearly dry. America's entry into the war and the granting of the loan enabled the Allies to carry on ; but the credit of Paris and Rome was not considered good enough in Washington, and the obligation had to be endorsed by Great Britain, who passed every dollar of it on to France and Italy. Neither France nor Italy repaid much of it to Britain, and Britain had to shoulder the whole debt to America. The relevant point is that not a dollar of it was for Britain's own use. There was, therefore, no analogy whatever between that loan and the loan granted to Britain after the second world war. Sir Stafford's rejoinder of April 13th, 1948, was made at the expense of the essential truth. Even the " repudiation " he alleged against the former Government was misleading. In its turn that operation was a technical financial matter, the inevitable result of the circumstance that the United States, by putting up a high tariff barrier against imports, virtually refused repayment of the loan in the only form in which such loans can be repaid, namely in goods and services.

The Albert Hall prescription of April 25th that there can be no progress diplomatically and politically unless diplomacy and politics be directed and sustained by the moral and spiritual inspiration of the Christian Faith is the sort of thing that is easily said and written. Its application is the difficulty. It implies the total mystery of the Christian revelation, which bids every individual in his own conduct to be motivated by unselfishness, truth and charity. Charity does indeed begin at home. There is no virtue in girding at Soviet iniquity, lack of scruple or disregard of the truth, if nearer home we cling to the perverted principle that all is fair in war and politics. There are, it is true, differences in degree to which the unredeemed practice is carried. The British Foreign Office, for instance, does not deliberately distort the truth as does the Kremlin. Civilisation has its different levels. But why is it that throughout human history, including the 2,000 years of the Christian era, the lot of man in his public affairs has broadly consisted in frustration and chaos ? The incidence and the tempo have varied from age to age, but the essential fact has not changed.

The answer is that in the wide scope of politics the individual conscience seems to lose itself. The real problem that faced the delegates at the Albert Hall was how to teach and train the individual to maintain an active conscience in his public as much as in his private affairs. The

mere thought of what is involved in such an enterprise is enough to emphasise its magnitude. Individuals in their capacity as such are apt to be kind to each other, to carry out in some measure the central teaching of Christ, which bids us love one another; but the moment individuals are mobilised in a party or a side, the goal of victory for that party or that side seems to banish conscience into the background. When there's a war on, charity is nowhere. Indeed charity in war-time can be a criminal offence, if it bids a man see good of any kind in a foe, or fault of any kind in an ally. The spreading of doubt in one's cause or the depressing of what was called the public *moral* was indeed a criminal offence in our own country during the recent war. The abstract truth in such a circumstance was taboo. In party politics in peace-time it is likewise held to be more important to toe the party line than to cultivate the Christian virtues of truth and charity. The vote's the thing. The application of Christian principle is notoriously harder in public than in private life. Even our legal system of justice is based upon a complicated concept not related to Christian principle. It often leads to bewildering complications. It is, for instance, the case that a defending counsel can plead "not guilty; and in the alternative, guilty, but. . . ." Now to a simple child of God it cannot be that a man can be simultaneously guilty and not guilty of the crime charged against him.

The world is young and has a long way to go. It is no good expecting too much too quickly. But equally it is necessary to talk about starting the advance, as was done at the Albert Hall in London on April 25th last. Moreover, it is to be observed that in some essential ways the more developed quality of the individual conscience does circumvent the misfortune of public insensitiveness to conscience. In war-time there are glorious tales of individuals who risk their lives to perform acts of charity in behalf of individuals who are "enemies." Human kindness cannot be blocked even by war. It breaks through the barriers. In world affairs the practical question is how to begin the work of dethroning the pagan tradition. There is such a thing as having so much to do that you hardly know where to start. Yet obviously in this case the start must be made at home. The aggregate disorder in the world is the sum of individual complacency towards the rudderless processes of diplomacy and politics. Every individual who improves his own moral quality imperceptibly but truly improves the general moral quality. Every individual can pray: and prayer is the key that opens the door to the grace of God which alone can perform the miracle. Such meetings as that which was held at the Albert Hall do good, because they raise the banner.

GEORGE GLASGOW.

May 10th, 1948.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.

FRANCO'S SPAIN.*

When Lord Templewood returned to England in 1945 after five years at the British Embassy in Madrid, he reported that a free vote of the 25 million Spaniards would reveal an overwhelming majority against the Franco

*Emmet John Hughes, *Report from Spain*, Latimer House, 15s.

régime, which owed its survival to the disagreements of its foes and the dread of a second civil war. Precisely the same conclusions were reached by the Press Attaché at the American Embassy in Madrid from 1942 to 1946. The latest condemnation of the system is the more impressive since the author, like the Caudillo himself, is a practising Roman Catholic.

The book opens with a vivid sketch of the young General who rebelled against the constitutionally-elected Government in 1936 and fought his way to power, with the aid of Hitler and Mussolini, in three years of bloody strife. "He is Commander-in-Chief of all armed forces. He is the chief of the Government. He is the leader of the Party—the only Party. His Parliament, the Cortes, boasts only one incontestable right: to approve his decrees if he submits them for approval. To the indefinite enjoyment and perpetuation of this power only nature opposes a limitation—that of mortality. . . . He utterly lacks what may be called a sense of the times. Quite literally, he does not understand the bases of world criticism of himself or his politics, hence can so easily (and without hypocrisy) accept the crisp *cliché* that such criticism is only the agitation of Communists. Yet despite his amazingly oblique vision, he has a shrewd insight into the devious devices of practical politics, an unusual craft for elusive political manoeuvring, for surprising and well-timed Cabinet changes, for appointments and proclamations, cannily designed to baffle his critics and often to turn them upon each other." In other words he follows the familiar pattern of Spanish dictators.

The régime rests on three powerful forces, two old and one new. Like Primo he was made by the Army, and, like his predecessor, could at any moment be overthrown by it. This, however, seems unlikely, for the Army is his pampered child. He maintains a force of 700,000, the largest standing army in Western Europe, with the infinite possibilities of promotion which such a mighty host presents. The second historic bulwark of the régime is the Church, to which the author devotes one of his most arresting chapters. The Spanish people as a whole, he declares, is profoundly Catholic, but that does not mean that its political activities are generally approved. He pays warm tribute to three Archbishops who have criticised Fascist tyranny at home and abroad, and to "the simple monks and priests throughout Spain whose lives are magnificent human dedications to the needs of their flock. Poor, earnest and devout, these men have somehow kept alive that seventeenth spiritual tradition in material surroundings that often seems like residues of the same era. But when these men, their words and their works, are given their full measure of respect, the sad truth emerges that they are exceptions which only force out in bolder relief the predominant characteristics of the contemporary Spanish Church. Those characteristics include an overriding dedication to institutional self-interest; a tough prideful imperviousness to criticism; a profound suspicion of any intellectual inquisitiveness; a contempt for any kind of education that is not synonymous with indoctrination; a sharp distrust and hostility toward any political or social movement that could be called radical, leftist or liberal; and a respect that approaches reverence for power in any form." A long extract from the catechism used in all religious instruction in Spain includes Protestantism, Socialism and Liberalism among "the principal errors condemned by the Church."

The third pillar of the régime is the Falange party. Neither the Army nor the Church like it, and the author expresses detestation of its fanaticism and brutality. For a time its most prominent figure was Sener, the Spanish Laval, the Dictator's brother-in-law, who as Minister of the Interior "used the police and the prisons to inflict a fearful vengeance upon all suspected enemies of the régime," and as Foreign Minister did his utmost to ensure the victory of Hitler and Mussolini. Though he is gone, the summary arrests, the long imprisonments without charge or trial, the tortures worthy of the Nazis, and "the sanguinary judicial system" remain. "Fear fortifies the Spanish state." The rule of law, the greatest achievement and the most cherished possession of the Anglo-Saxon democracies, does not exist. It is the rule of the sword, with a veneer of institutional Christianity.

Passing from the régime to its opponents Mr. Hughes begins with the Monarchists who, in his opinion, command little support among the masses. Don Juan, the Pretender, as late as 1944, was still offering himself to the Dictator as an ally "to defend the principles which led us to rise up against the Popular Front." Since the scornful rejection of his approaches he has come out strongly against the Dictator, who, however, in the author's opinion, does not regard him as a dangerous competitor. Few Spaniards indeed wish to return to the days of King Alphonso. The chapter on the opposition from the Left is more important, for the author was instructed to associate with the underground leaders and to prepare reports for Washington. It is impossible to speak of parties, for they live like hunted animals and are best described as units of resistance—Liberal, Socialist, Communist, Anarchist, regionalist. The Communists are the most active and the best organised, and they abstain from open attacks on the Church. The Socialists have been discouraged by the unexpected refusal of the British Labour Government to take action against the hated régime. The Giral Shadow Cabinet appears to have few supporters. In a land of fierce individualism there are as sharp dissensions within as between the various parties of the Left, and outstanding leaders are lacking no less than unity.

In the closing chapters Mr. Hughes speculates grimly about the future. "Communism is spreading principally from the same cause which permitted both it and Fascism to thrive in the crucial years 1936-9; because the Western democracies have failed to evolve and express a clear purposeful policy that would free Spain's democratic forces from the deadly Fascist-Communist crossfire in which they have been placed. The vast majority of Spanish people have been as emphatically anti-Communist as anti-Fascist. From the latter position there will be no retreat, even under the most savage pressure. From the former the people are being slowly driven under the relentless pressure of political circumstances. Every month, every week, every day, the prestige and power of Spanish Communism is growing. Soviet Russia is not achieving it. We—the Western democracies—are doing it. Our policy has left the forces of Spanish democracy without support." Non-interference, he believes, renders another civil war more rather than less likely; in sanctions, that is in international action, lies the only hope. "It is absolutely certain that the Spanish Government could not survive a period of economic sanctions for longer than three to four months." If the Army or the Church saw that the democracies meant business, they would leave the sinking ship. That the Spanish people might suffer from such an economic boycott is frankly recognised, but the author's experiences convinced him that the goal of liberation from a ruthless tyranny is worth the price.

G. P. G.

GERMAN POLITICAL THEORY.

Amongst the German historians who survived the war and emerged in their reputation enhanced rather than diminished Gerhard Ritter, Professor of Modern History at Freiburg, commands particular attention. His two pamphlets on *Political Ethics* (Furche Verlag) and on *History's Role in Education* (Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt) boldly tackled vital questions of the day. The one showed to the bewildered German that politics must be rooted in ethical values if it is to contribute to human happiness. The other traced the problems that face the teacher of history in the Germany of to-day; can a German who meekly accepts the victor's point of view be believed and trusted? Will he, if he were to deviate, be allowed to speak? His sincerity is apparent, his intellectual honesty reassuring, even if he appears to view history as the story of states, not as the growth of mankind. Hardly ever does he lift his eyes beyond the purely national frontiers.

Ritter has finally submitted his views on the State in a full book, *Die Dämonie der Macht* (Hannsmann, Stuttgart), which must rank high in the literature on political thought and might well constitute a decisive contribution to the healing process now taking place in the German mind. His

basic thesis is simple. He views Sir Thomas More as representative of the welfare state set up as an ideal of and by and for the English. He similarly calls Machiavelli representative of the power state aimed at by continental statesmen. This contrast is worked out with great care and immense learning. If he has no patience with Erasmus—whom he somewhat intolerantly dismisses as a futile pacifist—Ritter praises More's ethical views so compellingly and traces them so lovingly that the reader cannot help feeling that the author would willingly follow him, could he but believe him. Alas, power, to Ritter, is a demonic force, never as harmless as described in More's *Utopia*; alas, the state, the expression of power, must use immoral means, if it is to succeed. Machiavelli, while condemned throughout, is yet granted the palm because he never shunned reality—to follow More would mean being duped by unreal phantasma. Thus, if Ritter has not travelled the whole road, he at least sees the right aim, namely the need for moral values in political action.

The author uses the same pair of contrasts to illuminate the history of Europe since the early sixteenth century. England does well in this light. In foreign affairs More appears a true prophet; most things appear to have drifted into the British sphere of influence rather than having been fought for. Gladstone and Bismarck are poles apart. If this must come as an eye-opener to Germans still doped by Goebbelsian hate songs, some English readers might well feel uneasy and think that the silent presence of naval power has somewhat eluded our continental historian to whom power appears in marching armies only. Of greater interest is his survey of continental history, first summarily called the history of Machiavellism. Before long finer shades appear, and it is in these careful delimitations and differentiations as between utterly immoral and well-meaning statesmen that his story gains in importance and reveals the true historian in the author. The France of the nineteenth century is shown to shed Machiavellian dreams and to join the Western world (while to most Germans she remained the invader of the days of Louis XIV and Napoleon). German nineteenth-century development, on the other hand, went in the opposite direction. Men like Sybel became the exception, the Treitschkes won the day. Jacob Burckhardt remained a marginal figure. Thus the Germans forsook the West. The end is their present.

Nobody could call Ritter a starry-eyed idealist or a revolutionary; he might be called a moderately conservative historian with a strong streak of disbelief in international co-operation. All the more impressive is what he has to tell his countrymen. If they listen to his voice they will quickly recover from both the nightmare of yesterday and their present-day cynicism and apathy. While readers abroad can appreciate his original contribution to political thought his countrymen can well trust him as a sane guide to a saner future.

F. W. PICK.

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Dr. Albert Mansbridge's little book, *Fellow Men: A Gallery of England, 1876-1946* (Dent, 15s.), may be regarded as an appendix to his well-known Autobiography. The first part recapitulates the story of the author's career. The second is a portrait gallery of some of his many friends; among them Archbishop Temple, Bishop Gore, Canon Barnett, Warden of Toynbee Hall, Lord Tweedsmuir and Lord Lothian. To qualify for his friendship we have merely to love our fellows and render service to the community; then it is given in full measure. He has seen so many good men and women at work that his heart is full of hope and joy. He is convinced that love is the strongest force, and he refuses to be depressed by all the sin and suffering in the world. On the contrary, he agrees with Browning's message to his age: "the best is still to come." One of the surest approaches to the millennium is popular education, a noble cause for which he has done more than any living man. The many illustrations add to the interest of the character studies.